

# LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE

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## INDEPENDENCE HALL.

SITTING with the silent people in the olden State-House Hall,  
With the silent pictured people open-eyed against the wall,  
Where beneath the shining arches a prophetic silence broods  
Over all the softened splendor of the mystic solitudes—  
With the lamplight and the moonlight and the starlight on my cheek,  
What has thrilled me, what has filled me with a dread I scarce may speak?

Not the sighs of silent sorrow, not the whisper of the breeze  
Telling all its smothered passion to the spirits of the seas;  
Not the song of birds, not billows echoing amid the rocks  
That have dared and faced the fury of a million tempest-shocks;  
Not the chattering of rivers through the forest's fretted halls,  
Where the faithful ivy clingeth mutely to the mouldering walls;  
Not the chime of merry voices, nor the sound of merry feet  
Fluttering to the Waltz of Weber in the night so fair and fleet:  
None of these hath overswept me, bid my pulses rise and fall,  
Like the voices breathing round me in the olden State-House Hall.

For, with lingering murmurs stealing through the silences profound,  
Comes the phantom of a whisper from a statue laurel-crowned;  
And my soul from out its prison leans—as lilies to the sea—  
In the starlight weird and witching, to the voice of phantasy,  
Calling, calmly but commanding, as a king's from royal throne:  
"Cease your dreaming by the lattice, watcher with the night alone!  
Leave the moonlight and the starlight! Bring your heart from broken reefs  
Beaten by the bold blind billows of the stormful sea of griefs;  
Call your soul from days disastrous, from the cruel calm of lips  
Holding evermore your kisses in the sepulchre of ships!  
What is that you clasp and cling to?—weeds that wither, Mays that moan.  
Leave the dark of dreams decaying, watcher with the night alone!  
I, the Father of your country—'first in war and first in peace'—  
Give you from the bitter bondage of the Present swift release."

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Lo, a sound, through all the silence, of a bugle's ringing call!  
Lo, a stir of all the people quaintly quartered on the wall!  
See, a mighty column timing footsteps to the beating drum!  
Hear the opening cannon's crashing and the devastating bomb!  
There is flash of sword and glittering of serried bayonet,  
And redder grows th' invaded land with blood of heroes wet.

Still the column moveth forward over friend and foeman slain,  
Till the sombre sky is shaken and the air alive with pain;  
But about me and above me blazing banners are unfurled  
That will herald Hope for ever to the bondmen of the world;  
And through all the clash and clangor of the iron storm of war  
I can hear the onward rolling of the mighty Freedom-car;  
Hear the pæan of a nation, and the pealing of a Bell  
Ringing in a people's triumph, tolling forth Oppression's knell;  
For a despot rules no longer o'er the patriot pioneer,  
And the voices of thanksgiving wake the echoes far and near.

Swiftly and with echoing murmurs down the music-haunted aisles  
Of the royal night's cathedral where the pensive moonlight smiles—  
From beneath the shining arches where prophetic silence broods  
Over all the greatening splendor of the mystic solitudes—  
Where the crystal dewes are hanging, and an incense lingers yet,  
Like a song we heard in childhood, and can never more forget—  
Comes *again* the sweep of raiment, comes again the sound of feet,  
Comes the rush of starry ensigns that the Northland flies to meet;  
For in splendor-girdled cities, in the valleys of the South,  
Falls an insult on our banner from a roaring rabble's mouth,  
Mingled with a wail of anguish from the deeps of human lives,  
From the captives crushed and lowly in their manacles and gyves;  
Till the Northern heart is bitter and the Northern blood aflame,  
And avenging hosts sweep southward in eternal Freedom's name.

Ah, I follow, follow after, on a fearful way of fire,  
Past my blessed heroes lying dead together, son and sire—  
Follow, with my pulses beating time to tempests quick with pain,  
Where again the skies are shaken and the red blood drips as rain.  
Yet about me and above me waves the banner of the brave,  
Witness of a nation's fealty to Mount Vernon's lonely grave;  
And the heart within my bosom leaps responsive to the Bell  
Ringing in our land's redemption, tolling Slavery's final knell.

It is past. The smoke of battle fadeth o'er the silent sea,  
And the shoreland bears the vintage of the vine of Liberty:  
All the sweet earth hears the rolling of immortal Freedom's car,  
That shall bear the hopes of freedmen through the centuries afar;  
But I feel, above the beating of my breast that breaks the calm,  
Something floating round me softly, like the swelling of a psalm;  
And before me in the midnight, with evangel-raiment on,  
Crowned with amaranth and laurel, Lincoln stands with Washington.  
Hand in hand they bend toward me, till their breath is on my cheek,  
And I bow myself in homage heark'ning to the words they speak:

"Tell the people we are leaning ever o'er the emerald gate  
Which the seraphim are guarding, anxious for the nation's fate,  
Praying that its peace be broken nevermore by battle-hail—  
Praying that the Right may prosper and the plans of Faction fail—  
That we know with true devotion they will guard the flag we won,  
While they keep their faith with Lincoln and their love of Washington."

Oh the picture that is lifted evermore from out the Hall!  
Oh the silent, silent people open-eyed against the wall!  
Oh the still, unruffled plumage of the eagle overhead!  
Oh the joy within my bosom where a sorrow lay like lead!

Hushed the bell and furled the banner, hushed the voices on the air!  
Gone the fairy from the fountain, gone the perfume from the prayer!  
Dreams the young bird of the summer and the nest upon the bough—  
Dreams the maid of him who won her and the nearing marriage-vow;  
And the mother in her slumber lightly smiles and lightly stirs,  
As her darling's bright head nestles close and closer unto hers.

But a glory still is floating lightly round my lifted head,  
Brighter than the storied splendor of the Ages that are dead—  
Sweeter than the songs that quiver through the hush of summer eves,  
From the rapid rippling river laden with the lealand leaves;  
And to Memory's *Te Deum* all my pulses rise and fall  
As I go from out the silence of the sacred State-House Hall.

HESTER A. BENEDICT.

## BALTIMORE BEAUTY.

REVISITING Baltimore after years of remote and disenchanting travel, I find the beautiful city more beautiful than ever—the "City of Beauty" even richer than in my salad days in those tantalizing surprises of feminine pulchritude from which it derives a peculiar and world-wide celebrity. I say with reason "world-wide," because once in Malacca an English naval officer, to whom I had just been introduced, received me with a peremptory note of interrogation: "You are from Baltimore, where, as I am told, the women are so pretty. Why more so there than in other American cities?" I had a theory in hand for such as he, which then and there I broached. And later, at Chandernagore on the Hooghly, a diminutive French surgeon, very exasperating as to

his moustache and his trowsers, and very soothing as to his voice and his manners, greeted me with a most sweetly savage challenge: "Ah now! you shall show me if your famous Baltimoreiennes are more nice than my subtle, piquante sweethearts of Paris. Ah, now we shall *wrangle!*" The "fame," I found, had happened to him by way of an adventurer from Maryland, who had drifted into the waters of that paltry French province of Bengal with rapturous reminiscences in his dreams and store of contraband pictures in his luggage, where-with he had marshaled a distracting procession of Laises, Phrynes and Helens from the region of Chesapeake Bay before the susceptible imagination of that gushing little Doctor Margain, who described him as "an exhilarating fanatic."

By what conditions of race, temperament, sympathy, sexual selection, physical habit, diversion, food, may we explain those seemingly whimsical partialities or slights in what may be termed the geographical distribution of beauty, which, in this country especially, so continually puzzle and perplex the philosophic traveler? Whence, for example, the commanding stature, harmonious proportions, heroic features, distinguished style and robust voices so common among the men of Philadelphia, and the insignificance, the effeminacy, the *petitesse* of figure, visage, carriage and tones observable in a majority of the men native to Baltimore?

So, too, with the women of the five great cities—Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington. Each boasts its proper style of beauty, as distinct, as peculiar to its own locality, as though half a continent parted the Common from Broadway, and Broadway from Chestnut street, and Chestnut street from Charles street avenue, and Charles street avenue from Lafayette Square—imparting countless diversities of type, derived from corresponding diversities of influence, climatic, social, physiological. Yet the "air-line" binds this bouquet of beauty with a ribbon less than twenty hours long. The through-traveler can traverse the whole parterre, enjoying the fragrance of each separate civic blossom—equally sweet but provokingly various—between breakfast and breakfast.

In New York, Style—that evasive *Je-ne-sais-quoi* as applied to the description of the Cynthia of the minute—is the everything, without which nothing. Given the "style," and charms of form and feature are not far to seek in the personal problem. In Philadelphia the prevailing type of feminine loveliness is distinguished by a refined primness, as though the hopes, aspirations, emotions of the passing Ruth were not *couleur de rose*, but dove-color—traceable to the general descent from, or association with, the sweet sisterhood of drab, so rich in the softer lines and hues of spiritual beauty.

But let the studious *flaneur*, dilettante in objects of crinoline, be he of New York, Philadelphia, Boston or London, install himself in a post of inspection on Charles street avenue in Baltimore on a Sunday afternoon, at this season of refreshings and beautifyings, feminine defiances, competitions and inspirations—over his head an April sky, under his eyes a more than April-like diversity and capriciousness of panorama—and how edifying shall be his observations, how enthusiastic his report! His eyes and ears may weary of little men with little voices and little ways, without a picturesque or pleasing point in person, deportment or clothes; but they shall be presently exhilarated and delighted by the eminently Baltimorean procession of lithe and lovely female forms, lines of grace and beauty, features refined and harmonious, complexions dainty and pure, extremities delicate and piquant, the magnetism of voices, the music of faces, the arch challenge of glances, the poetry of curves, cunning contrasts of color, coquettish surprises and intrepidities of costume—

"A sweet disorder in the dress  
Kindling in clothes a wantonness;  
A winning wave, deserving note,  
In the tempestuous petticoat;"

and all the distracting, provoking devices, caprices, absurdities, all the tremendous little ruses and absorbing nothings, of the natural woman. And especially shall the variety of contours and points, and the expression of draperies and ribbons, cheer and inspire him. Reversing his foreign experience, he shall find that the natives, embarrassed with their riches in these several kinds, bestow scarce a look or thought on forms and faces whose rare, surprising loveliness affords him yet another and another, and in each vision a new sensation of delight; while the apparition of a white male citizen, native to the place, and largely endowed with manly beauty, distinction of style and elegance of appointments, is a show for the street. In respect to this phenomenon every corner affords a Jenkins,



from whom our *flaneur* shall learn its local habitation and its name, its profession, pedigree and social status; while any one of a thousand pretty *farceurs* can tell him all the rest.

Twenty years ago, Washington, but thirty-nine miles from Baltimore, and closely bound to the City of Monuments by ties of kindred, personal friendships, wooings, political sympathy, intimate social intercourse, mutual hospitalities, identity of customs and a common pride of lineage and alliances, was nevertheless afflicted with a special dispensation of downright "frights," which, to the *flaneur* passing from one city to the other, afforded either a shock or a rapture, and in either case a puzzle and a problem. For with Virginia for a garden in common, from which the maids and bachelors of both cities had for many generations transplanted, in the form of grooms and brides, the stock from which the coming girl of Baltimore or Washington should be grown, and which should have imparted to her peculiar type and style, characteristics of proportion and profile, of contour, complexion and expression, *traits* of features, hand, foot and "ways," which at least she might expect to share impartially with the commonalty and promiscuous public of her sisters of either burg, — here nevertheless was Baltimore exulting in "perfect pictures," and Washington hushing up her frights in the family; for those brilliants of rival loveliness, the two peerless Adas, Cutts and Smith, were grotesquely out of place in that homely setting. Rich and rare, we all "wondered how the devil they got there."

But observe that this was nearly twenty years ago. In Washington's indigenous garden of girls rosebuds are not now so hard to find. In those days it used to be said that all the pretty flowers in the parterres of the national capital were gathered by the legations for transplantation to foreign *jardinières*. The panorama of Pennsylvania Avenue to-day is by no means poor in exhibitions of the gaudy plants of the period, but these are mostly imported.

You shall contemplate some stunning specimens in the official conservatories, and in the more private, if not cooler, retreats of the hotels. Many members of Congress and functionaries of lesser note are connoisseurs in this specialty of horticulture; and many a plant of their nursing blooms prodigally in Washington hot-houses. There (like that finer "Flower of Beauty" of whom George Darley so sweetly sings) —

"There, where the woodbines with sleepy arms have  
wound her,  
Opes she her eyelids to the dream of" —

well, *pay*; and her moral destination is where the woodbine twineth.

Lineage? Perhaps so. At least we may not wholly ignore this element in considering the several causes which have co-operated to procure for Baltimore the peculiar and positive distinction she enjoys. The Calverts were a comely breed: authentic portraits, still extant, of several of the noble proprietaries of the province of Maryland show "counterfeit presentments" of true English Apollos; and of the women of that house were some who were eminently lovely among the loveliest of the dainty dames of their time. Nor can we doubt that the traditions are veracious which tell us of the comeliness and grace of many of that goodly company of squires and gentlemen who came over with Cecil, second Lord Baltimore: their fine profiles and refined physiognomies, marked by sensibility and high breeding, are reproduced to-day against a background of chignon in many a carriage in Druid Hill Park, on the picturesque promenades of the West End, in the graceful reunions of the Opera. Family likenesses, preserved for many generations, are common throughout the State: the "thorough-bred" beauty of those debonair gentry who pow-wowed so affably and shrewdly with the aborigines of St. Mary's and Calvert counties, and of those ladies, *gracieuses et obligeantes*, true mistresses of the amenities, who adorned the provincial courts, lives again in their fair descendants, however poorly it may

be represented in their husbands and brothers.

Under the shadow of the Washington Monument I saw the other day at a window a gentle face in which Charles Carroll, agent of the proprietary in 1729, who owned the house around which the original town of Baltimore was erected, might without hesitation recognize, could he revisit the glimpses of the moon, a daughter of his most honored house. So also in the distinguished family of Howard have characteristic lineaments and traits been perpetuated. These are incidents upon which it seems but just to lay a certain stress, because those who, in essaying to explain the profusion, variety and delicacy of physical charms among the daughters of Baltimore, maintain the theory of inheritance, derive a certain force for their argument from the undisputed fact that these charms are to be found with most certainty and in the highest perfection in the class which occupies the top of the social structure. True, that of the most beautiful women, native to the city, within the last decade, one was the daughter of a small grocer, another of a blacksmith, a third of a fringemaker, a fourth of a barkeeper; and two, pre-eminently beautiful in contrasting styles, and notably intellectual, *spirituelle* and cultivated, were the offspring of a coachmaker. But these were respectively the phenomena of their "sets," and every little coterie in the Belgravia of Baltimore could match them with more or less confidence. Certainly, pretty women are not rare in any respectable circle of the social system of the city, but I think they are most numerous and most positive in the highest.

The prevailing temperament of this delightful folk is naturally the Southern *nervo-sanguine*; whence sensibility, sympathy, generosity, the predominance of the imaginative faculty, vivacity or a pensive tenderness, and all the other conditions of the congenial and *aimable*. Their city is set upon hills and begirt with high places; the superior quarters are eminently with-

drawn from the noises and noisomenesses, the distractions and offences, of the base mechanical purlieus; whence pure air, repose and fastidiousness, so conducive to the development of beauty, grace and delicacy. The steeply sloping streets of the upper town are natural surface-drains, whereby much of the *débris* and unsightly stuff that disfigure even the fashionable strolling-grounds of less fortunate cities is continually washed down to its convenient receptacle, the Basin. The very skies, gallantly atoning for municipal incapacity or indifference, play the scavenger to pretty feet and happy skirts, and do for them in every cheerful shower the tidy offices that careful squirts bestow on pavements and stoops of the Quaker City—thus inviting sweethearts to walks where they may find the magic "flower of beauty." The suburban residences are airily pitched; and on every hand a thousand perennial springs lavish themselves in reckless prodigalities of pure water, making every bath-room a domestic Undinery and every nymph a naiad; whence cleanliness, which is akin to the beauty of holiness—whence witching eyes, and cheeks tinted like the sea-shell, and necks where milk and violets blend.

Trout from the mountains of Western Maryland; shad from the Potomac; oysters and soft-shell crabs from the coves and inlets of Chesapeake Bay; "diamond" terrapin from the Eastern Shore: canvas-back ducks from the bay islands; partridges and woodcock from the uplands; ortolans from the river sedges,—these be toothsome fare for the Baltimore Beauty, to be by her transmuted through ecstatic processes of assimilation into dainty flesh and blood. Could but a quintessence be compounded from them all, what a blessing it would prove to the scrawniness of New Hampshire and the tawniness of New Jersey! The genii of her native waters might be inspired to sing to the Baltimore Beauty as the river-god sang to Amoret:

"I will give thee, for thy food,  
No fish that useth in the mud;

But trout and pike, that love to swim  
Where the gravel from the brim,  
Through the pure streams, may be seen.  
Orient pearls, fit for a queen,  
Will I give thy love to win,  
And a shell to keep them in.  
Not a fish in all my brook  
That shall disobey thy look,  
But, when thou wilt, come sliding by,  
And from thy white hand take a fly."

Being delicate, often fragile, spirituelle, sensitive, emotional, nervous, one might imagine for the Baltimore Beauty a melancholy fatality of early fading, such as is meant when one woman exclaims of another, "How she is *broken*!" But we do not discover it in the realities of observation and report. There seem to be counteracting influences of happy potency, among which the most wholesome are to be found in the comparative tranquillity of her living, the simplicity of her tastes and the temperate limits of her diversions. She is apt to be domestic, social, hospitable, very friendly, earnest and tenacious, but fussless in her personal attachments: her fidgets are foolish little things of her own, which she willingly hushes up among her bosom friends. Her tastes are purely feminine: though sufficiently intelligent, she is not aggressively intellectual nor bookish—her talent shines in appreciation. Slyly conscious of her actual empire, she prettily puts on a coquettish subordination. With an infatuating trick of diffidence, she exerts an influence that is awful. She is an insinuating Semiramis to the Ninuses of her little sphere. But she is modest, reposeful, always soothingly feminine: her exactions are not loud, but deep. She is not fast, nor sensational, nor restless, nor morbid: she has no "advanced ideas;" woman's rights bore her, and "free love"—well, she has never been able to find out what that is all about, but she knows it must be something horrid. She does not want to go to Chicago when she dies. She does not read "Woodhull and Claflin," nor go to hear Olive Logan. She does not think the British Blondes are nice, nor the Black Crook perfectly splendid. What she does especially dote upon is Mrs. Jarley's Wax-Works, with live works,

and that "perfect picture," Henriët—but the name's a secret (Cathedral street, you know)—as the Sleeping Beauty. Also, in the amateur tableaux at the Concordia, for the benefit of the Southern Relief Fund, she would love to be an angel and with the angels stand, in the "Death of Queen Katherine." No, she never had a fair friend who was a Bohemian and wrote for the *Half-World*; "and the i-de-a of a Baltimore Sorosis! Why, it's perfectly absurd."

So her ways are easy, and she lasts, and within the limits of symmetry grows fat; for I maintain that the Baltimore Beauty is plumper now than she was a quarter of a century ago. The habitats and haunts of this engaging creature afford remarkable examples of the durability of her charms. The privileged few who have been admitted to a view of those historic objects find in the arm and hand of Madame Bonaparte, youthful octogenarian, curiosities of preservation in form and complexion; and her face is as a book in which one may read vivid traditions of that maiden loveliness which has made her life an epic. The daughter of a gentleman distinguished in an important diplomatic career may be met in any assemblage of the *élite* chaperoning her grown daughter, to whom one may not with truth as well as gallantry address the courtly compliment of the Latin poet—"O daughter, more beautiful than thy beautiful mother!" For it is a quarter of a century, not less, since that mother, a blushing débutante, was the inspiration of the gallant and the trouble of the envious. Now, without imputation of affectation or *contretemps*, one may boldly salute these two as sisters—

"*Enfants,  
De quinze ans,  
Laissez danser vos mamans!*"

It was but last week that I encountered, tripping with pretty pertness over a crossing near St. Paul's Church, a vision of bloom, elasticity and beguiling grace—a true artiste in the illusions of youth and the pleasures of hope—who has been a glamour to the town these thirty years; and lately vanished at threescore

years and ten a perennial belle of Baltimore, whom, in the first year of the war, I beheld with astonishment at the Opera in New York—young, brilliant, beautiful, compelling admiration from a generation her junior by two removes.

"How lightly falls the foot of Time  
That only treads on flowers!"

Mr. "Guy Livingstone" Lawrence, dilating somewhat rapturously on the charms of the Baltimore fair, portrays one lovely sitter with appropriate effusion: "The small, delicate features, the long, liquid, iridescent eyes, the sweet, indolent *morbidezza*, that make Southern beauty so perilously fascinating, are not uncommon here, and are often united to a clearness and brilliancy of complexion scarcely to be found nearer the tropics. At the hour of dress-parade you cannot walk five steps without encountering a face well worthy of a second look. Occasionally, too, you catch a provokingly brief glimpse of a high, slender instep, and an ankle modeled to match it. The fashion of Balmorals and kilted skirts prevails not here; and maids and matrons are absurdly reluctant to submit their pedal perfections to the passing critic. Even on a day when it is a question of Mud *vs.* Modesty, you may escort an intimate acquaintance for an hour, and depart doubting as to the color of her hosen. . . .

"I always looked on *that* face simply as a wonderful picture, and so I remember it now. I have never seen a countenance more faultlessly lovely. The *pose* of the small head and the sweep of the neck resembled the miniatures of Giulia Grisi in her youth, but the lines were more delicately drawn and the contour more refined. The broad open forehead, the brows firmly arched, without an approach to heaviness, the thin chiseled nostril and perfect mouth, cast in the softest feminine mould, reminded you of the First Napoleon. Quick mobility of expression would have been inharmonious there. With all its purity of outline, the face was not severe or coldly statuesque, only superbly serene, not lightly to be ruffled by any sudden revulsion of feeling—a face of

which you never realized the perfect glory till the pink coral-tint flushed faintly through the clear pale cheeks, while the lift of the long trailing lashes revealed the magnificent eyes, lighting up, slowly but surely, to the full of their stormy splendor."

A-a-a-a-h!

Now, that thing of beauty is a joy—it may be for years, and it may be for ever—to New York.

"Would I had been, fair Ines,  
That gallant cavalier  
Who rode so gayly by thy side,  
And whispered thee so near!  
Were there no bonny dames at home,  
Or no true lovers here,  
That he should cross [New Jersey] to win  
The dearest of the dear?"

One afternoon, early in April, I walked on Baltimore street with a representative citizen, herself and the day alike gracious and beautiful. "Now observe," said she: "here comes the prettiest girl in Baltimore!" It was as though she said, Behold the most extravagant woman of New York, the most exclusive woman of Philadelphia, the most critical woman of Boston, the most mysterious woman of Washington. It was as though she said, "Now see a Sight!"

I looked and beheld an apparition such as the native, to such visions born, would recognize as presenting the truest, purest type of that Beauty which we describe in a word as "Baltimorian." Not the "indigenous blonde," conscientiously portrayed by Mr. Fairfield—with flaxen hair, skin of alabaster untinted and very dark eyes; form of exceeding fullness, though not tall; "hands and feet that are models of civilization—full, soft, well-rounded, yet nervous withal—the former tipped with pink fingernails, as if all the blush of the woman's heart were concentrated in the ten smooth, elongated, pink gibbouses." No, not the indigenous blonde, who is more than half Virginian, but that rarer product, hybrid and matchless, which results from conditions of climate, sexual selection and culture strictly local. Dark brown hair, sheeny with the ripple that artists love; large, soft, profound eyes, almond-shaped as in Turkish ha-

rems, mixed of hazel and a shadowy gray, and pensive and tender under long fringing lashes; nose nearly Grecian, but with more individuality in the outline; lips short, but full and budding and osculatory; chin fine and dimpled, and promising to be double in its matronage; brow, temples, cheeks transparently fair, and continually "coming and going" with shy flushes of emotional color; neck, shoulders, arms presenting (you may be sworn) fine rhythmical curves and cunning dimples at every turn, and divinely blending and diffusing misty pinks and whites;

"A crystal brow, the Moon's despair,  
And the Snow's daughter, a white hand;"

person moderately plump, but elastic and flexible; and movements of neck, shoulders, waist, hips, arms, ankles undulating and insinuating. These are the characteristic and typical points of the "beauty," *par excellence*, of the Monumental City.

But I saw "the prettiest girl in Baltimore" twelve times in the course of that

week, and there were twelve of her. Like the arithmetical little maiden in Wordsworth's ballad, she might have said, with only a more guileless looseness of enumeration, "We are—as many as you *like*."

Baltimore has been aptly termed "the paradise of photographers," seeing that in no city of the world does the magic of light and chemistry conjoined produce results more grateful and delightful, in things of beauty from the world of ladies, than here. If, being a stranger, to whom the houri-treasures of the town are not accessible, you would contemplate their shadows, you should explore the choicer galleries—those of Bussey and of Bendann—where you may enjoy the pictures in little of some to the music of whose faces and forms many songless poets have set words. Here you will find paragons in their respective styles—whether of the indigenous blonde or the more peculiar and more local type I have described, almost unique in its brilliant contrasts and caprices of color.

J. W. PALMER.

## ROBERT CHAMBERS.

THERE are few literary men of the time who have exercised a more extensive or a more beneficial influence on their fellow-men, and who better deserve to be held in grateful remembrance by the people of Scotland and all other English-speaking portions of the globe, than ROBERT CHAMBERS. He was not a writer of first-rate genius, but in the course of an industrious literary career of twoscore and ten years he accomplished a vast amount of useful work. His name will occupy an honorable place in the royal guild of letters in connection with the introduction of cheap, instructive and unobjectionable popular literature.

Robert Chambers was born in a neat

little house situated on the banks of Eddiston Water, near Peebles, in the south of Scotland, July 10, 1802. Here his father resided, and for many years carried on business as an agent for various manufacturing houses in Glasgow, and was afterward a prosperous manufacturer on his own account, employing some twenty looms. James Chambers, who was noted in the town for his love of literature, art and music, was not less remarkable for his uprightness and genial qualities. He suffered in his purse from his kindness to the French prisoners paroled in Peebles during the wars with Napoleon, and was eventually ruined by the competition of machine with handloom weaving. Mr. Cham-



bers, with the wreck of his fortune, removed to Edinburgh, where by the help of his excellent and energetic wife, he managed to bring up creditably a family of six children. Robert, the second son, grew up a quiet, self-contained boy, who may be said to have devoured books from his infancy. In the preface to his collected works he writes: "Books, not playthings, filled my hands in childhood: at twelve I was deep not only in poetry and fiction, but in encyclopædias." He read almost unceasingly, and occasional duties required by his parents, he himself tells us, were grudged if they kept him from study. The rudiments of a classical education he obtained at the Peebles Grammar School, and he made further progress under the teaching of Benjamin Moran of Edinburgh, afterward head-master of the High School. But his father's misfortunes compelled Robert, who was intended for the Church, to make choice of a different career and to forego the advantages of a university education.

He was only fifteen when he opened a small book-shop in Leith Walk, a long suburb stretching from Edinburgh to its port-town of Leith. His capital consisted of two pounds, the produce of long savings of pocket-money, and his small library of about thirty volumes. He managed this humble business with so much tact and energy that in 1822 he was enabled to remove to India Place, Edinburgh, where his neat little establishment soon became a favorite resort with intelligent book-buyers. While conversing with his customers he would occupy himself in making pens, which he sold among other articles of stationery. When George IV. visited Edinburgh, it was the self-reliant young bookseller of India Place who was employed by the city authorities to copy in vellum the address presented by them to the king.

Mr. Chambers never ceased to cultivate his Tweedside associations, and was therefore able to identify, from personal knowledge, several of the characters in the *Waverley Novels*, then in

the height of prosperity. In a letter written half a century since, addressed to his lifelong friend and correspondent, the late William Wilson of Poughkeepsie, New York—like himself an author, editor, poet and publisher—he says: "I am going to give you, my dear Willie, a commission of friendship to transact for me. You know that I am at present engaged in publishing notices and anecdotes of real characters, scenes and incidents presumed to be described by the author of *Waverley*. I have heard that the *Antiquary* was founded upon an occurrence which took place in the neighborhood of Montrose, but unfortunately have been quite unable at this distance to obtain any notice of it. Now, if you can collect any information concerning it, or of the characters connected with the story, who I hear are the originals of those in the novel, you would oblige me above all measure by collecting anything you can and sending it to me."

*Illustrations of the Author of Waverley*, the work alluded to in the above extract, at once attracted the notice of many leading literary men of Edinburgh, including Sir Walter Scott, who in his *Diary* speaks of the author as "a clever fellow who hurts himself by too much haste."

Mr. Chambers' second book, *The Traditions of Edinburgh*, was published in 1824. An American traveler, who used the work in winding through the tortuous streets of Edinburgh, says that "it is really impossible to see the old city without having read the book"—certainly, in the writer's judgment, the most amusing book of local antiquities to be met with. Originally published in numbers, every single type of which was set up and every sheet pulled at press by his brother, it appeared in 1825 in two volumes. A copy of this edition now before me, inscribed to "William Wilson, Esquire, with the compliments of his friend and admirer, the author," presents a curious contrast to the handsome copies of the same work, improved also in other respects, published in 1868.

Writing to his friend Wilson in January, 1824, he says: "You may depend



upon a copy or two of the *Traditions of Edinburgh*, and a review of them, as soon as they are ready. I am busy just now writing reviews of them myself for the various works I can get them put into, being now come to a resolution that an author always understands his own business best, and is indeed the only person capable of doing his work justice. I stood too much upon punctilio in my maiden work, the *Illustrations*, and trusted the reviewing of it to fellows who knew nothing about the subject—at least had not thought of it half so much as I had done, who was quite *au fait* with the whole matter. This fault I am determined to correct in my forthcoming work." From the tone of this announcement one might infer that it was considered perfectly *en règle* for an author to be his own reviewer, and that he was giving proof of a squeamish delicacy in transferring the service to persons of his own selection. In Mr. Chambers' case the franker and more direct method seems to have answered admirably, for in August of the same year he writes, in reference to the *Traditions of Edinburgh*: "This little work is taking astonishingly, and I am getting a great deal of credit by it. It has also been the means of introducing me to many of the most respectable leading men of the town, and has attracted to me the attention of not a few of the most eminent literary characters. What would you think, for instance, of the venerable author of the *Man of Feeling* calling upon me in his carriage to contribute his remarks in manuscript upon my work? The value of the above two great advantages is incalculable to a young tradesman and author like me. It saves me twenty years of mere laborious plodding by the common walk, and gives me at twenty-two all the respectability which I could have expected at forty. So you see I am *nae sma' drink* now. I have a second edition of the *Illustrations* preparing for the press, and I am happy to say I have procured a respectable publisher for it. I expect it to be ready in November."

In another letter, dated the same year, Mr. Chambers, who wooed the Muse not ineffectually, enclosed an effusion which he thus introduces: "I venture with many blushes to commit to your perusal a little poem I wrote some time ago, of which you may make any use you please. I am really glad to hear of your happiness. May your fireside ever be such a scene of bliss. For me no such fate awaits. I am cursed with the wildest ambition, and will never be able, I fear, to settle down to the calm of connubial bliss. Alas! how impossible it is for me to realize the resolution expressed in the following lyric!—

"Fair Leila's eyes, fair Leila's eyes,  
Oft fill my breast with glad surprise—  
Surprise and love, and hope, and pride,  
With many a glowing thought beside.

"The light that lies in Leila's eyes  
No trick of vain allurements tries,  
But sheds a soft and constant beam,  
Like moonlight on the tranquil stream;  
Yet as the seas from pole to pole  
Move at yon gentle orb's control,  
So tumults in my bosom rise  
Beneath the charm of Leila's eyes.  
Fair Leila's eyes, fair Leila's eyes, etc.

"For Leila's eyes I'd gladly shun  
The flaunting glare of Fortune's sun,  
And to the humble shade betake,  
Which they a brighter heaven could make.  
The wildfire lights I once pursued  
Should ne'er again my steps delude;  
I'd fix my faith, and only prize  
The steadfast light of Leila's eyes.  
Fair Leila's eyes, fair Leila's eyes, etc."

In 1824 there was a great fire in the quaint old city, depriving many poor families of their means and homes. Robert Chambers, having no money to give them, wrote a book describing the past historical fires in Edinburgh for their benefit, and it had a very wide circulation.

In a letter dated March 29, 1825, signed "Young Waverley," Mr. Chambers alludes to his next work, *The Popular Rhymes of Scotland*: "The *Traditions* prosper wonderfully, and I am collecting the materials of another curious work, which will astonish you when you see it. Be it known to you, beloved Willie, I am gathering the popular rhymes of Scotland—the infantine and local rhymes, the rhymes about families,

juvenile sports, the weather and natural objects; also the war-cries and cognizances of clans, the characteristics of distinguished Scottish families, the phrases of obloquy and reproach used by one town against another, and the characteristics of towns, such as the 'gude town of Edinburgh,' 'the faithful town of Linlithgow,' 'broisie Forfar' and 'bonny Dundee.' Will not that be a singular and salable book? Yes it will, and it shall give my name a breeze aboon, if there's aught in printer's ink more than a name." A few months later he writes to my father, who contributed to the new work some Scottish verses, mostly of his own composition: "The rhymes you sent me the other day are admirable, and most of them new to me. I assure you they form a valuable accession to my stock, more especially as they belong to a country of which I had not previously collected any of the rhymes. Your kindness, dear Willie, in putting yourself to so much trouble in my behalf is really such as deserves my warmest thanks, and I assure you I shall not forget it." In September Mr. Chambers writes: "I am profoundly obliged to you, most beloved Willie Wilson, for your last contribution of popular rhymes, which is indeed a valuable one and forms an important accession to my collection, now on the point of being put to press. I have sold the copyright of the book to good advantage to the same publishers who brought out the *Walks in Edinburgh*, that most successful of all publications in Edinburgh this season, and which, I am glad to inform you, is getting Young Waverley no little credit, though, for his own part, he does not profess to see much merit in the book. I am indeed getting on wonderfully just now, and expect soon to go daft with excessive popularity."

Early in the year 1826 the *Popular Rhymes of Scotland* appeared, and in the year following was published his *Pictures of Scotland*. Mr. Chambers had prepared himself for this work by a pedestrian tour through a considerable portion of the kingdom; and I

learned from one who accompanied him for several weeks in his travels that he had his pockets always well filled with "goodies" to distribute among the children, as the surest way of gaining favor with the mothers and other elders from whom he desired information. The work was a successful effort to elevate topographical and archæological details into the region of *belles lettres*, and it proved for many years to be the best companion for travelers in Scotland. This delightful book was suggested by a glowing passage in Burns: "I have no dearer aim than to make leisurely journeys through Caledonia—to sit on the fields of her battles, to wander on the romantic banks of her streams, to muse on the stately towers of venerable ruins, once the honored abodes of heroes."

Although now a prosperous bookseller, Robert Chambers found leisure to write and compile upward of a dozen volumes in three years. Among them was a *History of the Rebellion of 1745-6*, forming the most popular addition made by any author to *Constable's Miscellany*. It was followed by histories of the insurrections of Montrose, Dundee and Mar, and by a *Life of James I.* During the same time he edited a collection of Scottish songs and ballads in three volumes, wrote a compact little history of Scotland for juvenile readers and edited a newspaper known as the *Edinburgh Advertiser*. Reviewing the *History of the Rebellions of 1689 and 1715*, published in 1829, my father wrote: "Really, Mr. Chambers is the most indefatigable and active writer extant. He is enough to kill any degenerate modern reviewer twice over, except ourselves, who being nearly seven feet high, are not easily killed. If he goes on publishing at this rate, the periodical press with all be seen puffing after him like so many wearied hounds chasing a stag up a mountain, who, fresh and agile, turns round now and then to snuff their approach, shaking his towering antlers in sportive ridicule. All his books, too, are so full of amusing and interesting matter that it is im-

possible to give him anything like an extinguisher, or even a check. We confess that we should like exceedingly to ride our high horse over him—to bury him under a few Johnsonian periods, from which it would cost him the labor of a month to have himself dug out. But there is no getting hold of him to give him a fair shake. He is one of those fortunate individuals whom everybody seems to have a liking for, and whom no one can speak severely of, though he tries."

Robert Chambers felt a just pride in having enjoyed the intimate friendship of his illustrious countryman, the centenary of whose birth is to be celebrated in August. Many persons still living remember seeing Sir Walter limping down Bank street, Edinburgh, after the rising of the court of which he was the clerk, with his hand on the shoulder of the "Peebles lad," pouring into his attentive ear legends of Edina or tales of Border chivalry, commingled with homely hints as to the future career of the intelligent and industrious young bookseller. One of Scott's trusted friends used to tell an anecdote in connection with the rapidity with which the subject of my memoir wrote. Meeting Sir Walter at St. Ronan's Well upon a certain occasion, Mr. Boyd expressed to Scott his astonishment at finding novel after novel emanating from his magic pen at such short intervals; whereupon the Wizard remarked, "Ay, ay, Mr. Boyd, I may be a swift penman, but there's one who beats me, and that one is Robert Chambers."

The agitation throughout Great Britain in 1831 for parliamentary reform awakened a necessity for the spread of education. Lord Brougham proclaimed that the "schoolmaster was abroad," and after the passage of the Reform Bill of 1832 organized the "Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge." On the 4th of February—six weeks before the *Penny Magazine* was issued by this organization—the first number of *Chambers' Edinburgh Journal*, a folio sheet of closely-printed original matter, was published, at the low price of three half-

pence, by William Chambers. Its success exceeded not only expectation, but the means of production. The project—or called in the aid of his brother Robert for the editorship, and the firm of W. & R. Chambers, one of the literary and commercial successes of the century, was formed. The *Edinburgh Journal*, the first high-class cheap periodical published in Great Britain, and its successor, the *Penny Magazine*, were the practical embodiments of that fruitful scheme for improving the education of the people by means of good and low-priced serials which originated with and was so ably advocated by Henry Brougham, James Mill and others. William and Robert Chambers and Charles Knight will be remembered as the fathers and founders of this class of literature.

In the year 1829 the brothers united in the production of a *Gazetteer of Scotland*, which was completed and given to the world in 1832. Three years later, Robert completed a monument of industry and evidently a labor of love—the *Biographical Dictionary of Eminent Scotsmen*, in four octavo volumes. Writing in December, 1835, to his friend and correspondent Wilson, who had two years previously removed from Edinburgh to Poughkeepsie, Mr. Chambers says: "I am continuing to pursue that course of regular plodding industry which you have witnessed since its commencement. Personally, I have now hardly anything to do with business, but I participate with my elder brother in the great advantage of uniting the duties of publisher with those of author. Of the *Journal* about sixty thousand are now sold, and in England the circulation is steadily rising. That work seems now indeed received and sanctioned as a powerful moral engine for the regeneration of the middle and lower orders of society. We have just commenced the publication of a series of educational works, designed to embrace education, physical, moral and intellectual, according to the most advanced views. Two volumes have appeared—one an Infant-school Directory,

and the other (by myself) a history of English literature, designed to introduce young people to our best authors and books of all ages. To all appearance, this will also be a successful undertaking. While my brother has been married two years and a half without any surviving children, I have now no fewer than four—a girl of five years, a boy of three or three and a half (the hero of the stanzas in *Blackwood*), another girl of two years, and a baby of a few months. We all enjoy good health, and I often think I realize in my domestic circle that happiness which authors have endeavored to represent as visionary. Men, it is allowed, are apt to speak of things as they find them; and for my part I would say that it is possible to lead the life of a literary man without any of those grievances and evil passions which others picture as inseparable from the possession. I envy none, despise none, but on the contrary yield due respect to all, whether above or beneath me. I am but little disposed to pine for higher honors than I possess: they come steadily, and I am content to wait till they come. The result is, that hardly such a thing as an annoyance ever breaks the calm tenor of my life, and that there is not one person with whom I was ever acquainted whom I cannot still meet as a friend."

A year later Mr. Chambers writes: "It is very agreeable to my love of approbation to hear that any work of mine, upon other than a local subject, would, in your estimation, be worth reprinting in America. I thank you most heartily for your flattering proposal, and ere long may be able to take the benefit of it. At present all the time I can spare from the *Journal* is devoted to the series of volumes called 'Chambers' Educational Course,' of which six have now appeared—the second, third and fourth being by myself—and of which other three or four are on the point of appearing. We intend, as you will see by the prospectus, to make this a complete set of books for education, theoretical and practical. It is, in fact, a very ambi-

tious design, and one which, if fully successful, will realize a fortune; but this we cannot speak for as yet, though several of the volumes have met with a large sale. Enclosed, I send several of those you have not seen, including my own three. We have been for a twelvemonth in a dubious kind of correspondence with ——— of Boston for an American reprint from stereotype plates to be sent out by us; and this prevents me from making any overtures to you upon the subject. I have for a long time been working at odd hours upon a philosophical work, which I design to make my *chef-d'œuvre*, and perhaps when I get it near completed we may correspond about it. A community of copyright with America is a most desirable object for many reasons, but I suppose it is not to be expected soon."

Robert Chambers' next important work was his *Cyclopædia of English Literature*, a publication of higher rank than any previous compilation of a similar character. Not less than a quarter of a million of copies of this excellent introduction to the British Classics have been sold in Great Britain and the United States. This work was followed by his *Life and Letters of Robert Burns*, including his poems. The profits on the work were presented to the daughters of Burns' surviving sister, who had herself previously received many kindnesses from her brother's editor and admirer. In a letter addressed to the writer under date of May 15, 1856, Mr. Chambers says: "I am glad you saw good old Mrs. Begg, but it was a pity to miss the black eyes and intelligent face of her daughter Isabella, who is a charming creature of her kind and sort, and more a reminiscence of Burns than even her mother. Just about a fortnight ago W. & R. C. had the pleasure of handing two hundred pounds to the Misses Begg, being the profits of the cheap edition of the *Life and Works of Burns*, edited by me, as promised by us at the time of publication. This sum will lie at interest accumulating till Mrs. Begg and her annuity cease; when, with one hundred and sixty-six pounds

of the fund formerly collected for Mrs. B., it will be sunk in distinct annuities for the daughters. The result, with their several pensions (from government) of ten pounds, will place them above all risk of anything like want. They well deserve all that has been done for them by their self-devotion to their mother in less bright days. I have a great deal of pleasure in thinking of that happy family on the banks of Doon, and reflecting on the little services I have been able to render them."

No notice of the works of Robert Chambers would be considered complete without some mention of a philosophical work, published anonymously, which created a great stir in the world of thought. This was the *Vestiges of Creation*. The controversy which this remarkable book, the matrix of Darwin's, engendered, was most enveloped, and when in 1848 Mr. Chambers was selected to be Lord Provost of Edinburgh, he thought it expedient to withdraw in the face of a storm raised against him as the supposed author. There were good reasons why he should not admit the authorship. Had he done so, the religious bodies of Scotland and England would have risen against the firm, and the numerous educational works of the Brothers Chambers would have been driven from the schools. For business reasons, rather than from any other cause, the author chose not to father a book which must certainly be regarded as one of the greatest speculative works of the nineteenth century. Should it be proved that Robert Chambers wrote it, his title to fame will be materially strengthened, for the writer of that book was the forerunner of Darwin.

Writing from St. Andrew's in July, 1847, Mr. Chambers says: "I had much pleasure in receiving your letter the other day, accompanied by a paper recalling a set whom I remember well in my own early days—the borrow-beggars. I have no doubt that this will be a most acceptable morceau for our editorial council at head-quarters, where you will observe that I am not at pres-

ent, being for a couple of months or so retired into summer lodgings at a place where from my window, as I write, I can see Broughty Ferry and other haunts of your youthful footsteps. I spent two years here not long since, and have a great liking for the place, as also for the game of golf, which most gentlemen that live in the place are addicted to. It affords me the sincerest pleasure, my dear Wilson, to hear of your continued prosperity. How curious for us both now to look back to the time of our first acquaintance, and to think of the changes which fleeting Time has made in the interval! It is just twenty-nine years since I began the world for myself with hardly any share whatever of its goods. Not long after that time it was that I first conversed with you. If we can ever meet again, we surely might expect to feel some satisfaction in glancing back to those days.

"So even in America this absurd rumor as to the *Vestiges* has been propagated? I believe it solely owed its origin to my friend Mrs. Crowe,\* who somehow took the idea into her head, and whose affirmations on the subject were the more apt to be believed that we were known to be very intimate friends. It is a strange book, with many errors, and yet a wonderful *glauum* at a great truth, as I seriously believe. I have no doubt science for many years to come will consist very much in verifications of its leading principle. Any little time I have been able to spare for science has been devoted to a geological investigation of a comparatively simple although interesting kind—the ancient beaches of the sea when it was at higher levels on the land. These appear in terraces, such as you may remember at Craigie near Dundee, and beyond Broughty Ferry toward Carnoustie. Latterly I have been led to suspect that terraces exist at the same heights in America, showing that over a very large region the alteration of the relative level of sea and land has taken

\* Authoress of the *Night Side of Nature*, who claimed, when she was confined a few years later in a lunatic asylum, to have been its author.



place at once. I have no doubt there are such terraces on the Hudson. The gravel plain at West Point, one hundred and eighty-six feet above the sea, is probably an ancient beach, made at the same time with one which I have described in Britain and France. If you have any geological friends whom you could set to look for such things, and will send me accurate measurements of them, I should be exceedingly gratified."

"You are aware," writes Mr. Chambers in 1850, "that my brother and I conduct what I may call a great literary factory. We are not publishers in the ordinary sense of the word, but rather authors and editors working out our literary plans through the medium of a printing and publishing concern, which is practically in the hands of a set of subordinates. Thus, the literary man takes in our case his naturally due place as the superior of the mere tradesman publisher. It is a curious problem in literary affairs that we are solving, and probably something may be heard of it twenty years hence. The printing of the books written and edited by us gives occasion for ten printing-machines, the working of which has become one of the sights of Edinburgh. A curious contrast with the infancy of my concern in Leith Walk, where you used to look in upon me on your way to and from Dundee! You are mistaken, however, at least in a certain sense, in supposing me rich, for almost all I have is involved in stock. My brother, having no children, and thus being enabled to live at a small expenditure, has realized a good deal of money, which he has lately invested in a handsome estate in our native county of Peebles."

Soon after my father's visit to Europe in 1853, Mr. Chambers wrote: "I was much advantaged by the snatch of Burns which you sent, and offer my best thanks. It quite completes my detail of that part of the bard's history. We are now about to set up an octavo edition, expecting that America will help us off with a considerable quantity.

. . . Your account of your experiences amongst old friends is very affecting, and all the more so that it is just what every one finds after twenty years' absence. Some you found unchanged, and we were amongst them; but let other twenty years pass, what will be the history of that little group? . . . My brother came home quite struck with American go-aheadism—a thing entirely in his way. Above all, he is impressed with the greatness of the bookselling field there; of which indeed he had a remarkable proof in an order from Lippincott & Company for about a hundred thousand volumes of our books."

Robert Chambers' latest works were *Domestic Annals of Scotland*, three octavo volumes, and an invaluable *Life of Tobias George Smollett*. He also edited the *Book of Days*, and Chambers' *Encyclopædia*, one of the cheapest and most useful books of reference in the English language. Among the various works which were edited by the two brothers may be mentioned *Information for the People*, people's editions of standard English works, *Tracts for the People*, *Popular History of the Crimean War*, and Chambers' Educational Course of nearly seventy volumes.

In the year 1854 the Messrs. Chambers established a branch of their business in London, and also entertained the idea of an agency in New York. Robert, writing in the year above mentioned, says: "I duly received your letter of January last, and should have sooner written in answer if I had not thought it worth while to wait till I could give you some definite intelligence regarding the proposed New York branch. After all, I am only able to say that we postpone the further consideration of the plan till your son comes on his promised visit to my brother. There are, however, some considerations arising from the recent London changes" (the failure of their agents) "that seem to point out the prudence of not starting an American branch in 1854. I was much gratified to find my brother speaking in such favorable terms of your son,



and we both felt very deeply the friendly kindness you had manifested on this occasion. It would be a great gratification to me to see *your* son doing anything for us, or in connection with us, for really these associations of auld lang syne are not mere moonshine." December 19th of the same year, Mr. Chambers writes: "We have found so great an outlet for our books in Lippincott of Philadelphia that the idea of a branch in New York has ceased to be very pressing. . . . We are just about to enter on, capital premises in Paternoster Row, the ancient peculiar seat of bookselling since long before New England was settled, and where the great Fathers of the trade yet most do congregate. It strikes me curiously to find myself concerned in carrying on business there. It is, however, the beginning of a problem which others must work out, for, being now fifty-two, I begin to long for relief from the pressing cares of business."

In 1860, Mr. Chambers, accompanied by Mrs. Chambers, visited the United States, and was the recipient of many flattering attentions from men of science and literature. His last letter to his old friend was dated "At sea, near Boston, September 20, 1860," and was written many days after my father's death. It ran as follows: "The above date, my dear friend, will probably give you great surprise. True it is, however unexpected, that my wife and I are about to land in your adopted country, with the design of spending a few weeks in it. Amongst the gratifications contemplated is that of seeing you and your family. And it will be among the first, for I intend, after spending a very short time (for the present) in Boston and New York, passing up the Hudson toward Canada, and pausing at Poughkeepsie on the way. I cannot now tell to anything like a day when I may be looking in upon you, but after being a few days in the country, I may be able to address you again. I may remark that I visit America merely to gratify curiosity, and with no definite design of writing about it."

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A few months later Mr. Chambers says, in a letter addressed to the writer, then residing in Chicago: "Mrs. Chambers and I had a favorable journey homeward, and arrived in Liverpool before the middle of December. We felt much indebted to you for the prints and other articles which you were good enough to forward to us, and I have to thank you also in a special manner for sending the order for the free pass by the railway, albeit it came too late; of which fact, by the way, I was not regretful, as I did not quite relish a privilege to which I did not feel I had any just claim. I may now mention that your notice of Chicago came just in time to supersede an article in proof for our *Encyclopædia*. I have since printed in the *Journal* an article of my own about those wonderful house-liftings\* for which your town is so remarkable. I shall see to get a copy of it sent to you. Let me also take this opportunity of stating that little Miss Hope Scott, the sole descendant of Sir Walter, attended the marriage of her father to a daughter of the late Duke of Norfolk in the latter part of last year. I have not learned her exact age, but believe it to be under five. Since returning home I have removed my household to the place I date from,† having seen reason to believe that I can be more useful in the literary affairs of W. & R. C. here than in Edinburgh. Having two daughters married in London, with children, I feel it less of a hardship to leave Edinburgh than it might otherwise have been. When you revisit the British shores you will be pretty sure to be in London, and we shall all be glad to see you. I fear, from the late news, there is now no chance of retaining the Southern States within the Union. It is a sad affair. We all feel how much it takes you down as a state. We all sympathize and deplore. But certainly any coercive policy would be little short of madness. An amicable policy is the general hope in England as the best that could happen." Mr. Chambers

\* Vide *Chambers' Journal* for January, 1861.

† 3 Hall Place, St. John's Wood, London.

was never convinced of his error during our struggle, and only changed his views when the war ended.

Writing to me from St. Andrew's, September 9, 1866, Mr. Chambers remarks: "It is only this last week, after an interval of three years, that I have got once more settled in a house of my own. My health, after being out of order for an equal space of time, is now completely restored. I am setting up a household with one young daughter and three grandchildren, hoping to have a few pleasant leisurely years at the close of a life which has perhaps been too active and laborious. Of my eight daughters, six have been married (one of these dead), another has died unmarried, and one remains, not yet marriageable. Occasionally, a married daughter comes to see me with one or two little ones—always a great pleasure. My eldest son is now the principal partner of any activity in our concern at Edinburgh, for my brother, although still fit for that kind of work, has entered upon a period of office, as Lord Provost of the city, which engrosses all

his time. . . . I feel greatly interested, my dear general, in your proposed selections from the Scottish poets. You honor me much by introducing me into the work. I think the selection of my pieces as good as could be made. In answer to your query, the 10th of July, 1802, is the date of my birth. I may add that I think Charles Knight's account of my brother and myself in his English *Encyclopædia* the best anywhere given. There are no portraits of Barbour, Wyntoun and Lyndsay, nor of any before Drummond, excepting the king's, and perhaps Buchanan. I will endeavor to get a suitable portrait of myself, and either enclose it in this letter or send it in my next."

Mr. Chambers' death took place at St. Andrew's—where he had resided for several years—March 17, 1871, and his remains were interred by his own request close by the tower of St. Regulus, in the cathedral burying-ground of St. Andrew's. Few literary men of our day have been followed to the grave by more sincere mourners.

JAMES GRANT WILSON.

## VERNAL PICTURES.

A MID fresh roses wandering, and the soft  
 And delicate wealth of apple blossoms spread  
 In tender spirals of blent white and red  
 Round the fair spaces of our blooming croft,  
 This morn I caught the gurgling note so oft  
 Heard in the cordial spring-tides that are dead—  
 The swallow's note, murmuring of winter fled—  
 Dropped silverly from passionless calms aloft.  
 "O heart!" I said, "thy vernal depths unclose,  
 That mirror Nature's. Warm airs, come and go  
 With prescient gladness o'er Thought's budded rose,  
 And half-hid flowers of sweet Philosophy;  
 While now upglancing, now borne swift and low,  
 Song, like the swallow, darts through Fancy's sky!"

PAUL H. HAYNE.

## A PROVENCE ROSE.

BY OUIDA.

## II.

NOW, before that summer was gone, these two were betrothed to one another, and my little fair dead daughter, all faded and scentless though her half-opened leaves were, remained always on René's heart as a tender and treasured relic.

They were betrothed, I say—not wedded, for they were so terribly poor.

Many a day he, I think, had not so much as a crust to eat; and there passed many weeks when the works on his canvas stood unfinished because he had not wherewithal to buy the oils and the colors to finish them.

René was frightfully poor, indeed; but then, being an artist and a poet, and the lover of a fair and noble woman, and a dreamer of dreams, and a man God-gifted, he was no longer wretched. For the life of a painter is beautiful when he is still young, and loves truly, and has a genius in him stronger than all calamity, and hears a voice in which he believes say always in his ear, "Fear nothing. Men must believe as I do in thee, one day. And meanwhile we can wait!" And a painter in Paris, even though he starve on a few sous a day, can have so much that is lovely and full of picturesque charm in his daily pursuits: the long, wondrous galleries full of the arts he adores; the "*réalité de l'idéal*" around him in that perfect world; the slow, sweet studious hours in the calm wherein all that is great in humanity alone survives; the trance—half adoration, half aspiration, at once desire and despair—before the face of the Mona Lisa; then, without, the streets so glad and so gay in the sweet, living sunshine; the quiver of green leaves among gilded balconies; the groups at every turn about the doors; the glow of color in market-place and

peopled square; the quaint gray piles in old historic ways; the stones, from every one of which some voice from the imperishable Past cries out; the green, silent woods, the little leafy villages, the winding waters garden girt; the forest heights, with the city gleaming and golden in the plain;—all these are his. With these—and youth—who shall dare say he is not rich—ay, though his board be empty and his cup be dry?

I had not loved Paris—I, a little imprisoned rose, caged in a clay pot, and seeing nothing but the sky-line of the roofs. But I grew to love it, hearing from René and from Lili of all the poetry and gladness that Paris made possible in their young and burdened lives, and which could have been thus possible in no other city of the earth.

City of Pleasure you have called her, and with truth; but why not also City of the Poor? for that city, like herself, has remembered the poor in her pleasure, and given to them, no less than to the richest, the treasure of her laughing sunlight, of her melodious music, of her gracious hues, of her million flowers, of her shady leaves, of her divine ideals.

O world! when you let Paris die you will let your last youth die with her! Your rich will mourn a paradise deserted, but your poor will have need to weep with tears of blood for the ruin of the sole Eden whose sunlight sought them in their shadow, whose music found them in their loneliness, whose glad green ways were open to their tired feet, whose radiance smiled the sorrow from their aching eyes, and in whose wildest errors and whose vainest dreams their woes and needs were unforgotten.

Well, this little, humble love-idyl,

which grew into being in an attic, had a tender grace of its own; and I watched it with tenderness, and it seemed to me fresh as the dews of the morning in the midst of the hot, stifling world.

They could not marry: he had nothing but famine for his wedding-gift, and all the little that she made was taken for the food and wine of the bedridden old grandam in that religious execution of a filial duty which is so habitual in the French family-life that no one dreams counting it as a virtue.

But they spent their leisure-time together: they passed their rare holiday hours in each other's society in the woods which they both loved or in the public galleries of art; and when the autumn came on apace, and they could no longer sit at their open casements, he still watched the gleam of her pale lamp as a pilgrim the light of a shrine, and she, ere she went to her rest, would push ajar the closed shutter and put her pretty fair head into the darkling night, and waft him a gentle good-night, and then go and kneel down by her bed and pray for him and his future before the cross which had been her dead mother's.

On that bright summer a hard winter followed. The poor suffered very much; and I in the closed lattice knew scarcely which was the worse—the icy, shivering chills of the snow-burdened air, or the close, noxious suffocation of the stove.

I was very sickly and ill, and cared little for my life during that bitter cold weather, when the panes of the lattice were all blocked from week's end to week's end with the solid silvery foliage of the frost.

René and Lili both suffered greatly: he could only keep warmth in his veins by the stoves of the public libraries, and she lost her work in the box trade after the New Year fairs, and had to eke out as best she might the few francs she had been able to lay back in the old brown pipkin in the closet. She had moreover to sell most of the little things in her garret: her own mattress went, though she kept the bed under her grandmother. But there were two

things she would not sell, though for both was she offered money: they were her mother's reliques and myself.

She would not, I am sure, have sold the picture, either. But for that no one offered her a centime.

One day, as the last of the winter solstice was passing away, the old woman died.

Lili wept for her sincere and tender tears, though never in my time, nor in any other, I believe, had the poor old querulous, paralytic sufferer rewarded her with anything except lamentation and peevish discontent.

"Now you will come to me?" murmured her lover, when they had returned from laying the old dead peasant in the quarter of the poor.

Lili drooped her head softly upon his breast.

"If you wish it!" she whispered, with a whisper as soft as the first low breath of summer.

*If he wished it!*

A gleam of pale gold sunshine shone through the dulled panes upon my feeble branches; a little timid fly crept out and spread its wings; the bells of the church rang an angelus; a child laughed in the street below; there came a smile of greenness spreading over the boughs of leafless trees; my lover the wind returned from the south, fresh from desert and ocean, with the scent of the spice groves and palm aisles of the East in his breath, and softly unclosing my lattice, murmured to me, "Didst thou think I was faithless? See, I come with the spring!"

So, though I was captive and they two were poor, yet we three were all happy; for love and a new year of promise were with us.

I bore a little snowy blossom (sister to the one which slept lifeless on René's heart) that spring, whilst yet the swallows were not back from the African gardens, and the first violets were carried in millions through the streets—the only innocent imperialists that the world has ever seen.

That little winter-begotten darling of mine was to be Lili's nuptial-flower.

She took it so tenderly from me that it hardly seemed like its death.

"My little dear rose, who blossoms for me, though I can only cage her in clay, and only let her see the sun's rays between the stacks of the chimneys!" she said softly over me as she kissed me; and when she said that, could I any more grieve for Provence?

"What do they wed upon, those two?" said the old vine to me.

And I answered him: "Hope and dreams."

"Will those bake bread and feed babes?" said the vine, as he shook his wrinkled tendrils despondently in the March air.

We did not ask in the attic.

Summer was nigh at hand, and we loved one another.

René had come to us—we had not gone to him. For our garret was on the sunny, his on the dark, side of the street, and Lili feared the gloom for me and the bird; and she could not bring herself to leave that old red-leaved creeper who had wound himself so close about the rain-pipe and the roof, and who could not have been dislodged without being slain.

With the Mardi Gras her trade had returned to her. René, unable to prosecute his grand works, took many of the little boxes in his own hands, and wrought on them with all the nameless mystical charm and the exquisite grace of touch which belong to the man who is by nature a great artist. The little trade could not at its best price bring much, but it brought bread; and we were happy.

While he worked at the box-lids she had leisure for her household labors: when these were done she would draw out her mother's old Breton distaff, and would sit and spin. When twilight fell they would go forth together to dream under the dewy avenues and the glistering stars, or as often would wait whilst he played on his mountain flute to the people at the doorways in the street below.

"Is it better to go out and see the stars and the leaves ourselves, or to

stay in-doors and make all these forget the misfortune of not seeing them?" said Lili on one of those evenings when the warmth and the sunset almost allured her to draw the flute from her husband's hands and give him his hat instead; and then she looked down into the narrow road, at the opposite houses, at the sewing-girls stitching by their little windows, at the pale students studying their sickly lore with scalpel and with skeleton, at the hot, dusty little children at play on the asphalt sidewalk, at the sorrowful, darkened casements behind which she knew beds of sickness or of paralyzed old age were hidden—looked at all this from behind my blossoms, and then gave up the open air and the evening stroll that were so dear a pastime to her, and whispered to René, "Play, or they will be disappointed."

And he played, instead of going to the debating-club in the room round the corner.

"He has ceased to be a patriot," grumbled the old vine. "It is always so with every man when once he has loved a woman!"

Myself, I could not see that there was less patriotism in breathing the poetry of sound into the ears of his neighbors than in rousing the passions of hell in the breasts of his brethren.

But perhaps this was my ignorance: I believe that of late years people have grown to hold that the only pure patriotism is, and ought to be, evinced in the most intense and the most brutalized form of one passion—"Envy, eldest born of hell."

So these two did some good, and were happy, though more than once it chanced to them to have to go a whole day without tasting food of any sort.

I have said that René had genius—a genius bold, true, impassioned, masterful—such a genius as colors the smallest trifles that it touches. René could no more help putting an ideal grace into those little sweetmeat boxes—which sold at their very highest, in the booths of the fairs, at fifty centimes apiece—than we, the roses, can help being fragrant and fair.

Genius has a way of casting its pearls in the dust as we scatter our fragrance to every breeze that blows. Now and then the pearl is caught and treasured, as now and then some solitary creature pauses to smell the sweetness of the air in which we grow, and thanks the God who made us.

But as ninety-nine roses bloom unthanked for one that is thus remembered, so ninety-nine of the pearls of genius are trodden to pieces for one that is set on high and crowned with honor.

In the twilight of a dull day a little, feeble, brown old man climbed the staircase and entered our attic with shambling step.

We had no strangers to visit us: who visits the poor? We thought he was an enemy: the poor always do think so, being so little used to strangers.

René drew himself erect, and strove to hide the poverty of his garments, standing by his easel. Lili came to me and played with my leaves in her tender, caressing fashion.

"You painted this, M. René Claude?" asked the little brown old man. He held in his hand one of the bonbon boxes, the prettiest of them all, with a tambourine-girl dancing in a wreath of Provence roses. René had copied me with loving fidelity in the flowers, and with a sigh had murmured as he cast the box aside when finished, "That ought to fetch at least a franc!" But he had got no more than the usual two sous for it.

The little man sat down on the chair which Lili placed for him.

"So they told me where I bought this. It was at a booth at St. Cloud. Do you know that it is charming?"

René smiled a little sadly: Lili flushed with joy. It was the first praise which she had ever heard given to him.

"You have a great talent," pursued the little man.

René bowed his handsome haggard face—his mouth quivered a very little: for the first time Hope entered into him.

"Genius, indeed," said the stranger; and he sauntered a little about and looked at the canvases, and wondered and

praised, and said not very much, but said that little so well and so judiciously that it was easy to see he was no mean judge of art, and possibly no slender patron of it.

As Lili stood by me I saw her color come and go and her breast heave. I too trembled in all my leaves: were recognition and the world's homage coming to René at last?

"And I have been so afraid always that I had injured, burdened him, clogged his strength in that endless strife!" she murmured below her breath. "O dear little rose! if only the world can but know his greatness!"

Meanwhile the old man looked through the sketches and studies with which the room was strewn. "You do not finish your things?" he said abruptly.

René flushed darkly. "Oil pictures cost money," he said, briefly, "and—I am very poor."

Though a peasant's son, he was very proud: the utterance must have cost him much.

The stranger took snuff. "You are a man of singular genius," he said simply. "You only want to be known to get the prices of Meissonier."

Meissonier!—the Rothschild of the studios, the artist whose six-inch canvas would bring the gold value of a Raphael or a Titian!

Lili, breathing fast and white as death with ecstasy, made the sign of the cross on her breast: the delicate brown hand of René shook where it leaned on his easel.

They were both silent—silent from the intensity of their hope.

"Do you know who I am?" the old man pursued with a cordial smile.

"I have not that honor," murmured René.

The stranger, taking his snuff out of a gold box, named a name at which the painter started. It was that of one of the greatest art-dealers in the whole of Europe; one who at a word could make or mar an artist's reputation; one whose accuracy of judgment was considered infallible by all connoisseurs, and the passport to whose galleries was to any



unknown painting a certain passport also to the fame of men.

"You are a man of singular genius," repeated the great purchaser, taking his snuff in the middle of the little bare chamber. "It is curious—one always finds genius either in a cellar or in an attic: it never, by any chance, is to be discovered midway on the stairs—never in the *mezzo terzo*! But to the point. You have great delicacy of touch, striking originality, a wonderful purity yet bloom in your color, and an exquisite finish of minutæ, without any weakness—a combination rare, very rare. That girl yonder, feeding white pigeons on the leads of a roof, with an atom of blue sky, and a few vine leaves straying over the parapet—that is perfectly conceived. Finished it must be. So must that little study of the beggar-boy looking through the gilded gates into the rose-gardens—it is charming, charming. Your price for those?"

René's colorless, worn young face colored to the brows. "Monsieur is too good," he muttered brokenly. "A nameless artist has no price, except—"

"Honor," murmured Lili as she moved forward with throbbing heart and dim eyes. "Ah, monsieur, give him a name in Paris! We want nothing else—nothing else!"

"Poor fools!" said the dealer to his snuff-box. I heard him—they did not.

"Madame," he answered aloud, "Paris herself will give him that the first day his first canvas hangs in my galleries. Meanwhile, I must in honesty be permitted to add something more. For each of those little canvases, the girl on the roof and the boy at the gate, I will give you now two thousand francs, and two thousand more when they shall be completed. Provided—"

He paused and glanced musingly at René.

Lili had turned away, and was sobbing for very joy at this undreamed-of deliverance.

René stood quite still, with his hands crossed on the easel and his head bent on his chest. The room, I think, swam round him.

The old man sauntered again a little about the place, looking here and looking there, murmuring certain artistic disquisitions technical and scientific, leaving them time to recover from the intensity of their emotion.

What a noble thing old age was, I thought, living only to give hope to the young in their sorrow, and to release captive talents from the prison of obscurity! We should leave the little room in the roof, and dwell in some bright quarter where it was all leaves and flowers; and René would be great, and go to dine with princes and drive a team of belled horses, like a famous painter who had dashed once with his splendid equipage through our narrow passage; and we should see the sky always—as much of it as ever we chose; and Lili would have a garden of her own, all grass and foliage and falling waters, in which I should live in the open air all the day long, and make believe that I was in Provence.

My dreams and my fancies were broken by the sound of the old man's voice taking up the thread of his discourse once more in front of René.

"I will give you four thousand francs each for those two little canvases," he repeated. "It is a mere pinch of dust to what you will make in six months' time if—if—you hear me?—your name is brought before the public of Paris in my galleries and under my auspices. I suppose you have heard something of what I can do, eh? Well, all I can do I will do for you; for you have a great talent, and without introduction, my friend, you may as well roll up your pictures and burn them in your stove to save charcoal. You know that?"

René indeed knew—none better. Lili turned on the old man her sweet, frank Breton eyes, smiling their radiant gratitude through tenderest tears.

"The saints will reward you, monsieur, in a better world than this," she murmured softly.

The old man took snuff a little nervously. "There is one condition I must make," he said with a trifling hesitation—"one only."

"Ask of my gratitude what you will," answered René quickly, while he drew a deep breath of relief and freedom—the breath of one who casts to the ground the weight of a deadly burden.

"It is, that you will bind yourself only to paint for me."

"Certainly!" René gave the assent with eagerness. Poor fellow! it was a novelty so exquisite to have any one save the rats to paint for. It never dawned upon his thoughts that when he stretched his hands out with such passionate desire to touch the hem of the garment of Fortune and catch the gleam of the laurels of Fame, he might be in truth only holding them out to fresh fetters.

"Very well," said the old man quietly, and he sat down again and looked full in René's face, and unfolded his views for the artist's future.

He used many words, and was slow and suave in their utterance, and paused often and long to take out his heavy gold box; but he spoke well. Little by little his meaning gleamed out from the folds of verbiage in which he skillfully enwrapped it.

It was this.

The little valueless drawings on the people's sweetmeat boxes of gilded cardboard had a grace, a color and a beauty in them which had caught, at a fair-booth in the village of St. Cloud, the ever-watchful eyes of the great dealer. He had bought half a dozen of the boxes for a couple of francs. He had said, "Here is what I want." Wanted for what? Briefly, to produce Petitot enamels and Fragonard cabinets—genuine eighteenth-century work. There was a rage for it. René would understand?

René's dark, southern eyes lost a little of their new lustre of happiness, and grew troubled with a sort of cloud of perplexity. He did not seem to understand.

The old man took more snuff, and used phrases clearer still.

There were great collectors—dilettanti of houses imperial and royal and princely and noble, of all the grades of greatness—who would give any sum for bonbonnières and tabatières of eighteenth-

century work by any one of the few famous masters of that time. A genuine, incontestable sweetmeat box from the ateliers of the Louis XIV. or Louis XV. period would fetch almost a fabulous sum. Then again he paused, doubtfully.

René bowed, and his wondering glance said without words, "I know this. But I have no eighteenth-century work to sell you: if I had, should we starve in an attic?"

His patron coughed a little, looked at Lili, then proceeded to explain yet farther.

In René's talent he had discerned the hues, the grace, the delicacy yet brilliancy, the voluptuousness and the *désinvolture* of the best eighteenth-century work. René doubtless did other and higher things which pleased himself far more than these airy trifles. Well, let him pursue the greater line of art if he chose; but he, the old man who spoke, could assure him that nothing would be so lucrative to him as those bacchantes in wreaths of roses and young tambourine-players *gorge au vent* dancing in a bed of violets, and beautiful marquises, powdered and jeweled, looking over their fans, which he had painted for those poor little two-sous boxes of the populace, and the like of which, exquisitely finished on enamel or ivory, set in gold and tortoiseshell rimmed with pearls and turquoises or opals and diamonds, would deceive the finest connoisseur in Europe into receiving them as—whatever they might be signed and dated.

If René would do one or two of these at dictation in a year, not more—more would be perilous—paint and sign them and produce them with any touches that might be commanded; never ask what became of them when finished, nor recognize them if hereafter he might see them in any illustrious collection,—if René would bind himself to do this, he, the old man who spoke, would buy his other paintings, place them well in his famous galleries, and, using all his influence, would make him in a twelve-month's time the most celebrated of all the young painters of Paris.

It was a bargain? Ah, how well it was, he said, to put the best of one's powers into the most trifling things one did! If that poor little two-sous box had been less lavishly and gracefully decorated, it would never have arrested his eyes in the bonbon-booth at St. Cloud. The old man paused to take snuff and receive an answer.

René stood motionless.

Lili had sunk into a seat, and was gazing at the tempter with wide-open, puzzled, startled eyes. Both were silent.

"It is a bargain?" said the old man again. "Understand me, M. René Claude. You have no risk, absolutely none, and you have the certainty of fair fame and fine fortune in the space of a few years. You will be a great man before you have a gray hair: that comes to very few. I shall not trouble you for more than two dix-huitième siècle enamels in the year—perhaps for only one. You can spend ten months out of the twelve on your own canvases, making your own name and your own wealth as swiftly as your ambition and impatience can desire. Madame here," said the acute dealer with a pleasant smile—"Madame here can have a garden sloping on the Seine and a glass house of choicest flowers—which I see are her graceful weakness—ere another rose-season has time to come round, if you choose."

His voice lingered softly on the three last words.

The dew stood on René's forehead, his hands clenched on the easel:

"You wish me—to—paint—forgeries of the Petitot enamels?"

The old man smiled unmoved: "Chut, chut! Will you paint me little bonbonnières on enamel instead of on cardboard? That is all the question. I have said where they go, how they are set: what they are called shall be my affair. You know nothing. The only works of yours which you will be concerned to acknowledge will be your own canvas pictures. What harm can it do any creature? You will gratify a connoisseur or two innocently, and you will meanwhile be at leisure to follow

the bent of your own genius, which otherwise—"

He paused: I heard the loud throbs of René's heart under that cruel temptation.

Lili gazed at his tempter with the same startled terror and bewilderment still dilating her candid eyes with a woeful pain.

"Otherwise," pursued the old man with merciless tranquillity, "you will never see me any more, my friends. If you try to repeat any story to my hindrance, no one will credit you. I am rich, you are poor. You have a great talent: I shall regret to see it lost, but I shall let it die—so."

And he trod very gently on a little gnat that crawled near his foot, and killed it.

A terrible agony gathered in the artist's face.

"O God!" he cried in his torture, and his eyes went to the canvases against the wall, and then to the face of his wife, with an unutterable yearning desire.

For them, for *them*, this sin—which tempted him looked virtue.

"Do you hesitate?" said the merciless old man. "Pshaw! whom do you hurt? You give me work as good as that which you imitate, and I call it only by a dead man's name: who is injured? What harm can there be in humoring the fanaticism of fashion? Choose—I am in haste."

René hid his face with his hands, so that he should not behold those dear creations of his genius which so cruelly, so innocently, assailed him with a temptation beyond his strength.

"Choose for me—you!" he muttered in his agony to Lili.

Lili, white as death, drew closer to him.

"My René, your heart has chosen," she murmured through her dry, quivering lips. "You cannot buy honor by fraud."

René lifted his head and looked straight in the eyes of the man who held the scales of his fate, and could weigh out for his whole life's portion either fame and fortune or obscurity and famine.

"Sir," he said slowly, with a bitter tranquil smile about his mouth, "my garret is empty, but it is clean. May I trouble you to leave it as you found it?"

So they were strong to the end, these two famished children of frivolous Paris.

But when the door had closed and shut their tempter out, the revulsion came: they wept those tears of blood which come from the hearts' depths of those who have seen Hope mock them with a smile a moment, to leave them face to face with Death.

"Poor fools!" sighed the old vine from his corner in the gray, dull twilight of the late autumn day.

Was the vine right?

The air which he had breathed for fifty years through all his dust-choked leaves and tendrils had been the air off millions of human lungs, corrupted in its passage through millions of human lips, and the thoughts which he thought were those of human wisdom.

The sad day died; the night fell; the lattice was closed; the flute lay untouched. A great misery seemed to enfold us. True, we were no worse off than we had been when the same day dawned. But that is the especial cruelty of every tempter always: he touches the innocent closed eyes of his victims with a collyrium which makes the happy blindness of content no longer possible. If strong to resist him, he has still his vengeance, for they are never again at peace as they were before that fatal hour in which he showed them all that they were not, all that they might be.

Our stove was not more chill, our garret not more empty; our darkness not more dark amidst the gay, glad, dazzling city; our dusky roof and looming crown that shut the sky out from us not more gloomy and impenetrable than they had been on all those other earlier nights when yet we had been happy. Yet how intensified million-fold seemed cold and loneliness and poverty and darkness, all!—for we had for the first time known what it was to think of riches, of fame, of homage, of light, as *possible*, and then to lose them all for ever!

I had been resigned for love's sake to dwell amongst the roofs, seeing not the faces of the stars, nor feeling ever the full glory of the sun; but now— I had dreamed of the fair freedom of gardenways and the endless light of summer suns on palace terraces, and I drooped and shivered and sickened, and was twice captive and twice exiled; and knew that I was a little nameless, worthless, hapless thing, whose fairest chapter of blossom no hand would ever gather for a crown.

As with my life, so was it likewise with theirs.

They had been so poor, but they had been so happy: the poverty remained, the joy had flown.

That winter was again very hard, very cold: they suffered greatly.

They could scarcely keep together body and soul, as your strange phrase runs: they went without food sometimes for days and days, and fuel they had scarcely ever.

The bird in his cage was sold: they would not keep the little golden singing thing to starve to silence like themselves.

As for me, I nearly perished of the cold: only the love I bore to Lili kept a little life in my leafless branches.

All that cruel winter-time they were strong still, those children of Paris.

For they sought no alms, and in their uttermost extremity neither of them ever whispered to the other, "Go seek the tempter: repent, be wise. Give not up our lives for a mere phantasy of honor."

"When the snow is on the ground, and the canvases have to burn in the stove, then you will change your minds and come to me on your knees," the old wicked, foul spirit had said, mocking them, as he had opened the door of the attic and passed away creaking down the dark stairs.

And I suppose he had reckoned on this; but if he had done so he had reckoned without his host, as your phrase runs: neither René nor Lili ever went to him, either on knees or in any other wise.

When the spring came we three were still all living—at least their hearts still

beat and their lips still drew breath, as my boughs were still green and my roots still clung to the soil. But no more to them or to me did the coming of spring bring, as of old, the real living of life, which is joy. And my lover the wind wooed me no more, and the birds no more brought me the rose-whispers of my kindred in Provence. For even the little pigeon-hole in the roof had become too costly a home for us, and we dwelt in a den under the stones of the streets, where no light came and scarce a breath of air ever strayed to us.

There the uncompleted canvases on which the painter whom Lili loved had tried to write his title to the immortality of fame, were at last finished—finished, for the rats ate them.

All this while we lived—the man whose genius and misery were hell on earth; the woman whose very purity and perfectness of love were her direst torture; and I, the little white flower born of the sun and the dew, of fragrance and freedom, to whom every moment of this blindness, this suffocation, this starvation, this stench of putrid odors, this horrible roar of the street above, was a moment worse than any pang of death.

Away there in Provence so many a fair rose-sister of mine bowed her glad, proud, innocent head with anguish and shuddering terrors to the sharp summons of the severing knife that cut in twain her life, whilst I—I, on and on—was forced to keep so much of life as lies in the capacity to suffer and to love in vain.

So much was left to them: no more.

"Let us compel Death to remember us, since even Death forgets us!" René murmured once in his despair to her.

But Lili had pressed her famished lips to his: "Nay, dear, wait: God will remember us even yet, I think."

It was her faith. And of her faith she was justified at last.

There came a ghastlier season yet, a time of horror insupportable—of ceaseless sound beside which the roar of the mere traffic of the streets would have seemed silence—a stench beside which

the sulphur smoke and the gas fumes of a previous time would have been as some sweet fresh woodland air—a famine beside which the daily hunger of the poor was remembered as the abundance of a feast—a cold beside which the chillness of the scant fuel and empty braziers of other winters were recalled as the warmth of summer—a darkness only lit by the red flame of burning houses—a solitude only broken by the companionship of woe and sickness and despair—a suffocation only changed by a rush of air strong with the scent of blood, of putridity, of the million living plague-stricken, of the million dead lying unburied.

For there was War.

Of year or day or hour I knew nothing. It was always the same blackness as of night; the same horror of sound, of scent, of cold; the same misery; the same torture. I suppose that the sun was quenched, that the birds were dumb, that the winds were stilled for ever—that all the world was dead: I do not know. They called it War. I suppose that they meant—Hell!

Yet Lili lived, and I: in that dead darkness we had lost René—we saw his face no more. Yet he could not be in his grave, I knew, for Lili, clasping my barren branches to her breast, would murmur, "Whilst he still lives I will live—yes, yes, yes!"

And she did live—so long, so long!—on a few draughts of water and a few husks of grain.

I knew that it was long, for full a hundred times she muttered aloud, "Another day? O God!—how long? how long?"

At last in the darkness a human hand was stretched to her, once, close beside me. A foul, fierce light, the light of flame, was somewhere on the air above us, and at that moment glowed through the horrid gloom we dwelt in in the bowels of the earth. I saw the hand and what it held to her; it was a stranger's, and it held the little colorless dead rose, my sweetest blossom, that had lain ever upon René's heart.

She took it—she who had given it as

her first love-gift. She was mute. In the glare of the flame that quivered through the darkness I saw her—standing quite erect and very still.

The voice of a stranger thrilled through the din from the world above. "He fought as only patriots can," it said softly and as through tears. "I was beside him. He fell with Regnault in the sortie yesterday. He could not speak: he had only strength to give me this for you. Be comforted: he has died for Paris."

On Lili's face there came once more the radiance of a perfect peace, a glory pure and endless as the glory of the sun. "Great in death!" she murmured. "My love, my love, I come!"

I lost her in the darkness.

I heard a voice above me say that life had left her lips as the dead rose touched them.

What more is there for me to tell?

I live, since to breathe, and to feel pain, and to desire vainly, and to suffer always, are surest proofs of life.

I live, since that stranger's hand which brought my little dead blossom as the message of farewell, had pity on me and brought me away from that living grave. But the pity was vain: I died the only death that had any power to hurt me when the human heart I loved grew still for ever.

The light of the full day now shines on me; the shadows are cool, the dews are welcome: they speak around me of the coming of spring, and in the silence of the dawns I hear from the woods without the piping of the nesting birds; but for me the summer can never more return—for me the sun can never again be shining—for me the greenest garden world is barren as a desert.

For I am only a little rose, but I am in exile and France is desolate.

## THE SETTLEMENT OF MARYLAND:

### A COLLOQUY.

G—: "'S. J.,' 'S. P. Q. R.'—shibboleths of conquest, shibboleths of power, dead shibboleths of the past!"

H—: "Begging your pardon, that last observation is a hum."

"Why? how, my friend?"

"*Testibus* Cardinal Wiseman and the *Wandering Jew*, the Society of Jesus is alive and apt to be kicking. *Testibus* Garibaldi and the *Roman Catholic Almanac*, the last of the Romans has not 'gone under' yet, and the might of the Eternal City is aught but a thing of the past." \*

"But, H—, the Jesuits are tabooed in almost every Catholic country, and have had, since their revival by the Pope in 1814, little more than galvanic

life, compared with their previous vigor. And the Senate and People of Rome have surely little to do now with the British, Gallic or Egyptian government."

"As to the present power of the Jesuits, I, for one, don't pretend to know. Nobody does but Father Beckx, in his nest yonder under the shadow of the Vatican, and he talks right cheerily in his circular letters. As to the particular formula, expressive of Roman power, of which you speak, that is as dead as Hercules. But what is a form? And what difference between secular and religious power, so that it is power? If Rome rules our religion, what else is left for her to rule? That is more than she did twenty centuries ago. Then, Apollo, Pallas, Jove and Mars were fain to share the Pantheon with any stray

\* It may be proper to remark that this article was written before the recent political changes in Italy.



gods that might happen to be kicked up among the rubbish of battle on the Oxus or the Tweed, the Dniester or the Nile. Hermann and the Ptolemies had to knock under, but Woden and Isis held their own, and went to the Capitol as co-sovereigns, not as victims of the triumph."

"I don't admit that she rules our religion. According to the latest statistics, the Catholics divide Christendom about equally with the Protestants, leaving the Greek and Eastern churches 'a good third.'"

"So much for figures. I forget the name of the old Scotch professor who said he would not give a—no matter what—for a man who could not find figures to prove any theory he chose to advance. Now for my deductions from the same figures: Catholicism is one—Protestantism is ten, fifteen, or fifty. For the other churches, they are devoid of intellectual prestige, and may practically be thrown out of court. The old lady of Babylon has unity on her side, which settles the question of ascendancy. The very name of Protestant—for the thing, in solidarity, does not exist—is a mere negation, dependent on her. But, religion apart, there are other indications that the sceptre has not wholly departed from Italy. Her great men have been supreme in modern days, as of yore. Within the past few centuries no country of the same extent and population has produced a greater number of eminent names in every walk of mind and imagination. Every field—even in one sense that of battle—is yet her field of triumph. Dante, Galileo, Buonarrotti, Bonaparte, the discoverer of the savage continent wherein her present poet-critic first saw the light, and he of Amalfi who discovered the compass,—where shall we match these among the nations of shopkeepers who look down on Italy? Within a generation of our day hers have been the first general, the first political regenerator, the first sculptor."

"The first fiddler, the first cream-freezer."

"Be it so. These are also proofs of

higher civilization. Fiddling is above boxing and rat-killing, as an ice is above gin. I tell you, G——, my faith is great in the children of Latium and Etruria. The genius of command is still theirs. True, they are just now behindhand in steamships and constitutions, and their daily intellectual pabulum is not the reports of the cotton or the stock market. The current of trade, in these times, has surged out of the Straits of Gades into the wider range of the great oceans, leaving many of the Mediterranean ports as motionless as their tideless waters. But the people are the same. Heirs of the old heroic strain, when the revulsion that attends everything earthly brings back to them the elements and impulses of material progress, they will reassert their birthright. Even now there are foreshadowings of this. The Peninsula is not stagnant in any respect. With the exception perhaps of Naples, which even in classic times was always the sewer of the country, the Italians are freer than the French, and would be still more so if the Gauls and Tedeschi would let them alone."

"Why don't they keep them out?"

"The coalition is too powerful. They are outnumbered. Nominally and actually hostile to each other, those two powers are united in inflicting on Italy the pains of war. It is not more creditable to her that she should provide them a battle-ground than that Holland and Belgium, free, solid, industrious, brave and wealthy, should do the same."

"Perhaps not; but Holland and Belgium have recuperative power. The invaders cannot stay there. Like the heroes of the prize-ring with the police at hand, they fight and run. On the southern gladiatorial arena the case is different. The Austrians, French and Spaniards—one or all at a time—have been quartered there."

"That is in great part because the Italians, unlike the Dutch, have ethnic, but not topographical, unity. The Low Countries present one uniform stretch of meadows and lagoons, with but one

or two good harbors. The Italian promontory is sliced up like a long cucumber, by transverse mountain ranges. Harbors are numerous. Thus are largely enhanced at once local isolation and assailability from without. After all, the nationality of Italy is as intact as that of Belgium. No foreign race has enforced permanent submission in any part. As you say, northern garrisons have been quartered there, but they go and come. Quartered is the word—occupation, not dominion."

"No, H——, the light of Italian greatness has blazed and expired. The star of empire is a point: it has not extension. It does not expand, and, like Time, it never goes back. *Nulla vestigia retrorsum*. Barbarism before, decay behind."

"So it has heretofore been, you might plausibly hold, but so it will not be henceforth. The world is a sphere, and everything must move in a circle. Dominion is through, or nearly through, its first round. Moving westward is now to move to the east. Of course the sceptre cannot stop at Peking. The Tartars never ruled the world, unless, as some ethnologists maintain, Adam was a Mongol. Egypt, Persia and the rest were likewise local powers, and must so remain. Only in its classic home will the car of universal empire find a natural resting-place. As, long after the disintegration of old Rome, one of her sons, Augustine, effected the religious conquest of England, and another the geographical conquest of America, so will her emissaries again reassert over the Anglo-Saxon race their double right of conquest and discovery. They are abroad now, from Japan round to India, and have been for over two centuries. The uniform of these modern proconsuls is that of Loyola. It appeared in British America almost simultaneously with the Anglican surplice, the Genevan cap and the Brownist bands, and that in spite of every obstacle, popular or legal. They have a strong post within sight of the Federal Capitol, and not long ago our dragoons were met in an unexplored nook of Oregon by a Jesuit

father with a soft Italian name, who came forward to speak for the Spokans."

"Bah! a truce to that bugbear! Jesuit missionaries will accomplish little among us, whatever they may among the Indians. A dozen Protestant sects are side by side with them in the work of Christianizing red and white. In 1847, California was all Jesuit: now, the Society is almost unheard of in the Golden State. I do not believe their system can ever prevail among us. Its ruling idea, concentration of power—autocracy, in fact—is at war with that of our people and their institutions."

"Well, I don't know, G——. King Mob and King Caucus seem to me quite as centralized despotisms as that of S. J. And the rule of the latter, unlike many other absolute governments, does not cause paralysis and inaction in its subjects. The fathers and lay-members have always been noted for their intense, untiring, self-forgetting activity in the discharge of their voluntarily assumed task. Remember, too, that, granting as true what we are told of their constitution, they are only the ministers of a tyrant, not tyrants themselves. The secular rule of the Society where it has prevailed—in Paraguay, for instance—has always been remarkable for its gentle and patriarchal nature. If 'whate'er is best administered is best,' their polity is a model, even to our land of revolvers, slung-shot and vigilance committees. Even the principle ascribed to the Jesuits by popular belief, of systematic treachery and immitigable enmity to heretics, is notably contradicted by our own colonial history. You recollect the tribute paid by the Puritan historian Bancroft to the inauguration of religious tolerance in British America and in the world by the Catholic colonists of Maryland and their Jesuit counselors?"

"Yes, but what merit in tolerating those to whose toleration they owed their existence? They made a virtue of necessity, and with characteristic adroitness made as much of the virtue as possible. The idea of Jesuits or Catholics in a British colony ostenta-

tiously extending toleration to Protestant Englishmen! You might as well talk—with reverence be it spoken—of a Chinese vestry's tolerating a Christian church next door to their joss-house in San Francisco. And what ground can there be for attributing voluntary and gratuitous tolerance to a man who could speak as the grantee, the first Lord Baltimore, did of the Puritans a short time before the date of his patent, in a pamphlet addressed to Charles?—'Behold a Calvinist *in puris naturalibus*—perfectly factious, and, under the cloake of zeale, *carnifex regum*. Peruse Mariana and all the works of the Jesuites, look as curiously into their acts as they were examined at Paris, and you shall not find such paradoxes of mischief and such prophane calumniation of Princes which may parallel and match these.' I am cheerfully ready to give the Jesuits their due for the spirit of conciliation and peace they certainly did manifest throughout the colonial existence of Maryland; but at no time could they have ventured to depart materially from that line of conduct; and as for toleration, I consider the toleration extended to them by Charles I. and his people, in allowing the establishment of a Catholic colony at all, more striking than any they could show. It was the greater including the less."

"Why not judge the English Protestantism of the day by the state churches of Massachusetts and Virginia? The Maryland Catholic could not go to either of those provinces and exercise his religion, nor even avoid the formal and complete abjuration of it. How different his treatment of their people! He invited them freely to his domain, and fostered the Puritan settlement of New Providence, till, fired by innate and implacable bigotry, it grew strong enough to exert this against him on his own soil. Compare, too, the Virginian and New England way of managing the Indian department with that of Maryland: wars and rumors of wars the unvarying rule in the one case—peaceful intercourse and instruction in the other."

"True, and honorably true. Whatever the controlling motive, liberty of conscience was practically sustained by the fathers of Maryland, and that without any example among the neighboring colonies or the foreign states of the day, if we exclude Holland, where similar conditions operated. And the success of the Jesuit missionaries among the native tribes was as remarkable as it has always been with the inferior races."

"One pleasing result, G—, of the feeling which obtained in the infancy of the country is the mutual charity yet subsisting in Maryland between Catholic and Protestant. From the mouth to the source of the Potomac, heretics and papists coalesce in all the duties of friends and neighbors. I know something of the people, for I have been in most sections of that not very capacious Commonwealth."

"And a pleasant bit of country it is, what there is of it. I too have traversed almost every mile of the winding course of the River of Swans. I have sailed along its embouchure almost 'out of kenning of land,' and waded it under the hemlocks and rhododendra within a mile of Fairfax Store. I think, on the latter occasion, we were, in 1852, one of the first parties from a distance who had penetrated the wilderness of Canaan. There were four of us, including Thornhill the guide. Both my comrades were Marylanders—one an artist, and the other a fat man, and of course not an artist. Did you ever know an expedition of the kind without a fat man? The sprites who preside over woodland tramps invariably provide that guarantee of fun. Well did our worthy and somewhat venerable friend fulfill that guarantee, at the cost of no little physical inconvenience to himself. Of course, in getting through the laurel swamps and climbing the hills he was a little behind time; but the two horses, one of which occasionally bore him and his troubles, had similar difficulties, and kept us back with him. With rare exceptions, he sustained all his trials with more than exemplary resignation—with jovial phil-

osophy. How gallantly he stumped into camp the first evening out, every thread of clothing soaked; his felt hat, originally white, streaked with every tint of the forest; his trowsers ending in an extempore fringe; his shoes—I think he did bring both shoes into camp—wholly amorphous; the 'tickler,' depending from his neck by a shoestring for greater accessibility, participating in the spiritless character of his turnout; and his radiant face proudly defying these sources of depression and shining like a Pharos of good-humor amid a sea of melancholy! I had no sketch-book with me. My pencil had put into port, like Sydney Smith, in stress of politics. The duty of periodically saving the country, running down the opposition for three days of the week, running down refractory subscribers for three more, and getting myself on the odd day in suitable *morale* for a repetition of that tempting routine, left small leisure for the fine arts. Hence the present absence of that portly figure from my portfolio. But he of the white hat 'still lives.' He will cross my path again some day, and then let him look out! How we found the Blackwater 'rolling red from brae to brae,' and therefore totally irresponsible to the most softly touching lines we could address to it; how a pint of buckshot was disseminated unavailingly in the flying traces of the first deer we saw, and the only loaded gun snapped under the nose of the second and last; how we retraced our steps with no game but some squirrels, pigeons and grouse, the pheasants picked up at the last moment in Thornhill's buckwheat-patch; how the sun came hotly out as we wound into Winston; how the next morning, after an affecting farewell over a blameless rubber of whist to him of the palette and mahl-stick, I 'extorted' the man with the white hat fourteen miles to Oakland, then but a paper village, boasting only the ancient but cozy Hotel McCarty; and how, despatching my stout companion eastward by rail, I devoted a week's attention to the trout of the Youghiogheny,—are not these things

written in the chronicles of Memory, and nowhere else?

"My first visit to the other end of our cis-atlantic Tiber, otherwise the Patowmacke, or, more loosely, the Cohongornton (the Indian name of the river above its junction with the Shenandoah), is of later date. I am just from a three days' tarry on the classic ground of St. Mary's. It is literally ground. Nothing in the shape of a village exists on the site of the ancient capital, but there are many traces attractive to anybody who has enthusiasm enough to carry him there at all; and the scenery has, if nothing that can be called bold, elevation and variety enough pleasantly to break the monotony of 'a line and a pine.' This, indeed, is doing the landscape scant justice, for the profile of the shore at the head of St. Mary's River furnishes hill and dale for some fine Claudine water-views, and beats Rubens' canals and marshes out of sight.

"From Piney Point, some twenty miles above the mouth of the Potomac, all the places of antiquarian interest are within four or five miles' travel, except St. Clement's Island, ten miles north—where the first halt of any duration was made by the expedition of 1633-'34—and Piscataway, nearly opposite Mount Vernon. The island now called St. George's, which, viewed from the pier at Piney Point, seems to form the mainland on the Maryland side of the Potomac, is said to be a misnomer, that name having been originally given to St. Clement's. Rounding its southern point, you enter St. Mary's River. On the right hand as you ascend lie successively Fort Point, where a battery was erected for the defence of the infant colony; the Jesuit house of St. Inigo's; and, at the head of the river, the site of the capital, founded in March, 1634. The ground rises gradually as you penetrate the country, until, within the eight miles traversed from the mouth to the head of the river, it reaches fifty feet above the water. The river here is divided by several promontories into as many lake-like reaches. The spot on which the town was built is highest,

and overlooks them all. From the angle of the bluff on which stood the state-house the eye takes in, on the left hand, the course of the river till it blends with the Potomac where the horizon is the water-line, and on the right the aforesaid tongues which project inland. The river is from a mile to two miles wide, either shore studded with gently-swelling hills and the homesteads of the planters. Landlocked as its upper portion is, the surface is singularly placid. In early morning, ere the breeze is abroad, it is as unruffled as though it never knew a tide.

'The swan, on sweet St. Mary's lake,  
Floats double, swan and shadow.'

Here, as at Jamestown and Roanoke, the pilgrims showed, in their selection of an abode, not less æsthetic taste than military judgment. You must have been often struck, indeed, at observing how frequently the demands of the two coincide—how constantly a fine view and a fort or a fight go together. From Ehrenbreitstein ('black with the miners' blast') and Gibraltar to West Point and the Moro, from Solferino to Lundy's Lane, Stillwater and Chapultepec, the rule holds. Everywhere the artist and the artillerist select the same stand-point. Nature appears to delight in bringing together thus the beautiful and the savage, as in the hide of the tiger or the boa. Were I a moralist, or had you, H—, a weakness for sentimental didactics, I might treat you to divers fancy explanations of the circumstance. But don't be uneasy. I am content with stating that this conjunction of beauty and strife is meant probably to preach that the former is to be won only by the latter, and that nothing provided for us by the Giver of all good was meant to be enjoyed in unbroken inaction. Man must neither dream nor combat all the time. Work and play are bound up for him in one parcel: he must take them together. Not even among the supernal charms of Paradise, as theologians tell us, is *kief* to prevail. St. John, in the Apocalypse, keeps all his dramatis personæ in motion: so do Milton and Moses."

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"You will turn out a very passable Jesuit yet, according to the popular idea of that being, which makes his standing dish roasted heretic. Like Burke's paragon of a good man, Cardinal Ximenes, you obviously approve of bringing a little force to bear on optimism when necessary, just to stir it up and prevent stagnation. With phrenologists, you believe in one bump of veneration sandwiched between two of combativeness. No church like the church militant. You like a faith worth fighting for, and a fight worthy of the faith."

"Nonsense! Where is your gratitude? I considerably inflicted on you one fanciful inference, and you are manufacturing for me out of that a dozen more serious ones. I go for no violence, but I separate activity from mere destructiveness. In all natural and most human operations destruction is a necessary, but never in the former and never rightfully in the latter the only, step."

"Why, you were talking of battles, bristling forts, etc. If theirs is not destructive energy, please inform me what is."

"They are the extreme types of energy, and that not always of a purely destructive sort. I don't admire them at all except on canvas or in good verse. Properly done up—a vast whirl of smoke occupying four-fifths of the picture, peppered with shakos, bayonets, and field-pieces in the act of exploding; the middle ground enlivened with a charge of grenadiers, one dead horse, and two live ones suspended in an impossible curvet; and the fragment of foreground a bedlam of wounded infantry, broken artillery-wheels, dismounted guns and mounted staff-officers—a battle is a very fine-looking thing. And executed with the pen in heroic verse, without too clear details, and encompassed, after Milton's fashion, 'with the majesty of darkness,' it is likewise effective. But, Constantine, Mohammed and Charles V. to the contrary notwithstanding, I dislike the sword as a means of propagating a faith; and for that reason the early history of Maryland has its charms for me,



without regard to the creed of those who figured in it."

"Then you like the kind of strife the Jesuit missionaries waged with the moral difficulties of savage nature, and their active proselytizing among the Protestant colonists without any approach to persecution."

"Yes. They had a perfect right to propagate their faith by argument and example among white as well as red men. They accomplished little comparatively among the whites, however. The Order has always been more practical, efficient and respectable in the woods than anywhere else. Its spirit of intrigue and sophistry finds there no field. With nothing but downright, hard, honest work before it, its best features come out. Had it been exclusively employed among the rude nations, and been kept out of Europe, it would have escaped much of the odium which has attached to its name. In the stale atmosphere of civilization its only recourse was to court intrigue, *autos-dé-fé* and metaphysics; neither of which could add much to its popularity or usefulness."

"I demur as to the value of metaphysics. That moral science may be perverted, as it was by the Schoolmen and some Jesuit writers, is no proof of its uselessness."

"What has it ever accomplished to earn the name of science? Science must progress. Metaphysics stands where it stood in the year One. I fully share Sydney Smith's abhorrence of the Edinbro' girl who talked of 'love in the abstract.' Sydney himself came, after all, to discuss moral philosophy, and did it well, like most men who have a contempt for the topic."

"Yourself, for example."

"Anybody who brings a little common sense to bear on the *sensus communis*. Each metaphysician speaks from his own consciousness. As there are 1,200,000,000 different kinds of people in this world, the chances are 1,199,999,999 to one that he is wrong in his generalizations. Now I, and other matter-of-fact people who eschew the

endogenous system of logical progress, cannot possibly be much farther wrong. By resolutely shutting our inward, and as steadily opening our external, eyes, we avoid the narrowest and take the most comprehensive view possible. We are thus a great deal more apt to be right. We come nearer philosophic truth in proportion as we abandon the mode of inquiry which abstract philosophers exclusively use."

"You can hardly say they exclusively use that process. They use induction from external, or objective, facts as freely as any other class of inquirers."

"They don't use them, H—: they abuse them. From the nature of the case it must be so. What weight can an external fact have against a man's own consciousness. If the two clash in the metaphysician's mind, the former must go to the wall. If they don't clash, it cannot of course influence his conclusions at all. It may be employed for illustration, but not for reasoning. Like most facts so employed, it will be more or less perverted, poetized or abused."

"Amen! Does the road to St. Mary's lie through Cloudland? Are we ever to get there? Oh for the luck of Leonard Calvert in picking up some friendly pilot, like Fleet the Virginian, to carry us straight through the metaphysical mists you have gathered around your own path!"

"Anon, anon, sir! Fleet was a good pilot, but a bad Virginian. He had no business helping Calvert and his crew to interlope on what was indisputably Virginia soil. But for him they might have been left wandering up and down the Potomac, like the Flying Dutchman, vainly seeking anchorage. The gallant Claiborne, in holding out for his own and his country's rights on Kent Island, acted a more respectable part."

"It was *quid pro quo* with both, my dear sir—Fleet for his wages, and Claiborne for his beaver-trade. And what is patriotism but a larger form of selfishness?"

"Can't say what it is—don't see it often enough. Virginia would have

been so much more complete a commonwealth with the whole of the Chesapeake and its estuaries within her borders, had her chartered rights to the country two hundred miles north of Old Point Comfort and eastward to the Atlantic, including all Maryland and Delaware, been maintained. The fault of her spoliation is less Lord Baltimore's than that of the king who gave him his intruding charter and of the revolutionary Parliament who sustained it. Baltimore naturally took all he could get. The wonder, all things considered, is rather that the Old Dominion should have retained so much of her original territory as she did up to the time when, in 1784, she voluntarily surrendered most of it to make new States like unto herself. The spirit in which she made that modern sacrifice was still finer than her dignified resignation in submitting to the more ancient reduction of her domain. She asserted her claims in the latter case sturdily until judgment in the last resort went against her. Then she calmly accepted her disappointment."

"The best way of treating disappointments. I recollect a Marylander who showed less phlegm under one. It was my lot once to spend some weeks in the beautiful county of Montgomery, famous for the production of Devon cattle, chinquopins, camp-meetings, good hams and Roger Brooke Taney. A great ally was a gentleman of that ilk who numbered among his other amiable eccentricities a weakness for mink-hunting."

"A weakness for what?"

"Chasing the mink—as fair a sport perhaps as otter-hunting, which English nobles delight to follow, and an English knight, Landseer, delighteth to paint. Such, at least was the conviction of my gaunt and good-hearted friend. He had neighbors of the same persuasion. They kept packs of beagles for the especial pursuit of the sooty and unsavory game—low hounds with short legs, like the dogs in a picture I saw the other day, looking as if their bodies had been drawn first and there wasn't room enough left for the legs. These little fellows, getting

on slowly through the long grass of the meadows, and yelling to an unheard-of extent, make a great deal of sport out of meagre material. My friend had particular faith in the pack of a neighbor by the name of Waters, and invited me one fine afternoon to test their virtues. We found them and their master at home, and were soon *en route* to the field, or fields, of action. We traced a rill that murmured under the saw-grass for two miles, and explored one or two other wet and likely localities, all in vain. Finally, the dogs brought up at a stone-pile in a dry field. Nothing but the perfect confidence of both my companions in the dogs induced them to let them stay at such an unpromising spot. Driven away once or twice, the hounds persisted in returning, and Waters became satisfied that something had induced a mink to adopt that unwonted retreat. We had secured a chase at last. Nothing remained but to unearth the victim. The pile was large and the sun rather hot, but the task approached completion. We had left scarce a stone unturned, when the object of our solicitude bounded out. The mountain had brought forth—not a mink nor a ridiculous mouse, but—a ground-squirrel. The consternation of Bunny was rivaled by that of Waters. While he raved and lashed at his lying dogs, a friendly tree supported me through the emotions natural to the occasion. I have seldom enjoyed a hunt of any kind more, but I never went mink-hunting again."

"The disappointment, then, was more permanent in its effects on you than on the huntsman. Like Virginia, he made a fuss at first, but relapsed. That is the old State's habit, unfortunately, in most things which do not involve principle. She has always been a good and generous neighbor to Maryland. Many bonds of society and blood unite the best people of the two States, and their brave men, side by side, have joined to redeem the day on more than one field. At the Cowpens—the only pitched battle, save Bennington and the others which preceded Burgoyne's surrender, gained by our side in the Revolution—

the Virginian commander, Morgan, was gallantly seconded by a Maryland regiment. On the left bank of the Potomac, nearly opposite the tomb of Washington, sleeps unmarked his comrade Smallwood, one of the most active and reliable generals of the war. Not far from the same spot, at the 'head of Potomac'—as the head of the tidal flow was then called—on the eastern side, a little less than two centuries ago, a thousand men from each of the two States joined in storming the fort of the Piscataways and Susquehannahs."

"If I mistake not, it was there, or near, that the Jesuits made the first converts, the colonists sailing to the head of the river before selecting their place of settlement a hundred miles below."

"Yes. Their impromptu conversions were doubtless of a somewhat similar character to one subsequently achieved in the course of the Indian war I just now mentioned—the war which introduced Bacon's rebellion. The ball was opened by Colonel Mason and Captain Brent, of Stafford. These crossed the river with a party and revenged the murder of an overseer by shooting fourteen Indians, including a chief. The chief's son, a lad of eight, they captured. A nearly contemporary account says: 'Coll. Mason took the king of the Doegs' son home with him, who lay ten days in bed, as one dead, with eyes and mouth shut, no breath discern'd; but his body continuing warm, they believed him yett alive. Th' aforesaid Capt. Brent (a papist) coming thither on a visit, and seeing his little prisoner thus languishing, said, "Perhaps he is pawewaw'd," *i. e.*, bewitched, and that he had heard baptism was an effectual remedy against witchcraft, wherefore advis'd to baptize him. Collo. Mason answered, no minister could be had in many miles. Brent replied, yo'r Clerk Mr. Dobson may do that office, which was done by the Church of England liturgy; Coll. Mason with Capt. Brent godfathers and Mrs. Mason godmother, my overseer Mr. Pimet being present from whom I first heard it, and which all th' other persons (afterwards) af-

firm'd to me: *the four men return'd to drinking punch*, but Mrs. Mason staying and looking on the child, it open'd the eyes and breath'd, whereat she ran for a cordial, which he took from a spoon, gaping for more, and so (by degrees) recover'd, tho' before his baptism they had often try'd the same meanes but cou'd by no endeavours wrench open his teeth. This was taken for a convincing prooffe against infidelity.'"

"I have known many worse."

"That poor little savage must, unless a relapse into paganism had supervened among his ancestors, have been a Christian already. Thirty-five years before, 5th of July, 1640, the holy fathers baptized Tayac, king of Piscataway, his queen, young son and many of his principal men, in presence of Governor Calvert."

"And very fair and consistent proselytes they proved, like the rest of the Maryland natives. The shooting of Hen, the Virginia overseer, which brought on such an Iliad of woes, was not certainly known to be an Indian act; nor, allowing it that origin, was it of such a nature as fairly to bring responsibility and destruction on a whole tribe or family of tribes. The Protestants, moreover, had in the interim—namely, in 1654—got the upper hand in Maryland, disfranchised the Catholics and broken up the Jesuit missions. Hence date the forays and rapid extinction of the Indians."

"Date it from whence you please, H—, the final result was inevitable if America was to advance at all. Again to St. Mary's: you may still trace the foundations of the state-house within a few paces of the edge of the declivity on two sides. The bricks of it have been employed in the erection of a Protestant Episcopal church close by. What was formerly the state-house yard has been for a century and a half a cemetery of the same denomination. Mouldering and dilapidated tombs cover the ground once thronged by the rulers and the ruled, priest and civilian, red man and white, in the busy councils of a young and growing state. Many

even of these mementoes of mortality, torn from their proper place, seem to mock their original office of prolonging the remembrance of man. Among these errant monuments one was pointed out to me with the inscription 'I. C. 1802,' as that of a near relative of one of our most honored and venerable statesmen. It was a plain block of cedar. Of the same durable wood was the oldest monument I could find. It was in place, but the name obliterated: "1717—aged," was its satiric story. A few steps off a hollow sound beneath my feet in the thick grass indicated the vault in which one of the early governors and his partner slept."

"Westminster Abbey and the village churchyard all in one."

"Decidedly the most interesting relic on this spot is a gigantic mulberry, now reduced by time to little more than the shell of its trunk, though enough of the wood remains to show by the rings an age much greater than that of the colony. It is seven feet in diameter, and cloven to the ground. From the cleft projects a flourishing sugar-nut or nettle tree, a foot in diameter and rooted entirely within the bole of the mulberry. The latter must have nearly finished its growth before the former very slow-growing tree commenced. The bark is yet full of nails and tacks, used for the posting of advertisements and proclamations in the olden time. Possibly the two or three bits of rusty iron I picked from its crevices may have held up to the world the law establishing religious freedom, or that of the revolutionary assembly four years later repealing it, and denying to its framers the exercise of their religion. A female seminary which stands near the church was erected some years ago from the proceeds of a lottery-grant made by the Legislature. It was designed as an appropriate means of honoring the seat of the first settlement, and, in a spirit eminently in harmony with the occasion, was made free from all sectarian bias."

"A very natural independence on the part of an institution endowed with a

lottery! The Legislature which established it must have been admirably free from religious bigotry."

"Lottery-gambling was a standing financial resource a few years ago with many of our States besides Maryland. And I doubt if it be much worse than stock-gambling, the source of so much private wealth and public magnificence. Everybody gambles yet, in some form or other, and always will. Lucky ventures make up the success of our most honorable and 'solid' men. The life of an average politician is the life of a gambler. What's in a name?"

"A great deal. What is reputation but a name? and what more valuable than reputation?"

"Let us get back among the tombs. Judged by trees, turf and situation, few prettier burial-places are known to me than this of old St. Mary's. No causes of mutilation or destruction exist but the tooth of Time. Perhaps I should add those of a yoke of oxen turned in for their noonday bite. Their negro teamster—named, apparently in rivalry of Sir Watkins Williams Wynne, William Washington Watson—stalked forth from under the cedars as I sketched, and I ordered him to stand and be immortalized. Now for a stroll to the other points of interest, comprised within half a square mile of the plateau."

"Were they animate, like the last? If so, I should have made them stroll to me."

"Fresh from his hoe-cake and mid-dling, 'Wat' wore his after-dinner apathy, and was hardly animate. Four hundred yards from the state-house stood, not very far apart, the Catholic church and the governor's residence. The former has disappeared, to the last brick; and the latter will perhaps be as undistinguishable in a few months, for Dr. B——, the intelligent owner of the plantation, whose hospitality and information I enjoyed, said he intended to fill up the cellar and plough it over next spring. A square excavation, nearly filled with bricks, was all I saw. The cellar, the doctor told me, was formerly used as a *dépôt* of arms and munitions

of war. Quantities of musket-balls, etc., had been found in it within his recollection. He next took me to 'the Governor's Spring,' a few paces off. Several fine rivulets break from a gravelly bank and wander down a dell shaded with magnificent sycamores, hollies and elms. In old times a wall surrounded the spring, and traces of it remain. In the ravine below stood the colony's mill. The more I saw, the more was I struck with Fleet's judgment in the selection of the place. Every requisite for the sustenance, convenience, health and defence of the settlement existed within a compact space. The land here, like all the country around, was originally fertile. It is so now, though bad culture subjected it to a long interval of exhaustion and barrenness. Dr. B— owns two thousand acres in a body, including the whole of the site of the old town and its appurtenances. In that area his residence and the seminary are the only human abodes left to represent the bustling settlement of two centuries ago."

"Our country is the grave of capitals. Not one of the original seats of government continues the centre of power, and over most of them the ploughshare has passed. In Europe it is different. Paris, London, Rome have always been metropolitan cities. Even our next neighbor has shown that sort of conservatism. The capital of Montezuma is the capital of Juarez, or whoever may have been the *jefe politico* of that interesting republic when the last mail started."

"Mexico is in the centre of the country, and was ready-made for the Spaniards. We found nothing of the sort, and had to stick close to the seaboard at first. When we moved inland we carried our capitals with us, like beggars and Arabs. But the Old World has plenty of abandoned capitals, too. When our confederacy shall have lived as long as the great transatlantic states, Washington will be viewed as the original metropolis; our present brief antiquity will not count at all; and Jamestown, Plymouth and the rest will be as

little noted as the place where the Pe-lasgi first landed in Greece, or Miletus—wasn't that his name?—in the 'jim of the say.' We shall be the ancients of these United States. Not even that:

'Antiquity will only have begun  
Long after our primeval race is run.'

"Well, G—, it strikes me that a nation of thirty-eight millions must have cast its shell, if not begun its antiquity, some years ago."

"Bah! What are thirty or forty millions to the myriads that shall then throng our soil? What Chinaman cares to remember when the Central Flowery Land was insignificant enough to count its millions by tens? And so with Washington. Equaling London and Pekin together, her hamlet life will hardly be held to have commenced when she had but a hundred thousand people."

"St. Mary's, I think, was a capital before Calvert's arrival."

"On an extremely moderate scale, under the unsaintly name of Yeocomoco. A small sept of the natives centred there, but they were on the point of yielding to outside pressure from the Susquehannahs when the expedition brought an opportune purchaser. On the 27th of March, 1684, it was formally taken possession of, and endowed with a Christian name with bell, book and candle. 'Augusta Carolina' was the name given to the country around, now St. Mary's county. The landing-place was then, according to tradition and all probability, the same as now, immediately at the foot of the state-house bluff. The ceremonies on the bank above must have had an august audience of waves and forest, interspersed with some hundreds of Indians. The scene ought to have a niche in the Rotunda at Washington, by the side of Weir's and Vanderlyn's groups: in pictorial elements it surpassed either of their subjects. The imagination of the natives was powerfully touched. They became fast friends and willing proselytes at once. The reverend Fathers Altringham, White, Copley, etc.—all good English names—made long professional excursions into



the upper country, seldom returning without a respectable string of natives, 'whom they had already prepared for baptism.' Every appliance the rude circumstances of the colony permitted was used to enhance the effect of this solemn rite. 'The litany of the B. V. M. was usually sung, in which all the people joined, by way of preparation for the ceremony. Then followed baptism, afterward mass.' Indian choristers joined, some of the hymns and canticles having been translated into their tongue. Soon the priests were overburdened by the harvest. All was peace and harmony between the two races. They hunted together, and in the division of the game the Indians did not forget the priests. The women of the colonists taught the squaws to spin and weave. A Patuxent chief said he loved the English so much that, were they to kill him, his dying order would be not to avenge his death, for they could not possibly have done it without sufficient cause. True, that was a dinner-table speech, made on board ship, the governors of Maryland and Virginia seated on either hand of the affectionate sachem; and it is conceivable that the sack and aquavite of the distinguished strangers had something to do with the warmth of his feelings. But the facts are expressive enough without words. The colony had unbroken peace till 1638, when Claiborne began forcibly to assert his rights in Kent Island against Lord Baltimore. He seized the great seal of the colony, kept Calvert uneasy in his seat for several years, and in 1644 drove him a fugitive into Virginia. Two years later a body of Virginia troops took Calvert back and reinstated him in possession of a domain every foot of which was the chartered property of their own province. With him came back some Jesuit priests whom Claiborne had summarily shipped to England. Father White, however, the first chronicler of the colony, was imprisoned in London under the anti-Catholic laws, and never returned. Meanwhile, in 1642, a body of Puritans, expelled first from New England and then from

Virginia, had found an asylum within the limits of Maryland, at New Providence, as they dubbed their settlement, near or on the site of the modern Annapolis. The stubborn spirit which had brought them there stuck by them. They defied their entertainers, and refused to swear allegiance to a government which 'tolerated Antichrist.' The pressure of these sturdy recusants combined with that from the main centre of the colony and from Virginia, and with the bitter lessons of late adversity, to procure from the proprietary and his Legislature the first formal recognition of liberty of conscience by the statute of April 2, 1649. Prior to that epoch only the privileges and rights of 'Holy Church' seem to have had official recognition. Even this famous act had not the comprehensive and liberal character we should expect at this day from an instrument of the kind. It enacts severe penalties for the crimes of blasphemy and of calling another by a sectarian name of reproach. It contains, however, this admirable and for the time unexampled language: 'And whereas the enforcing of conscience in matters of religion hath frequently fallen out to be of dangerous consequence in those communities where it hath been practiced, and for the more quiet and peaceable government of this province, and the better to preserve mutual love and unity among the inhabitants thereof, no person or persons whatsoever, within this province or the islands, ports, harbors, creeks or havens thereunto belonging, professing to believe in Jesus Christ, shall from henceforth be any ways troubled or molested or discountenanced for or in respect of his or her religion, nor in the free exercise thereof, within this province or the islands thereunto belonging, nor any way compelled to the belief or exercise of any other religion against his or her consent.'"

"Note, too, G——, that the Catholics were decidedly in the numerical majority at the time of passing this act, and remained so, according to Governor Sharpe, as late as 1688. According to Burnaby, who wrote in 1760,

they were not outnumbered by their oppressors in his time. Note, further, how promptly it was overthrown, soon after its enactment, by the minority it was meant to protect, and replaced by the harshest possible laws against its framers, which remained in force till the revolutionists were put down in 1658. In the first Assembly called by Claiborne and his New Providence allies, Catholics were prohibited from membership, and a law was passed kindly permitting their existence in the colony, but declaring that they 'ought to be prohibited from the exercise' of their religion. On the restoration of the proprietary government, instead of vengeance, this outrageous ingratitude was met with the simple restoration of the Toleration Act you have in part quoted. It was faithfully sustained till again subverted by Protestants in 1689, when a state Church—that of England—was for the first time imposed on the colony."

"These events make it but the more clear that Baltimore's long and spirited steps toward complete toleration were, notwithstanding the advantage of numbers possessed by the Catholics, measures of self-defence. The substitution for them, by the Protestants, of the prevalent ideas of the day simply shows that they were not entirely successful measures. It does not prove that the Catholics, had they been similarly backed by the government and people of the mother-country and all the other provinces, would not have used the strength thence derived in as reprehensible a way. Giving them the benefit of the doubt, however, and leaving motive wholly out of view, I cheerfully accept the facts. The restored rule of the Calverts brought with it thirty years of tolerance and peace—a term which might have been extended but for a bit of an accident. Wind and wave, or some less common source of mishap and delay, prevented the arrival of the then Lord Baltimore's orders to have William and Mary proclaimed. This upset the sufficiently precarious equilibrium on which the Catholic régime depended. It fell more hopelessly than the Stuarts. *They*

made several efforts to rise again: *it* never did. It is strange to observe how little moral and political strength it had gained by its long, mild, beneficent and prosperous rule. The handle afforded by the accidental delay of the Maryland council in following the example of the sister provinces and proclaiming the prince of Orange was instantly seized. A government possessed of every source of prestige a government could well have, fell instantly and without a struggle. John Coode's association, formed in April, 1689, 'for the defence of the Protestant religion and for asserting the rights of King William and Queen Mary to the province of Maryland and all the English dominions,' ripened rapidly to a formal convention of the people at the capital. Meeting at St. Mary's, August 23d, this body drew up and forwarded to the king articles of accusation against the proprietary and his government, and besought His Majesty to take the control of the province into his own hands. Royalty of course smiled on rebels so loyal and so orthodox. Under Sir Lionel Copley, the first royal governor, the General Assembly met at St. Mary's the 10th of May, 1692. Its first act recognized the new sovereigns; the second made the Church of England the Church of Maryland; the counties were divided into parishes, and taxes levied for its support. Catholics were deprived of the right to hold office. An act passed in 1704 made it penal for a Catholic to celebrate mass or teach school. This was ere long relaxed, so far as to allow the priests to exercise their functions in private houses, but the practical disfranchisement of half the people of the province subsisted till 1776. The Calverts abandoned their creed when it went down, and regained the nominal supremacy till the almost simultaneous extinction of the proprietorship, the title of Baltimore and the provincial government at the era of the American Revolution. Frederick, the last lord, was inducted in 1751, while yet a minor. With the old religion fell the old capital. Annapolis superseded it in 1694. By a mere verbal flaw in

the deed, the Jesuits, as they assert, were deprived of their title to the four hundred acres they possessed at St. Mary's. The old state-house was given to the Episcopalians, who used it for a church till within thirty years past, when the present hideous structure was erected. The other buildings of the settlement gradually disappeared, till the plough passed unobstructed over hearth and street."

"I dare say you left St. Mary's without deeming Loyola the unmitigated nuisance it is fashionable to pronounce him."

"There is certainly nothing connected with their career on that soil to justify the opprobrium which usually attaches to the Jesuits. Few episodes in Christian history are more redolent of the Christian virtues. Never have missionaries more faithfully and unselfishly plied their holy calling among our intractable aborigines. And I may add, I believe, that this pleasing aspect of Jesuitism is sustained by its modern representatives on the same soil. Without at all favoring the theory and constitution of the Society, I can, you see, take pleasure in noting instances, perhaps exceptional, of its practical harmony with the cause of peace, liberty, true religion and true morals."

"Did you not say the spot in question had passed from their possession?"

"The immediate site of the first settlement has, but the society still owns a considerable portion of its ancient domain in St. Mary's county. You will recollect the system of land-bounties by which the first proprietor encouraged immigration. So many acres were given to the colonist for himself, his wife, each child and each servant he brought with him. By order published at Portsmouth, August 8, 1636, one thousand acres were offered to each man bringing not less than five persons, and one hundred additional for each member of the family, including himself. Under this policy, Thomas Copley, Esq. (sinking his ghostly title of Reverend to avoid cavil and confiscation), bringing over a great number of servants in one of the first

ships, claimed twenty-eight thousand five hundred acres. Of this he reserved for the society to which he belonged thirty-four hundred acres—two thousand at St. Inigo's, one thousand on St. George's Island and four hundred at St. Mary's. It is the first of these tracts which is still retained, either in its entirety or nearly so, in the hands of the Jesuits—doubtless the oldest church-endowment in the Union. It is divided into small farms and rented for the support of the Catholic churches around, of which there are nine in the county—all their pulpits filled at present by Jesuits. The venerable house of St. Inigo's is their central establishment. It stands at the mouth of the creek of the same name, and is a sort of general parsonage for the priests of several cures, presided over by a Father Superior. Provided with a line of introduction from my kind host to the reverend gentleman who now fills that post, I retraced the course of the river to St. Inigo's."

"That must be a sacred region, according to your own estimate of the influence of names. Every other point we stop at is sainted—St. George's, St. Clement's, St. Inigo's, St. Mary's. It sounds like a Mexican gazetteer or the Spanish navy-list. At the rate of a dozen saints to a county, this system of nomenclature, extended throughout the United States, would soon have exhausted the calendar."

"What then? Repetition is easy. Just change our scores of Jeffersons, Jacksons and Van Burens to as many St. Thomases, St. Andrews and St. Martins, and the thing is done. Having no state church, our only way of getting up a native American hagiology is to form it of politicians. Mexico has produced a saint or two, I think, but all Yankeedom has failed to turn out one, though Europe has yielded some scores since the days of Columbus. Isn't that rather queer for a people so fond of titles?"

"We are moderate and leveling even in our rage for titles. With store of majors, colonels, generals, reverends and

right-reverends, we have no field-mars-hals, cardinals or saints. All of us cling to the middle and higher rounds of the titular ladder, but we ignore the bottom and the top. If you want protection to home manufacture in saints, however, why not fall back on our colonial theologians—Mather and Edwards, for instance? St. Cotton and St. Jonathan would be national enough. They have plenty of worshipers already. So has another saint whom both of us came near forgetting."

"I beg St. Tammany's pardon. But to my half day at St. Inigo's."

"By the way, G——, who was St. Inigo? Was he the chap who built the house where Charles I. banqueted, and where he found a cold chop so unwholesome?"

"I am nearly as ignorant as yourself. But he was not Inigo Jones. That devotee of the Renaissance would have gone into spasms at sight of the quaint, high-gabled house before us. It was built in 1705, under the auspices of Father Ashby, with the bricks of the old church of St. Mary's, which were brought from England. This seems to have been the rallying-point of the Catholics when driven from St. Mary's. The history of its century and a half of existence is quiet and uneventful enough. A small slap or two from the paw of the British lion is as noticeable as anything else. In 1778 the British sloop-of-war General Monk pitched a shot through its walls, which came near making a martyr of Father Lewis. He had just left a bed over which it passed."

"Not an agreeable morning ball that!"

"Bull treated the good fathers to a worse visitation in 1814. The house was completely gutted by the boats of the Saracen. Even the sacred vessels and the priests' watches were stolen by the myrmidons of Cockburn—the 'chicken-thief,' as he was nicknamed by the plundered planters of the Chesapeake. Special complaint being made to the commander of the squadron, some of the stolen property was restored a few days after."

"Remarkable that for Johnny! He

seldom surrenders anything he lays his hands on, from a cupboard to a continent."

"I was received in all courtesy by the Superior, with those of his associates who were at home, and the few relics of the ancient time to be found at the establishment were laid before me. The manuscript records of the house were, I was told, mostly at Georgetown College. As already intimated, however, they are of no particular interest to the general inquirer. The table in the main hall is said to have been brought over in one of the first ships—the Ark or the Dove—and to have been used by Leonard Calvert at his meals. It is of elliptical form, made of English oak in the solid style of old, and looks as if it might survive to dine Macaulay's New Zealander should he call in, on his way to the great London desert, to study Catholicism 'in all its pristine splendor' at St. Inigo's. Then there was the same governor's cutlass, as plain a tool as you would desire to see, rusty and hacked, in a black leathern scabbard. On the grass were two ancient cannon, corroded out of nearly all semblance to 'crackeys of war,' but bright with black paint and obviously great pets. Mounted on stone blocks, they guard the door of an outhouse and aim point-blank at the kitchen. These veterans were fished out of the river near Fort Point, a mile below, in 1824. At Fort Point the colonists halted while negotiating with the Indians for the purchase of Yeocomoco. It is still part of the manor of St. Inigo's. These guns are stated to have belonged to the expedition. How they got into the water does not appear. Possibly the reiver Claiborne threw them there in disdain on one of his raids on the capital of Calvert. The lambent wave has taken the truculence out of them as effectually as could all the force and cunning of man. Reduced by it to a mere mass of rust, they will never more speak death to armed men, but stand the idle ornaments of the abode of men of peace."

"Crippled cannon are fit gateposts and warders of churches and religious

houses generally. Nothing is more expressively peaceful. Landseer has caught the idea. You recollect his picture of 'Peace'—sheep nibbling the grass shooting over the muzzle of a half-buried gun? We never appreciate peace more keenly than when it has for foil the mementoes of forgotten strife."

"I have not exhausted the antiquities of St. Inigo's. Having shared the mid-day repast of the good fathers, and crowned it with a cigar which the most implacable Calvinist out of Geneva would have approved, I was asked if I had seen Uncle Nathan. On my replying in the negative, that worthy was sent for. One hundred and four winters had whistled round his frosty pow, and he was still able to tickle his natal soil into laughing with a harvest. Born in Braddock's year, he was in the prime of manhood when the Revolution rolled by. His answer to a question whether he remembered any of the events of that contest was, that he lived at Point Lookout then."

"An admirable centre of observation. Was he a body-servant of Washington?"

"Not so far as I was told."

"Then he was worth sketching. A negro a hundred years old who was not deserves to be immortalized."

"Nathan Smith is a very bright mulatto, which makes his age the more remarkable. His race is not a long-lived one."

"Perhaps his creed and his residence at a manse helped him to shuffle off so many of the links of this mortal coil. In the midst of seclusion, at peace with the world and not bothered by new lights of any kind, old age crept on imperceptibly and slowly."

"Maybe. He is a good Catholic, and wore a testimonial of the same in the shape of a brass medal carefully suspended round his neck. I kept him as brief a space as possible, for the sun was heavy on his bald pate, and when I put up my pencils he was as glad to lay down the hoe as his congener of the song."

"Or as I am to lay down the stump of this Regalia. Let's adjourn."

EDWARD C. BRUCE.

### JIM WAGMAN OF WAGMAN'S LODE.

THE country for many miles about Penny Creek is wild and waste for such a fertile State as Nevada. Great ledges of rock and boulders, jagged and broken in form, are strewn about as if Dame Nature had spurned them from her lap as refuse material which she disdained to mould into shapeliness. Veins of silver and copper were generally supposed to line this region, and adventurous miners, scum from the great cities of our land, sought a refuge in that thinly-settled locality from many of the ills that flesh is heir to in densely-populated districts.

At this place, in 1863, Jim Wagman of New Jersey flung down his knapsack,

proclaimed, at the point of his revolver, the surrounding area of many acres to be his "lode," as was the wont of that class of adventurers, and proposed, in his own words, "to strike ile."

There Jim stayed and had it all his own way for a month, when his provender gave out and his whisky-keg fell empty. He also began to grow sick of solitude, and sighed for the happiness and solace incident to wedlock. Nobody had molested him: he had spoken to no living soul. All was serene.

Mady owned the contiguous lode on the left; Pete Mott farmed the next nearest; Sal Scriber, scorning all lodes as "frauds," kept a hotel two miles



away, up the Long Saw road, and "entertained" the neighboring miners. Jim had behaved so scurvily when he first arrived that he well knew any chance of obtaining supplies from his male neighbors was out of the question. So, with a squirt of the juice into the big hole he had dug in the earth, he made up his mind to try his hand with the old girl for a double purpose—to replenish his larder and feel his way into the sacred bonds of matrimony, or such substitute therefor as was then customary in that particular section of the Union.

"Curse it!" said he: "a man must have fodder and feminines, or *git*."

Whether the "gitting" referred to consisted in forsaking that portion of the country or abruptly departing this life is unknown. But Jim proceeded to get himself up to call on Sal Scriber. Out of his "chisp" he raked a clean red flannel shirt, a pair of blue overalls and a glazed cap—also a Colt, a Bowie stamped "San Fran.," and a leathern wallet. Having flung the chest into the dug-out and hauled on his jackboots, he took a dry wash, "dressed," ripped out a farewell oath and started.

Sal Scriber's hotel was a broad-built cabin of wood, unpainted and uncleanly, standing on the right bank of Penny Creek, and guarded by an unequivocal animal with short horns and a deep bass voice. Sal Scriber's black Durham was a notorious character in those parts, having neatly gored to death two men, a mule and a hog within a week of his arrival. Sal Scriber herself was a diminutive creature, broad as tall, muscular and fearless, and of a swart but not unprepossessing countenance. Her history she exhibited a marked modesty about alluding to, which reticence the miners duly respected and attributed to motives of female delicacy. In a free fight Sal was quite at home, and for profanity and vulgarity hadn't her equal in Crow county; which it is taking a great deal upon one's self to say.

It was on a "cottar's Saturday night" that Jim Wagman stopped at the door

of Sal Scriber's hotel. Darkness was rendered visible by a tallow dip which sputtered in the window, and a noisy chorus of harsh, gruff voices came from inside, as if painfully struggling with the weighty burden of a song. Jim kicked loudly with his heel, when the song suddenly ceased and a shrill tone rang out on the night air: "Do you want to knock that door into flinders, durn ye?"

"I only want to get in, mum," replied Jim, politely.

"Then, why in h— don't ye?"

It just occurred to Jim that the door might not be locked; so he hoisted a heavy iron latch and pushed his way into the single apartment of which the hotel consisted.

"Good-evening, mum," said Jim, addressing the hostess, in order to effect a favorable impression in that quarter at the earliest available moment.

"Good be d——!" rejoined that lady: "it's goin' to rain afore long, if it ain't rainin' now."

There was a table in the middle of the room with bottles and cards upon it, about which was gathered a rugged group of sunburned, tawny, bearded men, with pipes in their mouths and glasses in their hands, and a mad, malevolent scowl on their ugly faces at sight of the stranger. In a corner of the hearth, on which burned an armful of fagots (that hearthstone so familiarly known as the "ingleside" in canny Scotland), sat Sal Scriber in person, warming her knees and knitting up the heel of a woolen stocking. Receiving no invitation to take a seat, Jim dropped himself plump into one of his own accord, saying, "I believe I'll take a cheer," for he thought he'd be easy and comfortable at first in order to conciliate the fair object (theoretically) of his designs. And Sal Scriber was evidently softening, pleased by this unusual deference, for she half turned toward him and answered, "Sit away. I guess I know how to keep a hotel."

So marked a condescension seemed to anger the men, for they scowled harder than ever, and one broke out, "If

any durned skunk says as yer can't, I'll wallop him, that's all."

A grin of satisfaction at this expression of public sentiment passed around the table, and fresh drinks were filled out.

Jim took in the situation at a glance, for he was a man of many experiences, and was equal to that or any other moderate emergency. "Gentlemen," said he, "if you'll allow me" (how he remembered so much politeness was a mystery to him all the time), "I'll call for another o' them Bourb'n bottles and jine ye in a smile."

The miners with one exception—that of the angry speaker—were mollified, and silently acquiesced.

"Perhaps," said Jim, when the bottle was brought, "if it's not going too fur to ask it, Mrs. Scriber will likewise jine in a smile."

The lady was up in arms in a moment: "Look a' here, saucy! don't yer dare to missus me! What do you take me for?—one o' them durn thin-skinned critters what submit to being sung over in a church by a chap in a white night-shirt afore they kin look a man in the face? Not much, I ain't."

"I beg yer pardon, mum," answered Jim: "I meant no offence."

"A damn-rude thing to say, anyhow!" muttered the ugly-tempered miner.

"You shut!" continued Sal. "I don't want to have a muss. The feller didn't know *me*: that's what's the matter. What's yer name, stranger?"

"Jim Wagman, mum," said Jim with his best—no, his only—bow.

"Oh!" broke in the growler again, "that infernal, mean, surly cuss next to me, down in the diggin's! Oh, yer want to come to terms, do ye? Yer too late, let me tell yer."

"Will yer hush up, Mady?" said the woman, angrily. "It's none o' yer durn business. What did yer come here fur, Wagman?"

Jim was put to his wits for an instant. "That's tellin'," said he after a pause. "Yer see I got kind o' lonely and wanted company; so I came to call on a rale lady."

"Fiddle!" replied that delicately refined person. "Don't come none o' yer lies over me: it won't go down. What do you want here?"

"Well, mum, if the truth won't suit you, I'll say I kum after some whisky: mine's all gone."

"That's more like it," answered Sal. "You want a good drunk, don't ye?"

Jim made no response; so the bewitching creature brought another bottle, which Jim uncorked by breaking the neck, and amid cries of "Pitch in!" "Go it, old feller!" "Fill her three fingers!" and similar expressions of delight and conviviality, the company of jolly boys proceeded "to drink stone blind."

Jim Wagman was a wise one, though. He had come to see the lady, and meant to interview her yet. So, when that bottle was gone, another was furnished, and still another, until the miners of Penny Creek succeeded in "making Rome howl" and "the angels weep" to their hearts' content. But Jim drank but little. Watching his opportunity while the men were deeply sunk in cards and drink, he drew nearer the side of Sal Scriber and said in a low tone, "Sal, I *did* come fur to see you."

Sal eyed him askance and answered with caution, "And what did yer want to see me fur, Wagman?"

"Why, yer know, I struck some silver in my lode, and feeling kind o' played out, I thought I'd come up and see you, yer know."

"What did you want of me, Wagman? Durn ye, why don't ye spit it out?"

"Well, yer know, I knew yer was single and—and solitary, and I thought I'd just come and kind o'—yer know!"

"What, Jim?"

"Well, I'll let you have it plump. Why, Sal, I want a wife bad, and yer see, old gal, you'll jest suit me to a T. Thar!"

It was to be expected that the oath Sal Scriber would emit from her dulcet lips at this sudden declaration would have brought down the roof in judgment upon the drunken heads of the company, or that a California earth-

quake would have broken out and swallowed up the house of sin with all its inmates in a moment. But, marvelous to relate, not so. On the contrary, Sal Scriber smiled a smile of approval—which disclosed to Jim's enraptured view one tooth, some stumps and a root with the filling out—and softly whispered, "Jim Wagman, I've heern o' you. You've struck ile, Jim. You don't drink drunk; you can't lick me if yer tried; and besides, yer rather a good-looking feller, Jim, fer a Nevada man. I say, Jim, are yer on the square?"

"Sal," cried Jim, his voice swelling with warmth of feeling—"Sal Scriber, only try me, that's all."

"Done!" said the lady quickly, and taking two glasses from the cupboard, filled out a double allowance of the "genuine" to clinch the bargain with. But saith the adage, "There is many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip." As Jim was in the act of tossing off the article, a big, strong hand was interposed between the light and the liquor, and the vessel was rudely dashed from before the aperture prepared to receive its contents to the sodden floor.

"Damn ye, I'll stop that ar game, you Wagman! Afore you can have that gal, you'll have to fight fur yer life. Take that, yer hound! Der yer think to come into—into this retreat of innocence and—and bliss, and chuck ruin and—and desolation— Oh, damn yer, come on and shoot, will yer?"

"Mady, git out o' this hotel, I tell yer! Now git—do you hear?—or I'll be the death o' yer!" shouted the woman.

"None o' yer jaw, Sal: yer more'n half mated to me already. Jist turn that feller off and stick to yer fust luv."

"Hell!" shrieked the infuriate Sal, blind with rage. "Go or I'll *chaw* yer."

Sides had been taken during the controversy. Pete Mott, Mady's neighbor and consequent enemy, ranged himself and two personal friends, who had been touched by Jim's generosity in treating to square drinks, by the side of the latest suitor. Three of the others, in order to make a first-class free fight,

stood up in support of Mady. The rest, old frequenters of the house, put their heads together and determined to stand by Sal and see fair play all round. All drew knives or pistols, some both. Sal abruptly disappeared, perhaps, with a proper discretion, wishing to discountenance so fierce a rivalry for her fair hand, or to relieve the brutal contestants of the embarrassment of her stimulating and fascinating presence.

A shot was fired—down went a man. Another: Mady, with a furious curse, sprang at Jim Wagman knife in hand: Jim fired and missed. They crossed bowie - knives and fenced wildly. Watching his chance, Mady suddenly struck his weapon through Jim's left forearm, which sank crippled to his side and let his revolver fall to the ground. Now it was knife and knife. Other shots were fired, other men met their end, and still the two principals lunged madly at each other. Both were deluged with blood. The crisis had come: Jim was growing gradually weaker and weaker: he was plainly overmatched. The table was upset and the candle knocked over. But fiercely and cruelly they fought by the blaze of the log-fire, and spattered the hearthstone, that sacred emblem of home, with human gore:

With a stroke and a curse, Jim knocked out Mady's front teeth with the butt of his knife, and Mady plunged his blade well into Jim's shoulder. Oaths, howls and the fearful thud of falling bodies broke upon the ear from out that gloom of flickering twilight.

The storm of passion raved that of the brimstone lake itself. Those four walls of wood contained a seething, fermenting mass of immortal beings, devilishly bent upon severing soul from body, and sending it, black with sin, before the Eternal Judge.

Suddenly the door was broken through with a loud crash, a mad bellow drowned the uproar of the room, and, lashing its sides with fury at the tumult, flinging white froth from its distended nostrils, and pawing up the earthen floor with its hoofs, Sal Scriber's black Durham

dashed straight into the centre of the mixed contestants and charged right and left. Catching Mady upon its short, sharp horns, it threw him with all its demoniac force against the raftered ceiling, and tossed him again and again as he fell, until the hot fumes of his drunken breath had left his bloated body.

In the height of the scene a dwarfish woman of swarthy hue rushed forward, and seizing Jim Wagman, faint and nearly gone, in her brawny arms as if he had been the merest baby, bore him quickly from the house and out into the soggy night air, away from death and danger. The hand that let loose the

black Durham and drove it with a goad into the surging fray—the hand that saved Jim's life and nursed him afterward as tenderly as so coarse a creature's could—the hand that Jim Wagman kissed in gratitude and love, such as rude miners sometimes feel in their strong hearts, and claimed for his own when he grew better—that hard, brown, horny hand, so scarred and furrowed, belonged and belongs to the present female resident of Wagman's Lode—Sal Scriber, late of Penny Creek Hotel, and joint-owner with Jim Wagman of the famous coal-black Durham so well known throughout Crow county, Nevada.

DAVID G. ADEE.

## STUDENT RAMBLES IN PRUSSIA.

### III.

AS I left the cathedral of Frankfort its great chimes of bells were pealing out wild and wide and swift, over the old imperial city, their clangorous summons to matins. What a stirring and imperious voice is that of the morning bells wherewith, all round the world, the Church of the ancient Eternal City speaks yet to her worshipers!

I walked on, past the house of the good *Rath*, wherein was lived that "rich and manifold life, without any positive moral tendency;" past that lordly statue from whose troublous brow looks out the grandest mere intellect since Shakespeare; past the statues of those three men of whom Louis XI. said, in wonder, that they spent all their time in making "*plusieurs beaux livres*."

In a twinkling almost I popped out from the narrow, reeking alleys of the old city into the superb beauty of this immensely rich metropolis.

On one of its broad avenues, so surpassingly rich in shade trees, among

the lordly piles built with "Christian ducats," but inhabited by men scarcely known beyond the bulletins of the Frankfort Bourse, there nestles in a bosky labyrinth one little white-walled cottage, to whose owner Czar and Cæsar and Kaiser do homage. It is the house of Rothschild. It is rather Oriental in shape, looking in front as if one low, flat-roofed house were placed upon another, the lower being much the wider. Across its whitewashed front, between the upper and lower ranges of case-ments, trails its one ornament—full of significance to its pretentious neighbors—a slender moulding of flowers and cornucopias intertwined. It was a pleasing spectacle, to find this descendant of a race once "God-beloved in old Jerusalem," now persecuted and homeless on earth, dwelling in unaffected simplicity, and content to observe that outward modesty which, like mercy, is "mightiest in the mightiest," and so beautiful in contrast with the tawdry pomp of his people's hereditary oppressors.

Once out of this wonderful wealth of suburban greenery, I entered upon the great champaign of the valley of the Main. It is early June, and a mellow, drowsy glamour spreads like an enchantment over the plain, softening the outlines of the low Wiesbaden mountains. Far down, athwart this sunny, dreamy plain, roll the light-green waters of the Main, while the spotless cope of the heavens spreads high and wide above, resting upon the hills "with peaky tops engrailed," with which it is blended by the haze into an almost unbroken oneness. The stately poplars of the Prussian highways shade the roadside no longer, but are wholly replaced by stout-limbed apple trees, wherein the birds, exultant in the grateful warmth after a chill and rainy week, twitter and cheep and shake out their feathers and twiddle their tails, and jump up and down over their callow young a hundred thousand times a day.

Whether on a noble and lordly estate of the dimensions of a house-yard, or on a bloated and grasping monopoly of a full-rounded acre, each peasant is tilling the ancestral ground, separated from his neighbor by no unsightly fence or unsociable hedgerow, and molested in his operations by no ploughs or cultivators, or other inconvenient and troublesome gimcracks of modern ambition. Every hamlet and every hovel is to-day deserted and silent. All the occupants are laboring in the fields this sunny weather, the woman side by side with her lord, brother and sister together, chattering maiden and lover a little apart. If the clumsy hobbledehoy discovers an injurious potato-worm close by the little pink toes of his beloved, and slashes at it with his mattock to see her jump and give a pretty scream, whose business in all the world is it but his own, I should like to know? Here one group, with measured and laborious stroke, swing the heavy, two-pronged mattock among the vines; others collect the wandering tendrils and teach them to clasp the espaliers; a woman moves along the highway with erect and steady tread, bearing on her head

a mighty bunch of grass; there one drives a lumbering water-tank backward and forward, while a helper slings the liquid manure far and wide over the young meadow.

At frequent intervals along the wayside still stand, in neglect and decay, the memorials of a religious devotion from which the living generations appear to have grievously lapsed. The wooden crucifixes, some of which were erected over a century ago, and bearing effigies of the Redeemer in his dying agony, beneath which are still dimly discernible such legends as, "At the name of Jesus every knee shall bow," now stand forsaken and dismantled, and, to the eye of taste, repulsive. Kneeling penitents no longer wear away the grass around them, or piteously beat their foreheads on the ground, or adorn their weather-stained arms with garlands; and when a summer breeze plays over the field, it sways the bending stalks of rye full against these *ades labentes deorum*. The peasants dare not lay sacrilegious hands upon them to remove them, but they no longer allow them to crowd out their barley.

From the dark and fertile alluvium in which Frankfort is situated the soil gradually changed, as I mounted higher upon the plain, into an ashen whiteness, and the full midday glare of the summer sun was reflected from it with that flickering brilliancy which almost blinds the eyes, as in parts of Lombardy and Venetia—the perfection of a vineyard soil. About one o'clock I reached the celebrated champagne factory of Hockheim, and found within its long cool walls a most grateful refuge from this servid, shimmering incandescence.

I found the only proprietor who was present a thoroughly courteous and affable gentleman, rather short of stature, and with a sharp, American, "genuine money-making" countenance. That German wine-manufacturers are not incapable of accomplishing remarkably shrewd things will appear hereinafter.

We visited first the "hot room," which is not hot at all, being unheated, but is so called to distinguish it from the



"cold room," or cellar. At first I was under the guidance of an intelligent clerk—too intelligent and frank by far, for the proprietor soon came and relieved him, evidently fearing he would expound too many processes. Here, as we passed along, our taper dimly revealed on some of the butts and tuns the outlines of quaint and fantastic devices—vintage festivals, wild junketings of fauns and satyrs, bacchanalian carousals—many of them depicted life-size on the immense heads of the vessels.

"Old Silenus, bloated, drunken,  
Led by his inebriate satyrs :  
On his head his breast is sunken—  
Vacantly he leers and chatters."

There, in the weird solitude and darkness of that old wine-hall, these creatures hold their fantastic orgies undisturbed, ready to salute each new explorer with the same leering grins and grimaces if he will only reawake them to life by the gleam of his little wax taper.

At this point let us begin at the beginning, and trace the lordly juice through its various transmigrations, until it astonishes itself and other people by its wonderful acquired qualities. The hilarious labors of crushing and pressing the grapes must be performed in the field, lest, if the bunches were conveyed anywhere in a cart, some of the tender skins might be ruptured, thus mingling the juices of the stem with those of the berry; or the internal structure of the juices might be disorganized, and their tartrates jolted into nitrates or phosphates. With what incredible carefulness and painstaking the bunches are handled! Not a crate of King Dagobert's eggs would be lifted more softly, borne more tenderly. After culling out all the stems and straws, and whatsoever other conceivable matters might mar the quality of the juice, the vintners press the grapes without an hour's delay, for if this should ensue those berries which are red would impart that color to the juice. Grapes which are slightly crimson communicate to the wine a richness which the

paler berries do not, but they must be crushed directly they are picked if white wine is desired.

The juice thus procured is brought to the factory and poured into some enormous wooden tanks. Here it remains throughout the winter, fermenting, mingling and distributing the ripest and sunniest juices through those which are paler, so that the whole mass is concocted into a uniform consistency, and purges itself of a large quantity of impure matters, which are precipitated to the bottom.

With the earliest warm days of spring the fermentation has sufficiently advanced, so that the ripened must may be taken from the tanks and bottled. Pure and wholesome as it now appears, it is still loaded with impurities, and is execrably sour. The smallest mouthful will produce a lamentably unhand-some countenance in the impatient drinker.

Up to this point all varieties of wine, the still and the sparkling, the noble and the base, have pursued a common course, simply fermenting as natural juices. Henceforth they part company. First, we will follow the baser sorts, which are to be converted into sparkling wines or champagnes. These are not bottled yet, but are conveyed from the tanks into the great tuns and butts above mentioned, where they can be compounded, nurtured and "craftily qualified" to evoke within them the treacherous and delusive sparkle more readily than if they were in bottles. We went, for form's sake, into the room where these operations are performed, and found a great quantity of suspicious-looking funnels, sections of hose, chambered stoves for nursing the juice, and gallipots filled with mysterious decoctions and distillments for imparting the "delicate aroma" which the too fleeting German summer failed to communicate. Here, by the aid of these subtle elixirs, *viellesseur*, *pomard*, distillation of potatoes, and heaven knows what, they concoct a vintage as mean as Scuppernong into a liquor fit for gentlemen's tables—in America. After allowing me a few

moments of silence to gather such information as I might from an inspection of harmless vessels and of labels that told no tales, my sharp-faced proprietor, usually so voluble, but here so ominously silent, led me hastily away.

All the varieties now go below, in bottles, into the "cold room"—the sparkling with all those mysterious concoctions admixed; the still wines containing only a little white beet-sugar, the purest essence of sweetness produced by human art. Only a very small portion of the vintage is rich enough to be used for these noble wines. We go down with them into the vast subterranean vaults—down a first flight of steps, down a second flight, into the profoundest deep of deeps, a dungeon more terrible than that where Bonnivard wore his life away. In the first vault into which we descend the champagne variety is still frisky with fermentations, and frets and chafes within its narrow prison-house like the Æolian winds in their cave—*indignantes magno cum murmure fremunt*—while the workmen vainly seek by daily turnings to mollify its rage—*mollitque animos et temperat iras*. Instead of being appeased by a reversal of position, it is often impelled into a more towering passion, and resents the high offence against its dignity by flinging the ragged shards of its broken dungeon hurtling about the eyes and ears of the workmen, who would certainly suffer for this their *crimen læsæ majestatis* but for their strong visors of wire gauze. All these noisy outbreaks, however, the workmen contemplate with the same quiet complacency and satisfaction with which the farmer watches his prankiest young herds; and, indeed, if the wines were mute and motionless, they would be greatly concerned.

Farther below there is much less clatter and whirr of shivered bottles, for the haughty spirit that inhabits them, no longer able to resent the vile decoctions that are eating his heart away, has abated his fiery ardor. Still lower down he rests quiet, broken-hearted and submissive, thoroughly crushed

and subdued by the cold damps of his prison-walls and the heartless rigor of his incarceration.

When the wine is ripe and old, it is hoisted from the vaults with the care-fullest of motions, cork downward, to prevent the sediment on it from mingling again with the liquor. A workman then takes a bottle in his left hand, cuts the cord, which lets the cork shoot out, together with the sediment and a teaspoonful of wine, then claps his thumb deftly over the mouth and hands the bottle to another. This one fills the little remaining space with sugar, cognac and very old wine, mingled in secret proportions, and the bottle is then ready to be corked for a last time, wired, labeled and despatched to America or Calcutta.

What, now, is the result of the two processes—the honest and the dishonest? On the one hand, fresh, crisp, sparkling Moselle, which sends up a thousand little beady silver specks from the bottom of the bumper, quivering up in dainty tender effervescence, fascinating to the eye, and deliciously cool in the mouth like a breath of soda; but it is a cheat and a delusion. All the glorious heart of ripeness and mellowness is eaten out of it by the manifold concoctions through which it has passed. On the other hand, the honest process, aided alone with a little quintessence of sweetness—the beet-sugar—gives us the noble, old, inexpressibly rich Hockheimer, still and deep and calm, and satisfying to the soul of man. The first is the ever-restless, nomadic, brave, ardent American; the other, the ripe, old, mellow, dreaming soul of the German philosopher, infinitely rich, soft, and full of mazy fantasies. And it is precisely that flippant and lively wine that is sent to America, while the wise and cunning old Germans retain the other. Knowing I was an American, this shrewd proprietor caused many varieties of the sparkling juice to be set for my approval, and but few of the better sort; and he tried various devices to induce me to pronounce in favor of the first. "All your countrymen prefer it," said he, im-

patient and almost offended that I persisted in liking the still wine better.

To reduce this matter to dollars and cents, which may make it more comprehensible to certain minds, I may say that the confiding young clerk told me that the average price per bottle of the best sparkling wines sent from this factory to America is only forty cents, while the still varieties, such as the genuine Hockheimer, a great part of which goes to the royal cellars in Berlin, cost at the factory \$1.50 to \$1.75 a bottle. Steinberger, another still wine, which was the favorite of the dukes of Nassau, costs \$9.72 a gallon at the factory! We know nothing of good still wine in America.

I may add, in conclusion, that I fully felt the important responsibility devolving upon me, as a committee of one, for the investigation of the qualities of Rhine wines, and that I prosecuted my researches with that thoroughness and assiduity befitting one charged with the rendition of a verdict so weighty. But I distinctly recollect also that, as frequently happens when profound minds are engaged in the adjudication of legal questions, the more I investigated the less I came to any clear conclusion.

Then at last I left the great champagne factory and hastened forward, eager to behold the Rhine for the first time at the approaching sunset. At the summit of a little hillock which the road passed over I came suddenly in sight of the valley just after the setting of the sun, and seated myself on the coping of a roadside wall to enjoy the noble vision. Imagine two vast and beautifully undulating plateaus, each a league in width and a dozen long, inclined toward each other with a uniform and gentle slope, and their surfaces covered with an infinitely subdivided mosaic of white-walled villages, dark-green pastures, yellowing grain, light-green barley and sombre pineries. And down between these vast slopes glide the silken, sea-green waves of the historic, the legendary, the romantic Rhine.

As far away to the left as the eye can extend the majestic river begins his

course, and travels league on league directly toward me; then sweeps in a slow and stately curve before me, where his green waves laugh among the willows as they go down to the sea; rolls his great flood past a hundred villages, which strew his shores like baubles; then, curving northward, hews his giant highway through the mountains and sinks from view. The noble Rhine disdains, in the pride of his Teutonic strength, the effeminate purple drapery of the streams of luxurious Italy, and enrobes himself in an atmosphere tinted with emerald, as if the very radiance of his own shining waves were diffused upward through the lower heavens.

And now, over all these green-and-yellow-mottled, far-slanting plateaus and vine-grown slopes and murmuring villages, and along all the meandering margins of the willows, there creeps the hallowing enchantment of the daylight dying. The gorgeous segment of light that arches across the west is the sole lingering fragment of the broken empire of the King of Day, and it crimson with the blood of his impetuous hosts, who fiercely struggle for its occupation with the dusky legions of the Queen of Night. But they contend in vain, and slowly and reluctantly retreat before the darkling masses of their adversary, and sink silently down, down, down. The drowsy and soothing murmur of human avocations mellow into a peaceful stillness, across which the silvery trill of some clarinet is wafted like a melodious echo in a dream; the far white walls of silent cities glimmer vaguely in the thickening darkness, and sink at length beneath its encroaching floods; a myriad household fires, like shining points, spring one by one along the glooming slopes, countless as the stars which hold their noiseless march above; and I sit in the brooding darkness alone. After the painful incandescence of noon at Hockheim, how sweet to my aching eyes were the changing glories of that unequalled sunset, waning successively from the softest emerald to orange, from orange to crimson, from crimson to leaden night!

In Mayence, as always, I went first to visit the cathedral, guided thither by the tumultuous and mighty clangor of its great bells. In front of the gorgeous high altar two or three priests, robed in soiled white cassocks, were performing their drowsy rites, now swinging a smoking censer before the altar, now before the people; kneeling mechanically in various places and touching their foreheads to the altar; exposing with ostentatious solemnity a gilded image to the worshipers; then intoning a chant in a rapid and monotonous sing-song, while a loud blare of instruments pealed down from some hidden gallery. Most of the peasant-women who composed a large proportion of the worshipers had come in from the market-place hard by, in their short, work-day dresses, and they were constantly coming and going. Most of them brought their huge baskets and panniers with them into the slips, where they kneeled a few minutes, counting their rosaries. Some hurried right away; others proceeded to extract from their pockets divers rags, from which they took out dingy little coins, the gains of the morning, and counted them over and over again with laborious accuracy; while others wandered through the gorgeous aisles and the transept, lugging their uncouth baskets, and staring, perhaps for the thousandth time, at the lustrous fringes of velvet and gold, the ivory effigies, the golden candelabra, and all the splendid paraphernalia of their religion. Nothing is more singular and more notable among the South German peasants than their almost infantine devotion to tawdry ornamentation.

This was well illustrated in a little village near Mayence, whose single street, when I entered it, was furbelowed in an astonishing manner. Scores of streamers and banners of endless variety were stretched across the street, while the front of every dwelling was lavishly decorated with festoons and garlands of flowers, miniature flags, and an innumerable and indescribable multitude of devices in colored papers.

They were momentarily expecting the arrival of their bishop (Catholic), who was on his periodical tour through his diocese to confirm the children of three years and upward. Presently his coming was heralded by the booming of cannon, and then a great procession of children, young men and maidens went out to receive him, and brought him in beneath a gorgeous canopy of silk, the while chanting a solemn anthem. In the evening the successful termination of this ceremony of holy anointing of children was celebrated by booming cannon, the incessant rattle of musketry, an open-air speech from the bishop, uproariously applauded, and, finally, by an alarming outpouring of beer. On the evening of this religious festival I saw at least a score of peasants who required to be lifted into their wagons or steadied through the streets, mumbling and maundering like calves—more than I saw in all Prussia besides!

In the village of Ober Ingelheim there was also a festive occasion strikingly illustrative of South German character (for these peasants here are no longer like those in Protestant Prussia). It was the birth-day of a certain great man of the village, who died and was buried, and they assembled to do honor to his memory in the graveyard! A speech was made by an orator standing on his monument! So great was the crush of the multitude to hear the eulogium that there arose a contention at the gate, wherein walking-sticks were freely used and broken over the people's heads; and when they were all at last well in, there was a most unseemly surging and swaying to and fro right over the graves, which were shamelessly trodden and beaten down.

Then a band of music came in, and, standing before certain graves, discoursed some of the mellow, glorious music, the inexpressibly sweet and solemn threnodies of Germany—as it were, a mournful serenade to the spirits of the dead. Again the abominable desecration and trampling of graves! It was not done by vulgar clowns, but by cultivated villagers—men and women who

had in them the soul of music, even to intense devotion.

If there is one thing notable above another in a South German city, it is the studiously artistic ornamentation of the cemeteries. Great prices are paid for pieces of coral or stalactites and stalagmites, or fantastic shapes of Oriental alabaster, to place upon the graves, whereon ivy is taught to climb in imitation of Nature. And yet people of such finely artistic perceptions, so passionately fond of music and so exquisitely capable of judging it, will tread thus ruthlessly over the grave, which the English or American child is taught so reverently to pass around. And yet English and American graveyards are gloomy as death compared with the South German! It is a mystery, a contradiction, one of those innumerable paradoxes of the German character.

The South German mind is utterly hollow and vain, sacrificing utility or noble reverence for gauds at any time. Why do not the multitudes tread over the grave beautiful with ivy and coral or natural alabaster? Simply because of their devotion to the form of beauty. The graves are not ornamented even because of affection, but because of a devotion to the gay, the brilliant, the beautiful in superficial things. Says Louis Ehlert: "The hasty demands of life do not stop to inquire whether it be Sabbath or not: they surprise man amid the worship of the Beautiful, and scarcely give him time to refrain from profanation of the altar." But the South Germans sacrifice everything upon the altar of the Beautiful, even piety to the dead.

Between Bingen, "dear Bingen on the Rhine," and Ehrenbreitstein, the Rhine traverses a defile which, though far less elevated and sublime than Harper's Ferry, reminds the American of that historic pass. Wherever there is the smallest sunny bank or handful of earth amid the towering ledges, the in-

dustrious peasants have terraced it with walls and planted it with vines, so that the innumerable little zigzag walls and cross-walls have the appearance of an immense honeycomb. Everywhere else are the sombre pines, while

"Above, the frequent feudal towers  
Through green leaves lift their walls of gray,  
And many a rock which steeply lowers,  
And noble arch in proud decay."

He who has never voyaged from Bingen down the Rhine, between these time-old walls, where it moves in majesty, may well believe that when a German cradled on its banks relates its natural glories, he does but speak with a fond and filial exaggeration, and that the artist who has labored to portray them has sought rather to repay a debt of gratitude than to sketch a truthful panorama. But when he comes and beholds the object of these seeming adulations, his incredulity straightway vanishes. Whether gazing on the "walls of gray" which crown many a towering crest, or on the giant palisades in liveries of softest, richest brown, or on the sloping ledges and vast overthrown boulders whose emerald tints seem only a deepened reflex of the silken, sea-green waves which glide beneath them, he declares in his rapture that these unhewn walls yield hues more noble than the artist ever spread upon his canvas. However bleak and cold and gray the hand of Nature may have penciled ledges in dryer and higher regions, here they seem warm and soft and glowing. However hard and grim may be the surroundings of the Rhine where it is cradled among the thundering avalanches and the savage granite of Alpine solitudes, it flows down at length in the tranquil majesty of its greatness, along exuberant and picturesque valleys which its own green waters have fructified, and through mountain gorges which its own humid influence has softened and green-limned with beauty.

STEPHEN POWERS.



## FRIGHTENED TO DEATH.

MINNIE WATERS had three terrible brothers, and no firm, loving mother to help her to manage them. Everybody said she was a sweet, timid little creature, because she was always quaking lest they should break out before people in some petrifying way, while the nervous sort of flutter discernible in her manner was on account of her not daring to think what they would do next. Dick was the youngest, and sometimes Minnie thought he was the worst, but it was really hard to tell; Fred, two years his senior and nearly seventeen, was quite as bad in his way; and Jack, who ought to have known better, being nearly twenty, and her twin-brother to boot, had been guilty of monstrosities of conduct in his time.

She was considered a remarkably modest and retiring young lady; and well she might be, since it was the terror of her life lest a gentleman should distinguish her by his attentions, and so offer himself as a victim for immolation at the altar of her brothers' fiendish rites.

Once a lawyer came to their house two or three times to see her father on the subject of some property that the elder Waters had to sell. His name was Harris, and he chanced to be a lively and rather good-looking young man. Minnie asked him in to wait for her father's return, and civilly answered his questions concerning the neighborhood, being engaged in describing a projected improvement in the way of a rustic park, when the merciless Dick strayed in, and, demurely seating himself by the window, feigned to become absorbed in a book.

Minnie's voice faltered and her cheek paled at sight of the enemy, but Mr. Harris grew all the more conversational in consequence of her sweet shyness; so that she could find no opportunity to break away till her father's appearance released her from the necessity of remaining.

At the next meal the torture began. Minnie's only parent was a constantly abstracted man, who wandered even at meal-time through the intricacies of his rents, leases and building-plans, and groped among his food with a mildly absent air of not tasting anything in particular. Dick always sat at his left, and, secure from paternal observation, bestowed his amiable attentions on his sister. Mr. Waters was a spare eater, and besides being frequently called away by clients during dinner, never remained a longer time at table than sufficed for making a feint at carving and for afterward swallowing a few mouthfuls. While he stayed, his daughter's persecution was limited to pantomime, but as soon as he retired the three inquisitors broke forth.

First they tenderly inquired after the soft flutterings of her maiden heart, and soothed her by telling her that they already saw the dawn of love trembling like a rose's blush upon her cheek. Dick rehearsed a grotesque imitation of the morning interview, adding languishing admiration, spoken and implied, to the lawyer's part, and immense vivacity and friskiness to Minnie's. Aiding and abetting each other in evil, they went on, till, taking a dramatic turn, they enacted an anticipated declaration, Dick doing Minnie's rôle with provoking coyness, and Jack assuming the lover and apostrophizing her in poetic frenzy. Fred played audience, holding Minnie and applauding by turns, till, finding that they had reduced her to tears, they all wheeled round in an instant and asked if she thought they meant anything, the dear little sister! Well, it was a shame, so it was, and Mr. Harris was a nice young man, and might come and be their brother-in-law just as soon as ever he pleased; and not finding this view well received, they added, with another sudden turn, Well, if she couldn't take a

bit of fun, it certainly was a pity, and they'd all have to learn to be as sober as deacons by and by, they supposed.

It was rather to Minnie's disadvantage that they lived in a college town, and that these young men were supposed to be pursuing their studies when they were really devoting their valuable time to destroying her peace; and yet, as if aided by that power that is said to be good to its own, the professors, who were her father's friends, complimented him on his sons' progress, and beyond a doubt they stood well in their classes.

As ill luck would have it, Mr. Harris' next call found her alone, and again she was surprised, this time by Jack, in receiving a note from the young lawyer. In vain she implored them to read the address or watch her deliver it to her father: its contents were immediately divined and criticised, and imaginary preparations for the nuptials set on foot. If their father had ever seen anything but law-books and parchments, he would have that day been aware, as he entered the dining-room, of interrupting a ceremony in which his son Jack—only that morning complimented in class for a dignified apostrophe to the delights of Study, in the Latin tongue—affected to unite Fred to Dick, who wept and trembled, with a napkin over his face by way of bridal veil. But Mr. Waters was conscious of no such absurdity, and only remarked, cheerfully, "Waiting, and a little impatient, eh? Well, well, the mill must grind, you know. Cold in your head, Minnie dear? That's a draught, my child: you are a little careless in that respect, I'm afraid."

Poor Minnie, swallowing back her tears, offered no explanation, and to make it all right Jack kissed her, while Fred pulled her sash off, in assuring her it was "all fun, you know."

But every torture has some respite: they relax the cords on the rack and give the victim drink when he can bear no more; and so the brothers, after making Minnie shrink and tremble at the name of Harris—even after they had discovered that he was married and meant to settle with his wife in their

neighborhood—gave her a season of relief by announcing that they designed taking a walking-tour, it being vacation, and set themselves to loading their feet with clogs and encumbering themselves with heavy sticks in the furtherance of this plan. To be sure, their home occupations had rather palled of late. Minnie had grown used to being consoled with on the subject of her desertion by the faithless and deceiving Harris, and had even borne the last representation of her supposed despair quite calmly; so a change was desirable, and they took this one.

Minnie stood in the little sitting-room, whose bay window looked over the hills and far out into the open country, whither the valiant pedestrians were wending their way. There were tears in her eyes, and she wondered a little, as she wiped them away, for she was free from persecution and tyranny for six whole weeks, and should by right be rejoicing in a most exultant manner. But the truth was, the dear fellows had kissed her very tenderly in parting, and said they were sorry if they sometimes teased her a little, for she was just the dearest, kindest little sister in the world; and this stirrup-speech had acted like charity and covered a multitude of offences. Very late ones, too, some of them, for did not Dick that very morning, pretending to give her a matutinal embrace, loosen her hair-pins and let the side crimps down on the breakfast-tray? and didn't Fred hide her watch when she laid it down to fasten the belt that Jack had displaced in officiously tying her sash the wrong way? But somehow she could only remember that they were dear, bright boys, and so affectionate that she should miss them—oh, more than she could tell.

"Miss Minnie," said a soft little voice at the door at this juncture, "mamma says please come over and see little Kate: she fell off the swing, and it made her sick."

"Why it's little Carrie West!" cried Minnie, turning round quickly and holding out her hand to the child. "What is it about poor Katie? I saw

her only a few moments ago on the verandah."

"Yes, she only just fell, and it makes her cry, and mamma's frightened."

"Then I'll go at once," said Minnie, and she ran across the village street in her morning-dress, and entering Mrs. West's parlor through the garden door, found little Kate moaning on the sofa, and a strange gentleman leaning over her with an anxious and interested face.

"Oh, Miss Waters," exclaimed Mrs. West nervously, "pardon my calling you over so abruptly, but poor Kate has just had such an accident, and I am so frightened about her I really do not know what I am doing."

"You sent for the doctor?" suggested Minnie hesitatingly, and she glanced timidly at the unknown gentleman, not recognizing him as a member of the faculty in her native town.

"Yes, but Dr. Ward was not in, and fortunately this gentleman happened to be there from the city—Dr. Granger, I believe."

The stranger bowed, looking toward Minnie only for an instant, and then giving all his attention to the sick child again.

It was her spine, he said gravely after a little while. She had been jarred and bruised by the fall, and her spine injured seriously, he was afraid. At all events, she must lie still and be carefully nursed until time should develop the extent of the difficulty.

Mrs. West was just that sort of buoyant, attractive person that glitters in sunlight and droops like a chilled butterfly on a rainy day. She was an intimate friend and girlish companion of Minnie's, and the little girls were her step-daughters, she having rushed from the liveliest and most thoughtless of girlhoods into a matronly career, at their wise papa's request, a few months before.

She looked helplessly at Minnie when the doctor gave his opinion, and clasping her hands with a murmured apostrophe to the absent Mr. West, renewed her tears.

"I'll sit with Katie," said Minnie, re-

assuringly, and becoming wonderfully self-possessed. "I dare say the doctor will find that she is not so much hurt as he fears after she grows quiet."

Mrs. West could not have had a kinder offer. Her hair was in crimping-pins and disarranged by her excitement, and she knew instinctively that her face was swollen and red with emotion; and a strange gentleman from the city witnessing it all!

"I will go and write a note to the office to Mr. West," she said. "Thank you, dear Minnie: you cannot feel as I do, you know, and so will be able to take the doctor's directions and give orders, and all that. Oh, you're so kind!"

So Minnie fell into the position of nurse, and, being a most unselfish and sensible girl, never thought of anything but how to encourage and comfort the little sufferer, until she found Dr. Granger bowing to her with a look of respectful admiration on his handsome face, and with a thrill of terror thought of her brothers.

"They've gone for six weeks," she remembered with devout thankfulness, "and Katie must surely be better before they come back."

Thus relieved, she assured the doctor that she would see his directions carried out, and received his thanks for her usefulness with a glow of pleasure that brought a blush to her face. As she ran back from the hall to the parlor, where Katie lay, she glanced in the little mirror over the hat-rack, and at once detected the blush and redoubled it.

"Oh dear! is he gone?" asked Mrs. West, peeping in. "What a stylish, elegant-looking man, Minnie! How homespun and clumsy our old doctor seems beside him! And just think! there I was, with my hair plain and that unbecoming green gown on! When will he be back? and what are you to do for Katie? Poor child! I am really distracted about her."

And to prove the depth of her motherly solicitude, pretty Mrs. West wiped the corner of her eyes and settled the belt of the rose-colored morning-dress

with which in her agony she had replaced the odious green one, after putting her hair into becoming frizzes.

Minnie tried to repeat and explain Dr. Granger's directions, but failed to find them understood, and so promised to stay and help as much as possible.

Mr. Waters was the least exacting of parents: providing that Minnie were home at meals, he was utterly indifferent to her presence at other times, so readily consented to let her share Mrs. West's trouble, and carry comfort to poor little Katie, who was a grateful and patient child.

Perhaps that was why Minnie enjoyed serving her, or it may have been the consciousness of doing good and being really useful that sustained her: at all events, she never felt so happy or worked so heartily and earnestly as she did to secure the recovery of little Katie West.

She was not alone in this. Dr. Granger's devotion to the child was really touching. He had come to the town to see Dr. Ward, whose son and he had been attached college friends; and since young Ward died in the city three years before of brain-fever, during which he had been tenderly nursed and watched over by this same friend, the affection had passed backward a generation, and cemented the father and the son's friend in close and solemn bonds. He had only meant to stay a day or two, yet here he was lingering week after week, because it was such an interesting case that he really could not tear himself away from it.

Mr. West was grateful, but sagacious. "Fanny," he said to his wife, "we owe everything to this young doctor—I never saw more skillful treatment followed by more marked success—but we are indebted to Minnie Waters for securing it for us. Mark my words: that man stays in this town on her account: he's in love with her. It's a clear case; and since he's done so much for our poor little Kate, I wish him success with all my heart."

"Minnie Waters!" cried Mrs. West with an accent of doubt, not unmingled with contempt. "What! that poor timid

child, that wouldn't have the spunk to set her cap at a prince if she knew she could win him by doing it! Oh, you're mistaken, Mr. West: she's too shy, and not in the least taking with gentlemen."

She thought of the rose-colored gown and many other pretty snares, and laughed. A woman cannot help being lovely, even if she is married, nor could Dr. Granger be blamed for admiring beauty. But as for Minnie Waters, poor, worried little soul! always telling fairy-stories to amuse Kate, and dressing dolls, and having an apron full of scraps or books or orange-peel! Pshaw! it was not to be thought of.

That very morning Dr. Granger came at an unlooked-for hour. Katie was fast asleep, and Mrs. West was dressing. Minnie had just got a box of paper dolls which she was opening, and sat admiring their dresses with a child's interest in their beauty, when she found that she was being laughed at by Dr. Granger, who had come in through the open door unannounced.

She blushed and looked greatly disconcerted, but he hastened to apologize. "For there's nothing I love or admire as I do natural people," he said; "and I am sure you are young and fresh-hearted enough to enjoy these pretty things."

"I was thinking of Katie and how she would like them," said Minnie; "but," she added, laughing a little, "I believe you are right, for I really did enjoy them myself a good deal."

"And how well and rosy she looks, pretty child!" he said, bending over the couch on which she lay. "She will soon be as bright and agile as ever, thanks to your untiring care."

"Mine! Oh, doctor, I have done nothing but sit here. I—I—"

She faltered and became confused, for Dr. Granger, standing opposite to her, was regarding her with a very unprofessional gaze. She had looked up and caught his eye, and so broke down in her disclaimer.

"You have done a very serious thing, Miss Waters," he said gravely, and came and sat down close beside her,

and after a moment's hesitation took her hand.

She was really a very modest and retiring girl: she would have got up immediately, only her lap was full of dolls and he was sitting on part of her dress. As for her hand, she was so troubled she forgot that and let him keep it.

"A very dangerous thing, too," he went on, "unless you feel the extent of the mischief and are willing to repair it."

He made a long pause, and Minnie's heart thumped up into her throat, and her face burned all in a flame. He drew the hand he held to his breast, and came closer still: "Shall I tell you what it is? No; you know, I see. You have stolen my heart, and bound me here at your side in chains that have grown stronger every hour since I first saw you. You have made me forget my home, my work, my ambition, everything but the pleasure of being near you; and that blushing face, those hidden eyes, this trembling hand, tell me that you know it. Oh, Minnie, why did you do this?"

"I could not help it," faltered the honest and innocent Minnie: "I never meant to."

"No, love, that was your charm," cried the doctor in an enraptured way, taking it for granted that she would not if she could. Then, pausing and holding her hands in his, he looked into her eyes with a whispered inquiry: "Do you, can you, love me?"

To which he received a frank "Oh yes," and a burst of tears by way of reply.

Now, who would have expected such a thing from such a retiring, gentle girl as Minnie Waters? To speak right out and tell a strange young man that she loved him, when she had only known him for five weeks, and her three brothers were walking away in their innocence, not knowing there was such a person in the world!

Her conscience smote her, and she drew herself away from his embracing arms. "My father—" she began.

"I have just left him," said Dr. Granger, coolly. "I felt that it was only right that he should know something of the man who was about to offer himself to his daughter, so I called on him at his office and found him a friendly and excellent gentleman."

"Who is a friendly and excellent gentleman?" cried Mrs. West, coming in with the prettiest possible morning-toilet complete. "Dr. Ward, I presume, and so he is; but we have grown so used to you, dear Dr. Granger, that I really do not know how we shall ever be content to go back to our stupid old ways."

Minnie tumbled all her paper dolls down, and then went on her knees on the carpet to collect them. It took her some time, and the doctor feigned unconsciousness of her occupation, and talked to Mrs. West.

"How thoughtful!" thought Minnie as she thus kept her emotion out of sight.

"What a ridiculous idea about his fancying poor Minnie!" said Mrs. West to herself: "he doesn't even seem conscious of her existence."

That evening her father woke up from his real-estate dreams, and with some feeling spoke to Minnie of her lover's visit and Dr. Ward's unqualified recommendation of him. "I suppose it is what must be expected, my dear," he remarked in conclusion, "and I haven't a word of objection; only don't be in a hurry, please."

"Oh dear, no!" cried Minnie. "You are so kind, papa, and I love you so much; but would you please to promise not to tell the boys?"

The boys! It was time that she thought of the boys, injured youths that they were! After their spending years in inventing sources of annoyance and persecution, here was a legitimate one presented to their notice, and she was deceitfully bent on depriving them of it.

"Edward goes home to the city on Saturday, and they will not return till Monday, so that they needn't see him, you know."



"Edward?" repeated her father, evidently at a loss to understand.

"Oh, that's Dr. Granger's name," said Minnie with a scarlet face: "he told me that I must call him by it."

"Oh, certainly," returned Mr. Waters, resignedly; "but why should you feel ashamed of his meeting your brothers? I should consider them likely to get on well together."

"You don't know, papa. I can't explain, but they tease me so: I never, never could endure it. If you will only help me to keep it a secret, I shall be perfectly happy."

"By all means," said Mr. Waters; and a secret it was.

Minnie was so grateful to this devoted father, who would have been troubled to do anything else than keep his own counsel, that she could only embrace him with thankful tears; and in this touching attitude Dr. Granger found them, and made one of the tableau by grasping with great ardor his future father-in-law's hand.

"Dear Jack, and Fred, and Dick!" thought Minnie: "how I love them all three! and how glad I am that they are away and will not come back till Monday!"

There were only two days left before Saturday, but Dr. Granger certainly possessed the power of making the most of time: during that limited period he put his beloved in possession of his former history, present prospects and aspirations for the future, the pleasantest part of which seemed in Minnie's eyes the oft-repeated assertion that, although he had once or twice fancied himself pleased or interested with ladies before, he had never really loved till now.

He was the only son of a widow lady, whom he loved very dearly, and constantly pictured to his chosen as an epitome of all feminine grace and virtue. "You must love her, Minnie, for her own sake as well as mine," he said, "for, although she is a little stately, being an old lady of the old school, she is the dearest and tenderest mother in the world."

To Minnie's timid inquiry whether

his mother would love her, he gave her an enthusiastic assurance: as for his sisters, they would be the best of friends; but he would wait till she knew the dear girls and they knew her. "Shall I bring them here to see you?" he asked innocently.

Minnie thought of the brotherhood and nearly screamed. "Oh, I think I had rather go to see them," she stammered. "You know it is so annoying to have such things talked of in a college town: in a city it is different."

She scarcely knew what she said, but he caught at her words in pleased surprise. "That would be delightful!" he cried. "I was afraid to ask it, lest your father could not spare you, but, now that you mention it, nothing could be more natural and practical. I will arrange it all; and then just think! I can see you daily, hourly!"

The prospect was so exciting that he was obliged to catch her in his arms, and in the process she chanced to cast her eye upward and see her twin-brother's picture looking down from the wall upon her, and it made her spirit quail to think how unconscious the original was of the change in his home relations.

When Saturday came and good-bye was said, Minnie Waters felt that she had sent her heart and her happiness away together. The house seemed blank and dreary, and every old duty or habit a heavy burden to be taken up and borne alone. Her only delight was in seeing and talking to Katie West, who praised "the dear, good doctor" in a simple childish phrase that pleased her, and was so fond of having her at her side while she was still confined to her sofa bed that it seemed Minnie's duty to stay there; and there her brothers found her, and astonished her greatly by their tanned countenances and backwoodsmen's airs.

At first they were boisterously glad to see her, but, finding her rather depressed and thoughtful, attributed it to her going out nursing as a Sister of Charity; and Dick immediately set to work constructing her a cap and kerchief out of white paper, that she might not be with-

out her official dress. She was very grateful to them for breaking out in this vein, and bore it so well that it soon lost all charm in their eyes. So, after a few pretences of being borne in fainting and summoning her skill in surgery on several occasions, they suddenly made the discovery that she wrote a great deal, and proceeded to accuse her of authorship on the sly. Every day a fresh copy of verses was reported to be found, and read aloud at dinner after Mr. Waters had retired, descriptive of various small emotions, and rich in diminutives, such as lakelet, streamlet, leaflet, etc. Passages from novels of a highly intensified style and grand bursts of bathos in blank verse were produced as specimens of the new-born genius, and nothing was wanting to crown the enjoyment of these savage fellows but their sister's appreciation. After a season of depression and restlessness, she grew suspiciously happy and laughed heartily with them over their absurd efforts. This would not do, and they were growing discontented, when one morning, forgetting his duty and promised concealment, her father handed her one of the doctor's bulky letters in their presence.

Stricken by a late consciousness of his own indiscretion, he hastily left the room, and Dick observed solemnly, "We have evidently written to a publisher, and sent a specimen of our ability."

"Which, it would seem, has been cruelly returned by the unappreciative wretch. Give us his name, Minnie, and he shall taste a big brother's vengeance," said Fred.

"Likelier by far to be a check in payment of manuscript. Don't you see the light of triumph breaking in her smile. Genius is rewarded! our family name shall be known and honored! the town we inhabit shall be the shrine of admiring pilgrims in future years! Run, Dick, and get a lot of dahlias, and we'll weave her a garland for her fair young brow."

"Oh stop, Jack, if you please," begged Minnie; and tears of distress and dis-

may were in her eyes, for the first words of the letter were—"I am coming for you, my darling. My mother is as anxious to see my future wife as I shall be proud to introduce her; so expect me next Thursday," etc. She could read no more: next Thursday was not a week distant, and then the Philistines would be upon her, and even her love could not sustain her under that fearful ordeal. She got up and retreated from the room, clutching her letter tightly in her hand, lest it should escape and betray her, and followed by a volley of inquiries, condolences and congratulations.

There was but one thing to do, as she decided the moment she was alone. She would go herself before he could come. The visit had been discussed in a dozen letters, but her naturally shrinking disposition led her to postpone it, until he, to put the matter out of discussion, had announced his determination to come for her. Then Mrs. West would know, Dr. Ward and every one of their friends would talk of it, but, worst of all, Jack, Fred and Dick. She went no farther, but immediately began to look up her things and decide on what she should carry with her.

"There's papa's aunt, after whom I was named—Miss Minerva Pleasanton—she lives in the city now, and in her letter last month she begged me to come and make her a visit. So I will, and it will serve as a cover for my journey. I am going to see Aunt Minnie. Oh what a lucky thought! and entirely proper too, for then no one can talk."

Arriving at this satisfactory conclusion, she went to work, and after a little shopping, a good deal of sewing and packing, announced herself ready for the trip. Those were busy days at college, and her brothers were not able to do themselves justice at home. Beyond getting out a few flaming announcements of a new volume in press, and the composing of various sonnets to a blue-stock, female genius, etc., their energies were employed scholastically. When they heard of her determination they were astonished first, and afterward

indignant. "Why, I say, Minnie, what does it mean—your going off in this way to see a crabbed old maid of an aunt?" asked Fred in an injured tone. "What's to become of us, I'd like to know?"

"It's too bad, and I never thought she'd be mean enough to desert her brothers that love her so dearly," said Dick with a whine. "If we were like some fellows, going off in the evening to billiards and all sorts of games, she'd know the difference."

"I hope you don't mean to stay more than a day or two," said Jack. "I should think that would be enough of a strange city for you, for I must say there are few girls who have a home and brothers to love them like you, Minnie."

"You are all very good, I am sure," cried Minnie, becoming oblivious again in the prospect of parting. "I don't mean to remain long, but you know I can scarcely say when I'll be back till I get there."

"Humph!" said Jack, dubiously. "I hope you don't mean to let yourself be persuaded to remain away from duty and affection, and all that?"

Minnie embraced him by way of reply, and, with some qualms of conscience for the deception she was using, tried to be more attentive and affectionate than ever during the day that preceded her departure. Her father had intended to accompany her, but unlooked-for business detained him, and so she was obliged to go alone, delay being out of the question.

She had not dared to write to Dr. Granger that she would leave home on Wednesday morning until the day before she started, which would preclude the possibility of his coming to escort her; but she begged him in the letter she meant him to receive on the morning of her arrival to be sure to be waiting at the *dépôt*, and bring the nicest of his sisters with him, for she was overcome at the idea of meeting them all for the first time, and wanted to make a friend of one on their way home together.

All three brothers went with her to the station.

"Where are the manuscripts?" inquired Jack, anxiously.

"Send us the papers that notice you amongst their literary gossip," begged Fred.

"And a copy of your 'Thoughts of the Absent One,'" entreated Dick.

"Good-bye, all," she cried, nodding and smiling from the car window, and there were tears in her eyes and a disagreeable misgiving in her heart as she lost sight of them.

"Dear fellows! I ought to be ashamed to deceive them," she thought; "but when I begin to imagine myself introducing Edward to them, I get frightened to death at the bare thought."

She was not used to traveling, having never been to the city since her father gave them all a Christmas treat when she and Jack were seventeen. The cars were crowded, and so many strange faces glancing at her in passing filled her with confusion and added to her anticipatory fears of the Granger family. "He said his mother was a little stately," she thought. "Oh dear! I hope she isn't proud and cold. I am afraid of distant, reserved people, and, being shy myself, never know how to get on with them. I do trust and pray the Grangers may be genial and pleasant."

There was a drop of balm in all this doubt and misgiving. They were *his* people and *must* be pleasant: no one could be connected with him and fail to be agreeable. She stayed her mind on this conviction, and read the magazine she had brought with her, and ate her lunch, and looked out of the window, till at last it was growing dusk, and the lights of the city began to start up among the suburban streets as they whirled along.

She waited in the car for the crowd of passengers to go by her when they reached their destination, and kept constantly peering out of the window meantime for a sight of the face she had learned in so short a time to know and love so well, but could see nothing beyond the heads of hurrying strangers,

and so began to feel a little frightened and very lonely.

Just as she stepped out on the platform, a large lady, who had been watching her uncertain motions from the car door, came up to her and in a blandishing way said, "Now you just come with us, my dear: you're all right and safe, and we have been waiting for you since we heard you were coming."

"Mrs. Granger?" asked Minnie with hesitation, and looking alarmed and disappointed.

"Just so," said the elderly lady, nodding: "that's it—you're all right. Come, Malvy, come and help get the young miss into a coach."

A tall and very gayly-dressed young person stepped forward and made a bow.

"I—I beg your pardon," cried Minnie, looking from one to the other in a wistful and dismayed manner: "I expected to see Edward—the doctor—with you, and—and I have not been used to travel alone—and so—please excuse me."

"Oh, ma and I had rather you had waited till the doctor went after you, but since you took the notion, it's pretty much the same in the end; only he will have his journey for nothing, and the expense too."

Minnie stared helplessly. "Then he's not here?" she exclaimed.

"To be sure he's not here: you knew that when you gave him the slip, didn't you? and we would have missed you too if it hadn't been for the telegram."

"Hush, Malvy!" said her mother, sternly: "you run on too much: remember the doctor's warning." Then turning to Minnie, she took possession of her in a curious way, and handed her into a waiting hackney-coach as if she had been a prisoner, seating her in a corner and keeping a watch on the door as if she expected her to try and escape.

Miss Malvy stayed a moment or two to give some directions about the luggage, and then joined them, and they drove away through the lighted streets to a distant quarter of the town, not

saying much by the way, but constantly exchanging looks of great meaning, and momentarily increasing Minnie's uneasiness and astonishment.

At length they stopped before a sufficiently respectable-looking house, and Mrs. Granger, getting out first, assisted Minnie out, and then hovered round her up the steps and into the house. Standing in the hall with the door closed, she drew a long breath and seemed relieved of a weighty responsibility. "Now, what shall we call you?" she said, turning to Minnie with a change of manner from the persuasive to the business-like.

"Minnie, if you please," faltered that amazed young person.

"Oh, then, Miss Minnie, we'll show you your room first, and then you will feel at home and come down to supper."

Miss Malvy went before: they followed, and, rather high up for a guest-chamber and at the back of the house, they entered a good-sized but very sparsely-furnished apartment: it had two windows, with curtains hanging before them, a small iron bedstead and a few other necessary articles, and seemed very cold and bare.

"You shall have more things if you use these well," said Mrs. Granger: "it was the doctor's directions for us to begin with a few, and try how you'd appreciate them."

Minnie stared: she could not recognize Edward in "the doctor" his family spoke of. Oh, could she be deceived in the being she already worshiped? and was he capable of dictating to his family on such a subject and in such a way? She could only control herself sufficiently to murmur thanks and a few monosyllables in answer to Malvy's inquiries about her trunk, and longed ardently to be left a moment to herself, so that she might recover from her pained surprise and collect her startled senses. But that did not seem part of her new friends' plan of entertainment: her lover's mother looked at her critically, and seemed lost in a kind of mental calculation as she followed her movements, timid and constrained as

they necessarily were under such surveillance, with a half-curious, half-satisfied eye.

At length, rousing herself, she said to her daughter, who was boldly examining and turning over the articles Minnie had taken from her dressing-box, "Come, Malvy—Miss Minnie's all right: she can be trusted to look after herself till tea-time, and then I'll come and fetch her."

Malvy dropped the ornamental little hand-glass she was surveying and gathered up her shawl: as she passed her mother, she whispered, or rather dropped, a word in her ear, and Mrs. Granger nodded. Then drawing near Minnie with a return of the insinuating manner, she said, "I'd never have known you in the world from the doctor's description: he didn't do you justice, for you're pretty as a picture. It was Malvy found you out. 'There's the gray poplin and the blue veil,' she says to me; 'and what the doctor called a sandy complexion I call a first-class blonde.' So, you see, Malvy was quite taken with your looks, and so am I."

Here she sidled up close to Minnie, and remarking that her dress fitted her beautifully, inquired if it had a pocket, and in another moment slipped her hand into that receptacle, drawing out her gloves and handkerchief, and then hastily replacing them.

Minnie's cheeks flushed an indignant scarlet, and her lover's description of his mother's old-fashioned stateliness flashed on her with bitterly sarcastic meaning.

"There, there! don't be flurried: it's all right now," said the strange hostess, giving her a pat or two. "I'll go and see to the rest of my children, and then I'll come and take you to tea."

As she went out she gave a searching look at her guest and her belongings, and then actually fastened the door on the outside by slipping a bolt in it.

Minnie gave a frightened cry of misery, and sinking down in one of the two rush-bottomed chairs that adorned her apartment, covered her face with her hands and wept like a child. It

seemed to her distracted mind that ages of time and deserts of distance stretched between her and the dear happy home she had left that morning. Doubt and distress enveloped her like a cloud, and she could neither hope nor reason. One instant her heart whispered Edward must soon come, and then he would explain all, but the next her fears overcame every other feeling.

Explain! There were some things that would not bear explanation. What could he say that would reconcile her to such coarse, vulgar-mannered relatives—a sister-in-law who spied and criticised her possessions before her face, and a mother-in-law who searched her pockets? And then, either his relatives were not truthful, or else he had a different side to his character from the one he had shown her. To think that any one who could write such letters and appear such a refined, true gentleman could call her a sandy-complexioned girl and limit the extent of her chamber furniture!

It could not be: it was a dreadful dream, a horrible nightmare. She shook herself and tried to wake up from it; but no, shut her eyes and then open them and wink as she would, there were the four bare walls, the iron bedstead, the sparsely-furnished toilet! She tried the door: yes, she was surrounded by all these uninviting circumstances, and bolted in at that!

She heard the faintest possible movement outside, and suddenly the door was opened wide without the least ceremony, and Mrs. Granger looked at her with that insultingly cool, critical look of hers. "What!" she said severely: "this will never do! We don't give fretting people supper in this house, and you must get out of your tantrums or it will be your own loss, I promise you."

Minnie started up and hurriedly brushed back the hair that had been falling rather wildly round her tearful face. The burning of her cheeks dried her tears now, and all the spirit that belonged to her gentle nature flashed in her eyes: "As the doctor has no



doubt told you, Mrs. Granger, I am a country girl, accustomed only to the quiet ways of home. You must forgive my being surprised and—and—disappointed at the difference of city life. I think I must go back again. I am sorry to have thrust myself so inconsiderately among strangers. I must certainly return home to-morrow."

"Oh you must?" and the unfeeling woman smiled knowingly. "Well, we will see all about it in the morning. Come, come, don't be fretty: put up your hair and you shall have your tea."

So, utterly disregarding Minnie's newborn dignity, she wound the loose bands round her head, stuck a hair-pin in to secure them, and, tucking her arm under hers, drew her down without farther parley.

She was a large, powerfully-built woman, with a certain power of commanding that was due partly to her muscular force, partly to her determined temper; and so Minnie, despite her injured pride and sudden resolution, found herself escorted below stairs with more despatch than ceremony.

At the back of the lower hall Mrs. Granger opened a door and ushered her into a supper-room, in which were already gathered a dozen different persons of her own sex, presenting a startling variety to her astonished eyes. There were one or two girls younger than herself, with very sad, wistful faces, who crouched in distant corners and kept silence, but the remainder were jabbering and talking in the most discordant manner, without the least regard to being listened to, until Mrs. Granger's entrance, when they suddenly ceased.

"This is my family, Miss Minnie," said her hostess. "Ladies, let me introduce you to the doctor's last flame."

"Oh, we're all in love with the doctor, you know," cried a hideous-looking old woman, thin, dark and hollow-eyed, with more than a mouthful of loose false teeth and a headdress of peacock's feathers.

Minnie shrank back, for the dreadful creature came close up to her and shook

her feathers and rattled her teeth almost in her face; but in getting out of her reach she bumped against a very tall, grim female, with a countenance like a granite tombstone, who took the mistake very ill and called her a despicable intruder.

"Take places!" cried Mrs. Granger, issuing the invitation in the form of a command, and, simpering and tittering, scowling and staring, they all got seated, leaving a place between Miss Malvy and the dreadful old woman, into which Mrs. Granger waved Minnie.

And was this the circle he had told her she would adorn and complete? were these the dear bonds to be rendered doubly dear by her presence? She glanced up furtively to find all the terrible eyes fixed on her. There was no family resemblance certainly. No, thank Heaven! he didn't look like any of his relatives; but oh, to belong to such a family, to have to call them aunts and cousins!—for they couldn't all be his sisters—her very blood froze at the thought.

Eat! It was out of the question while such pranks were being played with the food about her. She could not for her life tell what there was upon the table, but she saw the solemn, glowering woman deliberately dip her nose in the tea, for which Miss Malvy gave her a jerk and a poke, while the shockingly sprightly one rattled her teeth like dice and choked herself on crackers.

She had begged the doctor to bring his favorite sister to meet her. Miss Malvy, then, was the one, and she could scarcely wonder if there could be any choice among such a lot. Miss Malvy sat at the opposite end of the table from her mother, and treated her disagreeable relatives with great rigor, sometimes taking their very food out of their mouths when they got into difficulties with it.

The meal seemed interminable. Minnie grew cold and sick: fear, distress, disappointment and doubt overwhelmed her, and her very heart seemed dying away in wretchedness and dread. She thought of the pleasant group around

her own little tea-table, her father's mild abstractions, her brothers' lively gossip. No, not a single flaw appeared on the record of those ill-used youths as their memory rose before her: they were dear, kind, devoted boys—playful and good-humored, nothing more. Oh to be with them once again!—to shut out these queer, leering, grinning or glaring faces! The intensity of the desire seemed to expand her heart to bursting: the air grew thick and the sounds distant.

Presently she heard Miss Malvy say, "The new one is a weak sort of creature: the doctor didn't seem to understand her case, from the directions he left."

*The new one!* Then there had been other victims: she was not alone in the terrible ordeal she was undergoing. And yet, when she recalled his words, that he had seen others that pleased him for the moment, but she only had won his heart, could she doubt him? Yes, she could and did doubt everything; and oh she wanted to go home! She must have said so aloud, for she heard Miss Malvy laugh and say, "Very likely," in a tone of derision.

How she got up stairs again she scarcely knew, but just as she reached her own door she heard a terrific shriek, and knew by the sound that it came from the wearer of the peacock plumage, but the cry was stifled and she could not guess its cause.

"Oh this is frightful, and I shall die!" she declared, and fell upon her face on the hard little bed.

Presently she sprang up again with a gleam of courage: "Aunt Minerva Pleasanton's address is in her letter, and I can go to her, late as it is. I will write a note to Edward, and leave it here to explain my flight. Surely, my relative's house ought to be my refuge. Oh how crazy I was to go anywhere else! I must have been dreaming, to trust myself in a strange city among strange people."

As she spoke she was hurriedly getting herself in order, brushing back her tossed hair and looking about for her bonnet and sacque, but they were not

in sight anywhere. She tried the door, but it was fast, and she was locked in again. Then she began to look around her, and found that there was no fastening on the inside; and lifting the curtains, they disclosed two barred and grated windows!

"I am in prison!" cried the poor, bewildered bride-elect. "Oh dear! what shall I do? I am a wretched, entrapped prisoner."

There was a flickering in the light, and the next instant she was in total darkness.

In fear and astonishment she stood rooted to the floor, and momentarily expected some other demonstration of a fearful nature, but nothing more happened that night. By and by the faint wintry moonlight brightened the room a little, so that by raising the curtains she could see to move around. There was no bell-rope, and by the absence of any smell she knew that the gas had been purposely turned off below, so that there would be no use in ringing to have it relighted, had there been the means. There was nothing to do but wait for daylight, and to pray meantime that her senses might be preserved. So she sat down on the hard little bed, and began to cry quietly and think of home. Oh how dear and comfortable it seemed, viewed from that distance, and how miserable the silly fear that had driven her from it to avoid a little innocent fun!

"I was afraid of being teased, and so I came here to be actually frightened to death," she said; and after saying that, and wondering how she would look with white hair should hers turn so from terror, she fell asleep, and woke up just as the day dawned gray and cold between the bars of the uncovered windows.

She could scarcely stir, she was so stiff and full of aching pains in every joint, and her head felt heavy and light by turns, so that she could not stand steadily for a little while. Everything seemed strange, and she did not remember where she was or how she came there until her lover's image rose be-

fore her mind and brought the rest with it.

She would see him that day—for his mother had said he would return—and what would he say, how would he explain the circumstances into which he had drawn her, and the reception his dreadful family had given her?

When she tried to think she found her mind in a whirl, and had to give it up because she could not free him from blame, and she loved him so dearly that it seemed treason to judge him unheard.

By and by strange noises sounded: wild, discordant singing ascended from the rooms below, and somebody began to jump and whoop like a savage in the next room. Presently a decent-looking servant opened the door without knocking, and silently placed a small pitcher of water on the stand.

"What time do you expect the doctor?" asked Minnie.

The woman looked at her quickly, and after a minute's irresolution answered: "Please ask madame: we ain't allowed to talk to the inmates."

"A lady of the old school!" thought poor Minnie. "Oh dear! I hope it will never come into fashion again to act as she does."

But she only sat waiting, not daring to hope for anything and dreading everything, until Mrs. Granger came bustling up and said: "Ah, that looks sensible: now you'll get along nicely and begin to enjoy yourself. Just so soon as you learn to keep quiet and mind the rules, my dear, you'll be perfectly at home here."

She then intimated that breakfast was ready, and led the way down, this time allowing Minnie to follow at her leisure.

Miss Malvy met them at the foot of the stairs and nodded good-humoredly: "I think all the more of you for being a quiet sleeper, since you are under my charge. Old Venus took a fit last night, and if you'd had a fancy for being noisy too, I'd have had a time of it."

"But she wasn't—she slept like a child," said Mrs. Granger, with her

commending pats. "I listened at the tube myself, and could hear her breathe regularly."

Minnie looked amazed: not content with locking her in, they had listened at her door; but she would keep silent and wait for the doctor. Oh, would he ever come?

Breakfast was a prolonged meal. One by one the queer-looking aunts and grandmothers appeared, generally escorted by one of the attending women, and, tied under the chins with napkins, commenced their repast. Both Miss Malvy and her mother were so busy waiting on their helpless relatives that she was allowed to sit unnoticed after a little time; and with her eyes fixed on the mantel-clock and her ears strained for every sound, she waited, almost unconscious of her surroundings.

"Come, Miss Minnie," said Miss Malvy, cheerfully, "I guess you and I will go into the experiment hall and try the electric treatment: you look as if a little stirring up would do you good."

"I—I do not know what you mean," faltered Minnie.

"Oh never mind: come along and I'll show you. Miss Belinda," addressing the severe lady who had received Minnie so discourteously the night before, "you come too—you look dull this morning."

Miss Belinda scowled at Minnie, but instantly obeyed; and as the little party reached the passage they were met by a servant, who held the inner door partly ajar, repeating, "Some gentlemen, ma'am."

The old ladies, one and all, pressed forward. "Close that door, Jane," cried Mrs. Granger. "Malvy, bring them back, till I see what it means."

But before Jane could obey her mistress, Minnie had caught a glimpse of one of the pleasantest sights that had ever blest her eyes, which was none other than her brother Jack's face. So, without more ado, she uttered a cry half rapturous, half imploring, and rushing by the restraining hands, was outside in the hall and in her brother's arms in a moment.

"Oh, Jack, dear Jack! can you forgive me, my darling brother?"

"What for?" cried Jack with a warning of fun to come in his twinkling eyes. "I never fretted a mite. I said from the first it would all come right: it was this gentleman who took on dramatically;" and he pointed to Dr. Granger, who was in such a state that he could not express himself clearly till he too had caught Minnie in his arms and murmured half a dozen times, "How could you, my darling? Oh, how could you?" in the most heart-rending manner.

"Will you be kind enough to explain this, gentlemen?" demanded Mrs. Granger in her most business-like manner. "This is not visiting-day, and you have shown no special order."

"Nor is this young lady a patient," answered Dr. Granger, quickly. "Get her things, my good girl!"—to Jane—"and I'll tell you in a word how it happened. Miss Waters came to the city last evening, and my mother and I were expected to meet her at the dépôt. Your name being Granger too, the mistake was quite natural, and was set right by a luggage-porter's directions to us on hearing our inquiries for a young lady answering Minnie Waters' description. He chanced to know you, madame, and sent us here. The carriage is waiting—so is my mother. Come as quickly as you can, darling: she is all anxiety to see you." This last in a low voice to the now joyfully weeping Minnie.

"No, no, my good sir: you are too fast. My brother, the doctor of this establishment, was sent for to bring this young lady here for treatment for aberration of intellect, and she gave him the slip on the way, as he telegraphed us yesterday afternoon, with full description, so that we could stop her at the station. We've got it here all correct, and I refuse to give her person up to you without authority."

"Oh dear me!" cried Minnie, breathlessly: "I see it all—they thought I was mad!" The full realization was more than she could bear: she gasped for

breath, and had caught for support at her brother's supporting arm, which by mistake chanced to be Dr. Granger's, when a new element was added to the scene in the person of a jolly, bald little gentleman, gallantly leading in a tall, red-haired young woman of wild and vacant appearance.

"And you call that gray poplin!" exclaimed Mrs. Granger in a tone of angry contempt. "It's brown merino, and the veil's green. Trust a man to give a description of a woman's dress! You sent me a riddle of a telegram, and gave me no end of trouble, taking up with the wrong person."

"Sorry to hear it, miss. Beg your pardon, gentlemen, but I don't see how the personal appearance got mixed. Here, Malvy, conduct this young lady in. There! that's all right, and trouble enough I've had with her, though she seems so quiet. She went back, instead of coming on, when she got away from me, and I traveled all night to make sure of her."

"We need not wait: I'll call on the doctor again," cried the impatient lover, almost carrying Minnie down the steps to a waiting coach, out of the window of which a handsome and gentle-faced lady of middle age was leaning.

"My dear, dear girl!" she cried, tenderly embracing the future daughter her son had impetuously thrust into her arms. "I was afraid to add my strange presence to the annoying scene, but I cannot tell you how I sympathized with you, nor how uneasy I have felt ever since Edward started yesterday morning and your letter arrived an hour after he had gone."

"You see I was able to get away a day earlier, and couldn't wait," explained Edward.

"No one has mentioned my feelings," remarked Jack. "I shall take occasion to describe them at a later period. I will now merely state that I was sent for at the college, and have for the last twenty-four hours been endeavoring to restrain the frenzy of my future relative, of whose existence I was not aware till that time."

"Oh, Jack, pity me!" cried Minnie from her mother-in-law's embrace. "I have been frightened to death—I've gone through everything!"

"You've certainly gone through a private mad-house, and I wouldn't receive you without a certificate of cure if I were Dr. Granger."

"But you will not tease me, dear, will you? Oh, promise me you will not!"

Jack smiled benignly: "We promise to adhere strictly to facts, but, by George! we've got enough of them! Flight from

home—rescue from a mad-house—exciting scene in a coach, and—"

"The happiest wedding you ever danced at in all your life, my boy, and a big brother that means to be the best of friends with you all," interrupted the doctor.

"Very good," said the wary Jack, "but it would be too bad to cheat poor Fred and Dick out of the fun."

"It was no fun," said poor Minnie. "I am very happy now, but I really was frightened to death."

MARGARET HOSMER.

#### PUBLIC LIBRARIES, AND THEIR MANAGEMENT.

THE records of human thought and action are chiefly contained in books; and as all knowledge is relative, and all advance is gained by comparison of our individual experience with that of our fellow-men, the importance and the benefit of libraries cannot be too strongly stated. With individuals the simple possession of books may be, as a general rule, safely taken as a proof of their collector's culture, and so with communities. Judged by this criterion, we, as a nation, need not be afraid of the test. Despite the apparently disheartening prospect for our national culture which our political swagger and our money-getting rabies afford, the generous aid which has in quite modern times been afforded to so many public libraries is a legitimate ground for congratulation. In fact, the American demand for old books is the principal cause which has, within the past twenty years or so, raised their values in all the markets of the Old World, and the demand is still increasing. The sellers of old books in Europe distribute through agents upon this side their catalogues all over the country, and find here some of their best purchasers. The catalogues also of all important libraries

sold by auction in Europe are distributed here beforehand, and in such sales the American commissions are the competitors most dreaded by the European collectors.

At the famous Daniels sale in London, which took place a few years ago, and which, in its specialty of old English poetical literature, was the most important that had occurred for a long time, there was an offer sent from an American collector of New York to buy the entire collection before it should get into the auction-room. Though the price offered was that at which the owners had expressed their willingness to sell, yet when it was made they refused it and raised their demands. The English agent wrote to his principal in New York, and received orders to pay the enhanced price. Again the heirs raised their price, again the agent wrote, and again the order was sent to buy it entire. But time had been taken in thus writing backward and forward—the two countries had not yet been placed in telegraphic communication—and before the last order arrived the sale had commenced, and it was too late.

One of the chief attractions at this



sale was a collection of ballads in black-letter, printed upon separate sheets and afterward bound together. They dated from about the sixteenth century, and were samples of the popular songs of their time, which were probably hawked about the streets in much the same way that the popular songs of to-day are. Their rarity is manifest. Let any one imagine how rare the penny songs of to-day will be in the year of grace 2170. This volume sold for over seven hundred pounds, which was a pretty good price, as "old songs" go. The ballads it contains have been, since the sale, reprinted in a small edition by Lilly.

It seems absurd to pay such a price for any volume, and in fact there is a good deal of fashion which enters into such valuations. And yet there is a substantial foundation for the increasing value put upon the records of the past. The empire of the dead over the living is ever increasing, and only from the completest record of the past history of human action can the best comprehension of the present or any prevision of the future be obtained. It is really from the intelligent use of materials which were formerly neglected that modern scholarship has been enabled to infuse new interest into historical studies, and has made the past experience of mankind of use to the present generation. The scientific study of human relations, as it is the most complex of the sciences, is of course the last in the genesis of science to occupy human attention. The comparative anatomist can from a tooth or a bone reconstruct its owner, tell his habits, his figure and his size, though his representatives became extinct ages before the historic period. The geologist, from the fossils which a few generations ago were neglected or considered merely as curiosities, now reconstructs the history of the globe itself, and divides it into eras. Perhaps in some future day, when by sufficient observation and experience the needed formulæ have been arrived at to express the laws of human development, the student of history will be able from apparently as insufficient data to arrive at

as accurate results. But at present we need all the data we can get for the study of the past, and our libraries, as the depositories of the records of human action, should consider nothing as too insignificant for preservation.

When Sir Thomas Bodley founded the Bodleian Library at Oxford, in his instructions for the management of its income he advised that its funds should be spent only in the purchase of learned works, which should retain their value, avoiding the ephemeral publications of the day. This advice was so well followed that now the books which the Bodleian Library pays the highest prices for, when the opportunity for securing them occurs, are the ephemeral publications of that time—the Elizabethan period of English literature, the time of Shakespeare, Spenser, Ben Johnson and other light and inconsiderable scribblers, whose writings were intended to amuse their contemporaries, and might at the time have been purchased for farthings where now they cost pounds.

The Bodleian has, however, had other bequests since its foundation, and among them not the least important is the collection made by Pepys, who, living in the gay and dissolute times of Charles II., and being a man of the world himself, not only kept the journal which gives us such a lively and interesting picture of that period, but also made a collection of the ephemeral publications of his day—the pamphlets, the songs, the new poems, the prints, etc., etc.—the present value of which makes the regret the greater that Bodley had not foreseen enough to allow at least a part of his foundation to be used in the same way.

This lesson has not been lost upon the managers of public libraries in England, as is shown by their course with the British Museum, in regard especially to American history. In 1843, Mr. Panizzi presented his report upon the deficiencies of the British Museum, in the preparation of which he had been aided by his assistants, Mr. Jones and Mr. Watts. From this period it was decided to give attention to the collection of American

works, and since that time a portion of the yearly grant to the Museum has been expended in completing and perfecting its collection concerning America; so that now it is one of the fullest, if not the fullest, in the world upon this specialty. During the late war the Museum gave special attention to collecting the innumerable pamphlets and other ephemeral publications to which that time of excitement gave birth, not only in Europe, but here. The consequence of this timely foresight is, that its collection of this invaluable species of material for the study of that period surpasses anything of the kind elsewhere, and the American student of the next century who shall give his attention to the war may have to go to England to find his data.

In the hands of the numerous private individuals throughout the country who have a passion for preserving, there is probably the material for making as fine a collection, but no public library has displayed so wise a foresight concerning the most stirring epoch through which the republic has passed, and from which hereafter will be dated the real republicanism of our institutions. Unquestionably, in the future some such public collection will be made here, but the expense of making it then will be ten times what it would have amounted to at the time.

To the management of the British Museum, however, must be ascribed the credit of being the only—as yet known—board of management which has conceived the idea of making for their institution a complete collection, and of taking the most judicious means in their power to make it so. Of course no one is probably better aware than these gentlemen of the impossibility of making any single library perfect upon all points, since the needs of such a collection would be practically infinite. But they have a broad and catholic comprehension of what a library should be—that its regulations should not be made in accordance with their peculiar individual idiosyncrasies, but in the best interests of the public, and that their pur-

chases should be made in the spirit of true scholarship, which despises or rejects nothing. It seems strange that in England, rather than on the Continent, an institution of so generous a spirit should be found. Especially does this seem strange when we reflect that (to quote the language of the *Edinburgh Review*) "there is among [English] men of letters generally a degree of laxity, both in theory and practice, with regard to descriptions of books and to catalogues which almost defies description," and that, together with this "widespread incompetency to describe books correctly," there exists also "a great want of aspiration after a healthier state."

While this seeming anomaly may be partly accounted for by classing it as one of the marvelous contradictions which strike every observer of English manners and customs, yet it is unquestionable that to Mr. Panizzi the Museum is chiefly indebted for the infusion of this spirit into its management. With his report in 1843 upon the deficiencies of the Museum he commenced the influence which marked the whole course of his career as chief librarian, and which has made the Museum what it is—the best public library in the world.

The *Report of the Commissioners Appointed to Inquire into the Constitution and Government of the British Museum*, presented to Parliament and published in 1850, is a most instructive volume for those who can read it rightly. It contains the testimony of various experts and others concerning the best method of cataloguing the collection, and while incidentally showing the accurate wisdom and foresight which Mr. Panizzi displayed in his management of the Museum, is not less interesting as showing how ignorant not only of bibliography, but of books, the majority of the professed literary men of England were at that time. It also displays most vividly the English dislike and suspicion of anything foreign. Mr. Panizzi, being an Italian, was of course a subject for this, and was also treated with

the abuse which people too generally bestow upon those who perform a service for them. It is really surprising, since the proof-sheets of their testimony were in all cases submitted to the witnesses, that this volume should contain so many displays of the narrowest bigotry and prejudice upon the part of men who, from their literary reputation, might have been expected to recognize the courtesies if not the equalities of the Republic of Letters.

The chief topic which occupied the attention of the Commission was the preparation of a catalogue of the library. The question in dispute was concerning the advisability of long or short titles, and, incidentally, whether to print it or keep it in manuscript; and secondly, whether to print it as fast as partially prepared, or wait until it was entirely completed. Mr. Panizzi was in favor of making the titles as full as possible, and also of keeping it in manuscript. His opinion prevailed, and time has shown that he was right.

There is no question that a printed catalogue of the Museum library would be a most valuable acquisition to bibliographical literature, but would the benefit be commensurate with the cost? Upon such a question those who are most incompetent to judge are generally the most prompt in expressing an opinion, and the opinion they give is generally pronounced with a positiveness which increases in the direct ratio of its worthlessness. Nothing seems easier than making a catalogue of books to persons entirely unacquainted with such work, and yet in reality, as all bibliographical students know, nothing is more difficult. The perfect catalogue is yet to be found. Such a one is possible if it was to be used only by persons as well acquainted with bibliography in general, and with the special collection to which it was a guide, as the maker of it should be. But when a catalogue is intended for the general public, who are frequently ignorant upon both these points, the difficulty of making a catalogue which can be used with satisfaction becomes infinite. To

those who are skeptical concerning this truth the following extract from the report in question will probably prove conclusive. In the discussion concerning the use of long or short titles, Mr. Panizzi, knowing how erroneous is the opinion, so generally held, that short titles mean shortening the time needed for making a catalogue, since it really takes more time to abridge a title correctly than to write it out in full, led the long-title faction, while among the chief of his opposers was Mr. Payne Collier, who is well known as a man of letters and an industrious student of old English literature. In the investigation he held the position of secretary to the Commission, and assumed the extra-official duty of showing by practical experiment how, in his opinion, the catalogue should be prepared. He therefore, in a leisure hour at home, wrote out the titles of twenty-five volumes taken at random from his own collection, and with which, it is therefore fairly to be presumed, he was familiar. These he presented as a specimen of how the work of cataloguing should be done, and invited criticism from those whose opinions differed from his. These slips Mr. Panizzi gave to Mr. Jones, his assistant, with the request that he would report upon them. As this report is so admirable and succinct an evidence of the difficulty of correct cataloguing, and of how necessary it is for amateurs to recognize that bibliography is a serious study, our readers will thank us for its reproduction here. It will be well, however, to repeat, before its introduction, that it is a criticism upon a specimen of cataloguing made by a scholar accustomed to the use of books, who justly qualified himself, in presenting the slips, as having attained "a certain reputation in letters, and particularly in antiquarian literature," and that he intended them to show how he would have prepared a catalogue for the use of the general public. The brackets in the report are inserted by Mr. Panizzi. The report is as follows:

"These twenty-five titles contain al-

most every possible error which can be committed in cataloguing books, and are open to almost every possible objection which can be brought against concise titles. The faults may be classed as follows: 1st. Incorrect or insufficient description, calculated to mislead as to the nature or condition of the work specified. 2d. Omission of the names of editors, whereby we lose a most necessary guide in selecting among different editions of the same work. 3d. Omission of the Christian names of authors, causing great confusion between the works of different authors who have the same surname—a confusion increasing in proportion to the extent of the catalogue. 4th. Omission of the names of annotators. 5th. Omission of the names of translators. 6th. Omission of the number of the edition, thus rejecting a most important and direct evidence of the value of a work. 7th. Adopting the name of the editor as a heading when the name of the author appears on the title-page. 8th. Adopting the name of the translator as a heading, when the name of the author appears on the title-page. 9th. Adopting as a heading the title or name of the author merely as it appears on the title-page—a practice which would distribute the works of the bishop of London under the names of Blomfield, Chester and London; and those of Lord Ellesmere under Gowan, Egerton and Ellesmere. 10th. Using English or some other language, instead of the language of the title-page. 11th. Cataloguing anonymous works, or works published under initials, under the name of the supposed author. Where this practice is adopted, the book so catalogued can be found only by those who possess the same information as the cataloguer, and uniformity of system is impossible unless the cataloguer know the author of every work published anonymously or under initials. 12th. Errors in grammar. 13th. Errors in description of the size of the book. We have here faults of thirteen different kinds in twenty-five titles, and the number of these faults amounts to more than two in each title.

A large proportion of them, moreover, is of such a nature that it would be impossible to detect them when the written title is separated from the book: for example, Mr. Collier has catalogued an edition of the *Odyssey* with a Latin title, as though the title were in Greek. A mere perusal of Mr. Collier's title would not lead any person to suspect the existence of such a blunder. [I may say, says Mr. Panizzi, by way of parenthesis, that when I saw this *Odyssey*, printed at Oxford, with a Greek title, I sent everywhere to find it. I had one with a Latin title of the same year and of the same size, but I could not be sure that it was the same. I sent to Oxford; I made all sorts of inquiries; nobody knew such an *Odyssey* with a Greek title; but still this was negative evidence, until I begged the favor of Mr. Collier to show me the book itself from which he drew up his title. The title is in Latin: therefore the idea created by his title, that there was another edition of the *Odyssey*, in the same year and of the same size, at Oxford, is wrong: there was only one.] Two editions of Madame de Staël's work on the French Revolution appeared at Paris in 1818, but Mr. Collier's title making no mention of the edition, the inference would arise that the copy to which it referred was the *first* rather than the *second* edition. It is a fallacy to say that errors can be corrected on a subsequent perusal of the titles or in print, unless that perusal be an actual comparison of the title with the book. [In fact, in the case of the *Odyssey* with the Greek title the title looked to all intents and purposes very correct, but it was not correct.] When we see such a result as is shown above from an experiment made by a gentleman of education, accustomed to research and acquainted with books generally, upon only twenty-five works taken from his own library and of the most easy description, we may form some idea of what a catalogue would be, drawn up in the same manner by ten persons, of about six hundred thousand works, embracing every branch of human learning and

presenting difficulties of every possible description. The average number of faults being more than two to a title, the total is somewhat startling—about one million three hundred thousand faults for the six hundred thousand works; that is, supposing the proportion to continue the same. But it must be borne in mind that the proportion of errors would increase with the number of titles—that to errors in drawing up each individual title would be superadded the errors which would unavoidably occur in the process of arranging the titles, and subsequently in the printing. In short, I humbly conceive that it would be impossible to prove the inexpediency of Mr. Collier's plan more effectually than he has himself done: and I hope I may add, without giving offence, that had I seen these titles under any other circumstances than the present, I should have concluded that the object was to show how nearly worthless would be a catalogue the proposed advantages of which were short titles drawn up and printed within the shortest possible period of time."

Mr. Jones then proceeds to give a detailed proof of his assertions. It would seem that to such a demonstration there could be no reply. But Mr. Collier gave one, the relevancy of which will sufficiently appear from the following extract. He says nothing against Mr. Jones' facts, but protests against having his attempt judged by Mr. Panizzi's rules. "I intended," he says, "my English mode of cataloguing to be diametrically opposed to his foreign mode, which might do well enough for stationary or retrograding countries, where want of enlightenment is at this hour producing the most lamentable consequences, but which was totally unfit for this country, where inquiry is active, where education is daily extending, and which mainly owes to the spread of education the happiness and tranquillity it enjoys. Nothing, therefore, could be more obviously unjust than to test my titles by Mr. Panizzi's rules. I discarded them altogether: I threw them overboard at once and *en masse*."

Could the force of a *non sequitur* go farther? The report of the Commission contains, however, numerous other indications of equal ignorance, and consequent contempt of bibliography, upon the part of other English men of letters.

Up to this time the catalogue of the British Museum has not been printed, but is in manuscript, written upon slips and pasted into volumes. It is kept in the reading-room, the design of which, as it was another of Mr. Panizzi's "foreign modes," and is really the model for a public library, it will not be amiss to describe here. It is a large circular room lighted by a glass dome. A gallery runs round the inside of the room, dividing it into two stories. The entire walls are covered with well-filled bookshelves. Those above the gallery are a part of the library, and access is had to them only from the main building and by the librarians. Those below the gallery, containing works of reference, are for the convenient use of the frequenters of the reading-room. This collection contains about thirty thousand volumes, which are thus under the hand of any one using the room, and readily accessible without the aid of the assistants.

The centre of the room is occupied by the circular desk of the librarians, behind which runs a passage-way, enclosed at the sides, to the main rooms of the library at the rear. This is for the use of the assistants, who bring the books inquired for by the readers. The catalogues of the Museum are arranged in two sets of low circular cases, which are concentric with the librarian's desk. Here are not only the manuscript catalogue, but also those of the various collections which have been incorporated into the Museum collection, together with other catalogues useful for reference. The cases containing these are low enough to be used as a desk upon which to consult them, and also not to interfere with the view of the librarian over the room. The desks for the readers radiate out from this centre like the spokes of a wheel from the hub. These desks are double, but a partition



between them prevents a reader upon one side from being overlooked by the reader facing him on the other side. The appointments are luxurious. The desks are covered with leather, as are also the capacious, comfortable chairs. In front of each reader, upon the upright partition which separates him from the occupant of the opposite side of the desk, is an ingeniously contrived rack, which shuts up flush with the surface of the woodwork, but can be drawn out and used for supporting the book he may be making extracts from. By means of universal joints this rack can be arranged at any desirable angle. Each seat is provided with an inkstand, a pad of blotting-paper and a rack of pens. These last are not such as are ordinarily provided for public use—invalid, malformed, impotent, single-nibbed monstrosities of steel, with which it would seem to be presumed that the public can write, since no individual ever can—but the best of goose-quills, such as one finds in all the public offices of England, and the use of which is a piece of conservatism delightful to the soul of the fiercest iconoclast, provided only he has become aware of their superiority over any other appliance for writing.

The rows of desks are lettered and each seat is numbered. To obtain a book, the reader hands in to one of the assistants a printed slip, filled in with the title and the indication of its whereabouts furnished by the catalogue, together with the number of his seat and his signature. The book is then brought to him at his seat with a promptness that is delightful. On returning the book the reader regains his slip. They understand in the British Museum that *edition* means something, and a date to a volume has a certain significance and value. Therefore even an excessive fastidiousness concerning a matter of this kind is not considered by the assistants as a piece of hypercritical impertinence upon the part of the reader, for which he should be snubbed, and of which he should, if possible, be cured. In this respect the British Mu-

seum may compare favorably with some of our own libraries.

Connected with the reading-room there is also a restaurant, where excellent refreshments can be obtained at reasonable rates.

To gain admittance to the reading-room it is only necessary to send an application, together with a letter of introduction from some householder in London or some one personally known to the management. The application is answered by the return of a ticket, which gives admittance, and which has to be renewed at certain intervals. The advantages of the room are well used: there is always a goodly number of readers. In fact, it has been stated that there is always to be found in the reading-room some person who is familiar with any language which has a literature. Such a statement shows that the room is not chiefly frequented by persons in search of the newest novel, or by boys desirous of reading up in *Punch* or trying to find some interlinear translation of their next day's task in the classics. The entire air of the place is one of study. The floors are covered with a kind of india-rubber felt, and the chairs all move upon noiseless casters, so that the quiet of the room is all that could be desired. Conversation is not prohibited, but the room is so large that it is not an annoyance, except in the rare cases which will occur everywhere.

The British Museum has of course the aid of the government, and though this has been of great assistance to it, yet to this cause alone its success cannot be wholly ascribed. In fact, it is far from being the chief cause. Compared with many other collections in Europe, and with some in this country, it is a recent foundation, and yet it can be compared only with the Imperial Library\* at Paris for its size and completeness, and this position it has attained during the past fifty years or certainly during the present century.

\* Now once more the *National Library*—to-morrow, perhaps, again the *Royal*, or—if fate or folly will it—the *Imperial*.

The Imperial Library at Paris attained its present proportions during the first French Revolution, when it was made the receptacle for the numerous collections gathered from the suppressed convents of France. It has been said—and it is probably true—that even up to this day all of the books thus received have not yet been classified and arranged, so that no one knows what literary wealth it has, or rather what it has not. But the Bibliothèque Impériale is not as much a national collection as the British Museum. It suffers from the too general tendency in France of reliance and faith in governmental patronage. Its management is too much tinctured with political favoritism, and its positions of trust are made rather the rewards of political subserviency than of bibliographical ability. Its management therefore partakes of the feeling that the institution belongs to the government and not to the people. In short, it is not democratic in spirit,\* and the British Museum is; and any institution in the present age must partake of the democratic spirit in order to be alive and in harmony with the spirit of the times. For the infusion of this spirit into its management the Museum is greatly indebted to Mr. Panizzi, and has consequently been able to assume its present position more from individual than from governmental aid. The wealth of a country is only that of its people, and they together are stronger than any government. The British Museum has entirely the popular confidence, and every one who is aware of its national importance will aid it, and does aid it, all he can. At the same time, the management of the Museum appear to be aware that this popular interest is the source of its strength, and do their best to preserve and foster it. Hence there is no antagonism, but a solidarity, between the public and it, and both unitedly work toward the common end of their mutual improvement.

\*It is, however, in one respect very democratic in practice. No introduction is needed: the raggedest *gamin* may enter, and if he write the title of a book on a slip of paper the volume will be brought to him.

A more noticeable effect of the benefits which result from a management of public institutions in this spirit is shown by the history of the South Kensington Museum. This public museum of art, intended for popular education, was organized in 1851. It has at various times received from the government grants amounting in the aggregate to something over three hundred thousand dollars, while the private donations given it have been, in money-value, over a million, besides other invaluable aid which cannot be estimated in money. It, from the first, had the confidence of the public, and it has continued to deserve it; so that in less than twenty years it has grown to an institution with a worldwide reputation, while its influence upon the popular taste and the artistic industry of England has been marked and is increasing. The causes of the success of this institution are chiefly its thoroughly democratic spirit, the comprehensiveness of its design and the ability displayed by its management. These causes have acted in the order with which they are here classed. Though the British Museum owes its success to the working of the same causes, yet it is evident that its usefulness could be increased, and that to attain this end its management could learn a most useful lesson from the career of the South Kensington Museum.

If this is true of the best public library, how much more is it true of the others in Europe and this country! At present our libraries are rather mausoleums than workshops. They are sepulchres for the learning of the past, instead of being, as they should, the exchanges where the literary capital we have inherited is made the basis for the enlarged activities of the present. While with the growth of popular education the school is attaining the value it should hold in the state, the library, which should be the school for men and women, is far from performing this function. It is no more exclusively the duty of a library to keep its treasures stored upon its shelves than it is for a bank to keep its capital stored in its

vaults. Their value in both cases comes only from their circulation. In fact, the analogy between these apparently antagonistic institutions lies deeper than merely in simile, and our libraries could take from our banks many valuable suggestions for bringing their management into greater harmony with the democratic spirit of this nineteenth century, and thus obtaining the influence which they should have upon public opinion. Especially is it needed in this age of transition, when all social and moral questions are under discussion, that there should be some expression of the culture which comes only from learning—of the dispassionate judgment and catholic toleration which knowledge and experience alone can give. To expect these from our newspapers is to expect that figs can be gathered from thistles; nor can we look for them from the learned professions, since they are all committed to some body of foregone conclusions, which they must support in their own defence. It is only the students who can take this position—students who, from a comprehensive knowledge of the past, joined with a sympathetic appreciation of the present, can form a fit conception of what is to be the solution of this grand problem of human evolution, and of how the tree of progress should be pruned and cultivated in order to bear the best fruit. In bringing about this desirable condition of things it is only necessary that those having the direction of our libraries should realize the possible dignity and influence of their position, and fit themselves for taking a leading position in this truly democratic movement. The times are most propitious, and we have in this country all the elements necessary for making our libraries as much in advance in this respect of those of Europe as our political institutions are, compared with those of the Old World.

The first step has been made in this direction by the establishment of the Public Library of Boston, and the success which has attended this truly "public" library is an augury that the road is the right one. But it is not

enough that a public library should simply provide books for those who choose to come for them. Its aim should be to induce the public to come, and after they do come they should find such helps and aids as should excite and assist the development of the spirit of study. In short, a public library should be an active agent of popular education, not merely a passive one. It should stimulate the desire for culture, not be contented with being simply able to gratify it, perhaps, after it is excited. It should be alive, not semi-inanimate. Increase of knowledge is increase of happiness, and a library should be a fountain for dispensing both. It is not a "little learning" which is dangerous, but the great deal of ignorance which a little learning implies.

The present existence of our libraries, since they have all been the result of private liberality, shows that there is little need of governmental aid to enable them to compare with those of Europe. They need only to enlist popular interest to have their increase keep pace with the people's need. The materials are in the country, and the spirit is here, too, to furnish everything needed; and all that is wanting is that the right use should be made of them.

In the Boston Public Library, and in the Free Library in Liverpool, England, the books are loaned to applicants who register their names and addresses. The results of this course are most gratifying and encouraging. The number of volumes lost or injured is so small as to be practically nothing.

As a general rule, an individual collector, who confines himself to a specialty, will be more successful in gathering an approximately complete collection upon the subject in which he is interested than any public library can be, since his interest in so doing will be constant, active and undivided, while a library cannot devote all its energies to a single branch of learning. But it is almost universally the case with special collectors that they have also a passion for having their collections kept together and connected with their names;

so that a public library which should deservedly gain the confidence of the public, and should accept such collections upon the terms of connecting their donor's name with them, would soon find the benefit of such a policy.

It was once proposed by Theodore Parker that the Cambridge Library, that of the Boston Athenæum and the Public Library should combine and arrange a plan by which to avoid the expense of buying several copies of the same work, each selecting certain departments, and devoting itself exclusively to these, and thus letting the public have the advantage of a complete library in three sections, instead of, as at present, three incomplete collections, which are frequently all imperfect in the same department. The idea was an excellent one, but has not been acted upon. Still, it is well to repeat it, and so extend it as to embrace all our public libraries. Such a union would be of great benefit to them.

Some years ago in France, principally at the suggestion of the late M. Libri, the celebrated bibliographer, a system of exchanging their duplicates was inaugurated among the public libraries of that country, and was found to be of great advantage. Some such system should be introduced here. Let a central bureau be established through which such exchanges can be arranged, and if the libraries should combine to make their purchases in the same way, they would find it greatly to their advantage. In this way private libraries could be frequently purchased entire at very reasonable rates, and equitably divided, while not the least benefit from some such association would be the knowledge which our libraries would gain of each other, and the uniformity which would eventually be introduced into their management. How varied this now is can be illustrated by the following facts, in which under nearly the same circumstances diametrically opposite action was taken.

Some years ago a gentleman in New York saw exposed for sale, in an old paper store in Ann street, a volume

bound in red morocco and stamped with the arms of France. Being himself a Frenchman and something of a collector, his attention was arrested by it, and on examination he found it was a manuscript police report of the city of Paris during the reign of Louis Philippe. It was evidently a volume which had been stolen from some public building of the department to which it belonged during the Revolution of 1848. On inquiring of the bookseller, he found that it was a part of a cartload which had been purchased by that worthy from the Astor Library, by the pound, as old paper. "Yes, sir," said the dealer, "I bought a whole cartload, and among them were a dozen or more like this, but I have sold 'em all for scrap-books. They are cheap for that at fifty cents each. Come inside, sir, and I will show you some other things I got at the same time." Among the books thus bought at the price of old paper, by the pound, was a copy of Diderot's *Encyclopédie* — a work which, though cumbrous and out of date for any private collection, should certainly, as a historical document, be in every public library, and which is certainly worth more than the price of old paper. As for the manuscript police reports, the plea that they were duplicates could hardly be urged in defence of thus disposing of them. Their proper owner was the French government, and had they been returned, the national courtesy of the French would have prompted them to acknowledge the act in a manner which would have proved that their sale was, to say the least, not an economical measure. Of course in this view no consideration is given to the question of honesty, and it is presumed that the management of the library was aware of what the manuscripts were, and desired to make the best disposal of them in the interest of the library as a public trust.

The contrasting case is the instance in which the old Philadelphia Library returned, in 1868, five volumes of manuscripts which had been presented to it, some seventy years before, by a de-

scendant of a lord high chancellor of Ireland. The manuscripts had been entrusted to the chancellor by James II. on the eve of his flight for France, and having remained in the possession of the family, had been brought by them to this country, and sent to the library by the grandson of the chancellor just before his return to England. When, in 1868, Mr. Hepworth Dixon was here on a visit, his attention was called to these volumes by the librarian, as being probably part of the national archives of Great Britain. Mr. Dixon recognized them as belonging to the series of documents in the custody of the Master of the Rolls. Having found this to be the case, the directors of the library instructed their librarian to offer them for acceptance to the English government. The Lords of the Treasury thankfully accepted them, and as an acknowledgment sent to the Philadelphia Library a set of the chronicles and memorials published by the government under the direction of the Master of the Rolls, with other state publications, amounting in all to one hundred and fifty-six volumes.

This action on the part of the Philadelphia Library is the more noticeable since the whole question of literary property is as yet entirely unsettled, each institution doing as seems best in its own eyes, and the only rule of right as yet prevailing being the simple barbarian one of might. In France, the government claims and exercises the right to possess itself of any kind of literary property which has ever been in possession of any public institution, wherever it may find it; while, at the same time, it bases its proof of former possession frequently upon the most baseless grounds. The fact that the present owner came honestly by it, that it had been lost for years, and had been frequently offered during this time at public sale without being reclaimed, is considered nothing. The government has the power, and it exercises it. In 1850 it stopped the sale of autographs left by M. Villenave, on suspicion by the Bibliothèque Impériale that some

of the documents it contained had been formerly "conveyed" from it; and this though M. Villenave had made his collection years before, and had not bought a single document for a number of years. The outrageous persecution of M. Libri, the accusations of theft brought against him with such shameful want of testimony, is another instance of how ruthlessly the French government bases its right in such matters upon simple might. The effect, however, is, that no French auctioneer will ever sell a book with the stamp of a public library upon it, nor will a bookseller have such a volume in his stock, unless it is also stamped for sale; so that perhaps the public libraries re-enter upon possession of much which they might otherwise lose.

Yet the loss which the libraries of France have made of books and documents is incredible. M. Paulin Paris estimated that there were in circulation and in private libraries at least twenty thousand volumes stolen within a century from the Imperial Library. In 1841, M. Ravaisson, in a report to the Minister of Public Instruction, said that the public libraries of Brest and of Morlaix *had disappeared entirely*. The librarian at Rouen said that the library under his charge had lost during a few years *two hundred and thirty thousand volumes*.

In England, books with the stamp of public libraries circulate freely in sales, and are by no means uncommon. In fact, the libraries themselves have in their own possession volumes known to have been stolen. The British Museum has manuscripts which were borrowed by Sir Robert Cotton from the library of the city of London, and passed into its possession as Sir Robert's. Achille Jubinal, a well-known man of letters, writes that he has seen and handled in the British Museum volumes made up of parts taken from manuscripts in the Imperial Library, and that the same thing can be done in the libraries of Oxford, Cambridge and The Hague. Lord Harley, the collector of the Harleian Collection, now forming part of



the British Museum, returned to the Imperial Library (then the King's Library) thirty-five leaves stolen from a manuscript of the letters of St. Paul, written in uncial letters, and supposed by Montfaucon to date from the seventh century. These leaves he had bought with other curiosities, and returned when he found they were stolen. And now it seems they have been stolen again or lost, for they are not in the volumes.

But the Imperial Library itself, according to M. Jubinal, has in its possession valuable manuscripts which belong to other public libraries—to that of the Escorial, to the Vatican and others. In this country there are similar "curi-

osities of literature." Some years ago a manuscript letter of thirty-odd pages, written by John Adams when he was minister to England, addressed to the government and discussing the politics of Europe, was for sale in New York. It must have been taken from the government archives.

The question is, How to prevent such injuries? If our libraries gained the public interest, and were themselves united and worked together, this would be one of the best ways of guarding against the dishonest. Such a consummation, though devoutly to be wished, is probably not just at hand. Yet even the suggestion may be a step toward it.

EDWARD HOWLAND.

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AB INITIO.

DARLING, when I loved thee first,  
What wise angel can impart?  
I was born into the world  
With this love within my heart.

As a seed beneath the sod,  
Waiting for the sunny hours,  
Lay my love, until its birth  
Covered all my life with flowers.

Nothing strange my eye discerned  
When thy welcome presence came:  
At thy touch the door flew wide,  
And the hearth was red with flame.

Set and ordered from the first,  
Decked and warmed, and held apart  
For thee, sole of all the world,  
Was thy home within my heart.

GEORGE H. BOKER.

## WILD IRELAND;

OR, RECOLLECTIONS OF SOME DAYS AND NIGHTS WITH FATHER MICHAEL.

## IV.

"A GRATE DAY AT THE FISHIN'."

THE third morning of my sojourn at — dawned with every promise of a famous angling-day. I found Peggy had been up before the light. She was preparing provision for the expedition, and was in "the height of good-humor."

"I'll be rid av ye this day, anyway," said she as I entered the kitchen. "It's threatnin' a rale fine time for the fishin'. Luck be wid ye!"

"I think we shall have a day of it, Peggy. But am I first 'to the fore?'"

"The priest's up, but Profeshor Rodgers I've no sign av. An' sure it's time ye were on the road."

We speedily got on the road. The young fellow, Tim, had been sent in advance. The professor was dull, but the priest was in fine humor. I remarked on Mr. Rodgers' depression.

"It will go with the sight of breakfast," said Father Michael. "He could not do as we did—take a crust and a glass of water to put us on the road. Never turn out before breakfast without such a fortification. I have seen drams taken, but as you love yourself avoid them: they are deadly poisons."

Our route was over new ground. I dislike lake-fishing. The river, with its bends and reaches and coves, to wander along, and the changes of scenery they bring, suits my taste best. I have a reasonable regard for the fish, but the hills, the glens and the breezy plains, among which the streams wind their courses, have far greater attractions.

We followed a rippling burn up a narrow glen. The Mediterranean heath and the sweet-gale tangled our path. A variety of other plants delighted our botanical companion, and made his progress toward our breakfast rendezvous pleasant. The lark caroled gloriously, and the priest sang snatches of

Irish song. Leaving the burn, we struck the hill and crossed it. From the ridge the Atlantic shone in the morning light, and below us ran the river we purposed fishing. In the distant prospect a thin column of blue smoke curled and waved in the wind, giving us the first token of human existence in the far-extending wild.

"There's Tim," exclaimed Father Michael, pointing to the smoke. "A big quarter of a mile, Rodgers, will give you breakfast, and I would say you need it."

"Indeed I do, O'Brien. The keen mountain air has acted on me like a tonic. When we set out my heart turned at the thought of meat. Dear me! what a tyrant your woman-servant is! A small taste of spirit would have been of immense service to my weak stomach. Dear me, yes! and she refused, violently refused, to supply it me."

The priest shook his head and looked grave, but remarked, "The tonic of air you have had has done better for you."

We found Tim quite prepared for us. Mr. Rodgers, while the final preliminaries to breakfast were being made, bustled about, rubbing his hands and dear-me-ing. He could not have believed it possible. We made a hearty breakfast, and then turned to our sport, leaving the professor to hunt the "moshes" or aught else he chose, on the understanding that we dined at noon and rested two hours. The place for dining was named to Tim, and he was directed to take his baskets there and make a raid on the country for potatoes.

The trout rose like mad things. Before the hour for dining we were fairly overpowered with sport. Our creels were filled, and we made our way to the place for dinner.

We had now a brightening sun: the

cloudiness that served our fishing was giving way to the clearness that serves the sight-seer. The course we took slanted along the hillside, gradually rising to an extreme point. Turning sharp round a buttress-like rock, we stood on a flat of green sward, fenced on three sides by rocks and open to the Atlantic on the west. In the centre of the cove there was a flat stone resting on other stones, which Tim informed me was the Giant's Grave. Here Tim had established himself, and with the help of some women, whom he had got from a cabin below us, was making ready to cook dinner. They had carried up turf, and there were potatoes sufficient, I thought, for a dozen men. A little lower down, on our left, was a mountain lake, with a few gulls resting idly on it. The priest affirmed that fish would not live in it.

We dined in great style, but owed the professor's punctuality to Ned Looney's bull, the ferocious beast having violently driven him into consciousness that the sun had southed. Trout had been cooked in a flat iron pot, covered and surrounded, top and side, with hot turf and ashes. Our table was the giant's gravestone, and our seats were stones gathered by Tim. A happier and hungrier party could not have been found in Ireland. The women and Tim had preferred to boil their fish, and had a table of their own by the fire. An artist would have given anything but his eyes and hands for us. Potheen made into magnificent punch followed the "removal of the cloth." The deft hand of Mr. Rodgers had brewed it: he knew the weights and measures to a grain and a thimbleful; and we sat over it enjoying the scenery and conversing of this and that.

"That," said Father Michael, pointing to a distant mountain about which light clouds were sailing, "is Croagh Patrick. There are many strange traditions concerning the mountain, but it can hardly be doubted that St. Patrick is rightly connected with it."

"There is," said I, "a story of the saint casting a great serpent into Loch-

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na-Corra, where to this day, in great storms, it rises and lashes the water into spray and foam."

"Absolute stuff and rubbish, my friend. I have an inherent dislike to such traditions. They derogate from a great and holy memory."

"But, Father Michael, there must be some ground for the tradition of the expulsion of the snakes by St. Patrick. Do you suppose its real import is suppression of serpent-worship?"

"We have no evidence of serpent-worship. But the tradition implies such worship. Freedom from snakes is not peculiar to Ireland, and I should assume the country was always free from the abominable reptiles. But, talking of serpents, the island you see in the distance, Inish Bofin, reminds me of a Saxon serpent. Cromwell had a fort built on Bofin, ostensibly to protect the fishermen from the Dutch, but doubtless for another object than that. What a consummate scoundrel that was!—a low, characterless, hardened ruffian, who rose by hypocrisy, backed by a force of determination almost unparalleled. He swept Ireland like a pestilence, and as remorselessly. His name is yet a terror in the land."

I own I felt my temper disturbed by the priest's attack on Cromwell, and I took on myself to resent it. I said more than I intended, but one thing brought up another, and I was forced on. "The character of Cromwell, Father Michael," said I, "will bear criticism better than the characters of many men who, doubtless, are not without your approbation. The epithets you have lavished on him are not warranted. Cromwell was neither low, characterless nor a ruffian. No man could have risen by mere brutality and dissimulation to the high position he attained. He was a great soldier, but he had no love of blood; and the dissimulation you accuse him of, in another man would be esteemed profound sagacity. All the qualities that make the great statesman were in Cromwell. England had been abased before Europe by the Stuarts, and he raised her to her place

again, with her old power augmented. To the ideas to which Cromwell gave strength and permanency England owes her present liberties and greatness. The principles developed and matured in the Cromwellian period destroyed a vile dynasty, and with it the divine right of kings; and they have come down to us strengthened by the trials they have passed through. In the United States of America we see a progeny of the principles to which Cromwell gave practical existence.

"Cromwell's severities in Ireland were not exceptionally excessive, judged by the governing theories of that age. The massacres of the garrisons of Drogheda and Wexford are justified by the laws and necessities of war. Justify one and you justify both. The garrison of a stormed fortress put to the sword differs in nothing from a routed, unresisting, retreating army slaughtered by the sabres of pursuing cavalry and the shells and grape of artillery. We give different names to the facts, but they are one and the same, notwithstanding. We are seldom logical in our judgment of political acts. Shibboleths and verbalisms deceive us.

"But Irishmen cannot consistently reproach Cromwell for shedding blood. They have many bloody atrocities to answer for. The fifty thousand Protestants massacred in Ulster on the outburst of O'Neil's revolt, a plot of the Stuarts, is a stigma on Ireland which recrimination on Cromwell will never remove. Not a single circumstance, not a single fact that will bear looking at, can be put forward in extenuation of the deeds attending that rising.

"The laws Cromwell imposed on the Irish Catholics were in the spirit of laws imposed by Catholic states on Protestant subjects. In England and in Ireland such laws were defensive. In the Catholic states they were repressive. I cannot, in politeness to you, Father Michael, sink the fact that Catholicism involved rancorous hatred of England, and seemed to enjoin constant plotting against her. Cromwell acted as his opponents would have acted with Eng-

land. I have heard you say, Bad begins bad."

"*Gniddeann olc olc*: yes, but go on."

"On abstract grounds I stigmatize Cromwell's Irish policy as earnestly as you can. But mankind is not even yet in a condition to be ruled by reason, because not in a condition to act with constant pure obedience to the laws of morality. We are, in the aggregate, ethically, little better than savages. Christ has travelled through eighteen centuries, but completion of his mission is far off in the dim centuries before us. Cromwell's measures were weapons sanctioned by his time. I do not discern how he could have avoided them and at the same time have secured England from aggression. The Stuarts would have made Ireland their stronghold.

"I have spoken decidedly, Father Michael, but I trust without offence. You spoke in strong condemnation of one of England's greatest men: I should have been unworthy of respect if I had remained silent. Cromwell had his faults and failings, and committed errors, but his memory will be for ever fresh among us; and it is not too much to say that his spirit animates Englishmen and their kindred in every land they occupy."

"I never met an Englishman that was thoroughly just to Ireland," Father Michael observed.

"I am sorry that I hear you say so," I replied; "but it must have been, I fear, that the Englishmen you have met did not thoroughly agree with your views on some points. In politics there are right and wrong, truth and error, on both sides of almost every question of more than ordinary compass. But I will say, emphatically, many of the evils inflicted on Ireland were of her own seeking, and there are many evils she suffers under which are homemade, and which she could remove by her own exertions. Irishmen depend too much on Jupiter. I willingly admit England has done Ireland much injustice, and that we are bound to repair it. I simply protest against the laying of all Ireland's miseries to the charge of England."

"Well, sir," said the priest, "this is too large a subject to be discussed here. I give you my hand. The offence or incitement—which you please—was from me. You have done what I would have done myself under like conditions—vindicated your own opinions without regard to the conventionalities that would have restrained many to silence." I took the kind priest's hand. "We do not agree," he said, "but I admire and respect your openness and sincerity. I have not, however, done with our subject. We must return to it hereafter.—Tim, how many trout are left?"

"Not a tail, yer riverence. What was not ate the women tuck away."

"According to fashion, Tim. Quite right, though. Robbing the priest is no sin. We may take no more, Tim."

"The day is well turned, Father Michael, and turned quite in our favor. We may sing—

'The day's not too bright,  
And the wind hits us right,  
And all Nature does seem to invite us:  
We have all things at will  
For to second our skill,  
As they all did conspire to delight us.'

Peggy will not welcome us with empty panniers, I take it."

"Faith, no! I am ready, sir, but Tim must have the route. Where's the mule, Tim? Bring the baste in. And hear you! Be at Dul Dearg till we come. Now, D—, I'll take the stream a quarter of a mile above you: follow me up. You'll pass Rodgers: keep him with you, or he'll miss the meeting."

Our sport was again good. The large fish rose better than in the morning. I was in no haste, and lost sight of the priest. We did not overtake him before we had reached the rendezvous. He was in high feather, expatiating to Tim over the corpse of a fine salmon: "Who would have expected that fellow just now? He is three weeks before his time; and only think! killed with trout-tackle! I had a fight, I can tell you, but it was in the right spot. You passed a pool and a kind of bar in the river: there I killed him. I did little but wet my line till I came to the pool, and on my first throw into it this fellow rose. He's all I kill-

ed, and I'm content. He's not under ten pounds. I gave my tackle up for lost when I found what I had got. Rodgers, my boy, he would have taken you, tackle and all. On my conscience, my exploit is one to boast of. What have you done?"

"Here are seven respectable fish."

"Won't Peggy be delighted! Now, Tim, take the fish and rods, and away home. We'll follow leisurely. In an hour or so we'll be home ourselves, tell Peggy.—Now, Rodgers, what have you been doing?"

"I have had a highly satisfactory harvest of rare plants. It would be throwing pearls before swine to tell you about them. You are two real barbarians in regard to botany. Dear me, yes!"

"We'll lave you to Peggy, then, for audience, Rodgers. She'll appreciate you."

"I wonder, O'Brien, you tolerate that woman. She is a terror to me, and she is kind to me, too."

"Never fear her this day, Rodgers. She'll be in an ecstasy when she hears how the priest killed the salmon, and that Tim will acquaint her with in a way of his own. She's a treasure and a torment to me."

The Red Pass was a rift that cut the mountain entirely across. It was barely wide enough for two horses, but it slightly widened upward. I felt anything but comfortable in it. The rocks seemed hanging over, ready, apparently, to fall before any blast of wind that might dash up the gully. There had been recent falls. Mr. Rodgers liked it even less than I did, and I added to his uneasiness by relating the particulars of an avalanche of rocks I had seen in Nant Francon, Wales. The pass had its name from the red color of the slate it went through. As we proceeded the rift widened, and it terminated on a gentle slope, from which we had a far-stretching prospect. A plain, penetrated by a river-like arm of the sea ending in a lake, with mountains on its eastern side curving round and joining the range we were leaving, and so forming an amphitheatre, was below us, and



the Atlantic lay calmly on our left. The sinking sun shone on land and water, tinting all with golden splendor, and green patches on the hillsides stood out like rich emeralds on a dark setting. When we approached the lake flocks of wild-fowl rose and wheeled and whirled about, some silently, others filling the air with screams and clangs; and from the rocks behind us fox-barks came on our ears at intervals. Solitary herons, disturbed in their evening purveyance, sailed away on heavy wing, and the boom of the bittern broke on us like the dull bellowing of a distant bull. But a lonely hooker toiling over the Atlantic waves was the only sign of human industry we could discern on the broad extent before us.

I was, perhaps for the thousandth time, sinking into reflection on the imbecility of the system of government that permits the wild lands of Ireland to be idle, when I was interrupted by Father Michael: "You are musing, my friend, on the scene. It is glorious and it is melancholy. But when we look thus on stupendous Nature, how insignificant we seem! how it humiliates us! I like not the feeling it creates in me, except it be devotional, and then it is supreme bliss. We will not go into the philosophy of this, though. I have a lighter subject for our wits. We will, if you please, have a

#### SHORT DISCOURSE ON TROUTING-FLIES.

I noticed you have no gaudy, flashy flies in your book, and I have noticed also that you look the water close before you select your flies. The one fact I can account for, but I want information on the other."

"You shall have it, Father Michael. The gaudy trash I avoid, because it is worse than useless: it wastes your time and mars your temper. For the other, my object is to find the color of the flies on the water, that I may fit my cast accordingly. You, being familiar with your waters, possess the knowledge I have to search for. One accustomed to particular waters has a stranger at a disadvantage. Persons who live in towns,

away from angling waters, and who fish only in spells of two or three weeks in a year, seldom make much of their labors. They get the fresh air and exercise, but little of the fish. When I first took to fly-fishing, I had the happiness to make the acquaintance of a man who combined in himself the profession of sweep and the characters of poacher and thief. I met him by a lone lakeside in Wales. I had a previous knowledge of the man's person. He was an ill-looking scoundrel. Meeting him in that situation was not agreeable, I assure you. But there he was, and there I was. However, he took fish, and I took none. I was deep in Bainbridge, then the great authority, and Walton and Cotton, but either I was not deep enough, or they were deficient. The man did not throw better than I threw. There was nothing in that. What was it? I went to him and begged to look at his flies. They were darker and coarser than mine. He condemned my stock *in toto*. 'It's no use,' said he, 'if you don't fish with something like the flies on the water. You can't make them quite like. Take off your cast and try mine, for my rod would be strange to your hand.' I did so, and took fish. The sum of the man's instruction was, to use flies as near as may be to the color and size of the natural flies on the water, and to use lighter tints on a dark day. I need not remark on the absurdity of trying to make close imitations of flies. The best imitation is a long way short of the real. General color and form are all one need care about. See what queer things rustic anglers use, and they kill fish. A bit of dun worsted, with grouse-feather wings, I have seen kill like wink. The instructions of the respectable gentleman I have named set me up: I shelved Bainbridge. Instead of bothering my brains with collections of furs, feathers and floss, I addressed myself to studying the haunts, habits and dispositions of fish; and when I became tolerably acquainted with them, I found that a dandy niceness at tackle was not so absolutely essential if you could throw and work neatly with the right flies;

but for all that, I am for neat tackle. What do you say, Father Michael?"

"I am entirely of opinion with your honorable and accomplished friend. He was a profound philosopher in his way. His knowledge of angling went far beyond his flies, you may depend. He knew all about the fish—their ways and their times. It is not altogether the tackle. Talking of flashy flies, the harlequin things my Dublin friends bring down here the fish won't look at. And yet there is no tackling them. They persist in the trash, the trout all the while, no doubt, making game of them; and every season they fret themselves to skeletons till they are nigh the end of their term, and then they take my 'coarse things,' and in happiness finish their campaign. By the way, I have heard that English anglers have a method of throwing called 'underhand.' What is it? Can you explain it?"

"Oh yes. But it is practiced on wooded waters only. They that have the throw can fish where you or I with the overhand throw could do nothing but smash our rods and lose our lines. We throw over the head and from the shoulder: the underhand thrower throws from his front, up and down the stream, from his rod held pretty nearly at a right angle with his body. Standing between trees and bushes, unless they overhang the water too low, he fishes thus in spite of them. It is in wooded parts only that such throwers are seen. They could not fish in any other way. The underhand throw is often advantageous in rocky streams. I have known but one man that was master of it. I have seen a diagram in some angling book, I forget whose, in explanation of the throw.

"Are you acquainted, Father Michael, with our English angling literature? No other country can show the like. Most of it is really delightful. It is a babble of brooks and rivers, of green fields and sheltering trees. But it needs a peculiar cast of mind and a love of Nature and of angling to relish it. Izaak Walton I carry with me in all my angling expeditions. With him,

Gilbert White and Cobbett's *Rural Rides*, I am never short of excellent company. I think you would like Walton. His good-nature and quiet benevolence, his contentedness of mind and honest piety, would charm you, I am sure. He thought angling the sum of all enjoyments. Sitting under a sycamore, sheltering himself from a shower, he says: 'No life, my honest scholar—no life so happy and so pleasant as the life of a well-governed angler; for when the lawyer is swallowed up in business and the statesman is preventing or contriving plots, there we sit on cowslip banks, hear the birds sing, and possess ourselves in as much quietness as these silent silver streams which we now see glide so quietly by us.' We must have a night with Walton before I leave you. But he knew nothing of fishing in wild mountain and moorland rivers."

Peggy's welcome home was joyous: "Gintlemen, every wan av ye, I give ye a hundred thousand wilcomes home agin. Ye *have* had the great day of it. An' his riverence, more power to him! is the first man. That *was* the salmon you tuck. May ye always triumph over yer enemies! No, I don't mane that. May ye always be to the fore av yer frinds. An', Profeshor Rodgers, ye've bin great among moshes, niver doubt. Glory be about us, but ye look tired! An ablushon an' a stritch for half an hour, while I get the dinner, will put ye right. I've the rabbits, God bless ye, profeshor! An' will I look in yer box? They're rale pritty poshies. Will I tie 'em in a string and put 'em in a pot av wather in the windy?"

The weary professor grasped his box and secured it against the benevolent designs of Peggy. Not for the world would he hear of such a proceeding: "Dear me, no! it would be ruinous."

Peggy admitted he knew best, and we retired for an "ablushon an' a stritch." I noticed Tim followed the professor with a small glass of spirits, whether from Peggy or the priest I knew not, but it was a real benevolence to the fagged but indomitable little man.

I myself should have declined such a stimulant: it would have half murdered me. Tea under such conditions of fatigue is the best drink, as all experienced sportsmen know.

We met at supper—Peggy called it dinner—like new men, Mr. Rodgers all alive and Father O'Brien in a glow of satisfaction. "We have the rabbits to eat, gentlemen," said he, "and tomorrow, being Friday, we shall dine on the salmon. I must tell you, too, that Miss May's remains will leave the Rath in the morning. I shall pay my tribute to her memory by following her to —, the bounds of my parish in that direction. You two can go or not, as you please." So far the plan for the morrow was settled.

Supper over, Father Michael proposed cards, in momentary forgetfulness of our number.

"No cards for me, most decidedly," said Mr. Rodgers.

"There will be none for any of us, Rodgers. I proposed them without thought. Don't you play? But, now I reflect, I never did see you with the cards."

"And never will, O'Brien. I used to play at cards for penny rubbers in early life, but at last I saw that in cards that made me forswear them then and for ever. Turn to the fire—it is pleasant to look on—and I will give you a melancholy, and I trust not wearisome, reminiscence of my student-days. It will take us over the time."

"A tale of the times of old—the deeds of days of other years.' Is that to be it, Rodgers? But stop: we are not quite ready. *Is tuisce deoch na sgeal*—a drink comes before a story."

B. DONBAVAND.

## OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

AFTER a brief but violent interruption, the millennium, we suppose, may now be expected to resume its course. The sated German lion is stretching himself out for digestion and repose; the Reds of Paris have drunk, and disgorged, their full of blood; and John Bull has eaten the humble-pie which had so long stood ready for him, without any unseemly flinching.

. . . The treaty of Washington is, in fact, a triumph of good sense, and, as an instance of the ease with which real and perplexing disputes may be arranged where the disposition to settle them is common to both parties, it offers a striking contrast to the ingenuity with which slight irritations or imaginary grievances may, under a different kind of management, be nursed into causes or provocations of war. Between the English-speaking nations of the world there will, we may feel assured, if this treaty be ratified, be a peace of long duration.

. . . The prospect of internal quiet in France is, of course, far less hopeful. Yet the overthrow of the Communists has cleared the arena for a struggle which could hardly be averted, but which is at least capable of being determined without a resort to arms. Nor need it be assumed that in this contest, whether settled by bullets or ballots, the Republic will necessarily sink. No doubt the monarchists are in a majority, but they are divided into two great parties, more hostile to each other than to a state of things which each would consider as a mere interregnum paving the way for its own return to power. Both may be outmanœuvred by a discreet management on the part of the existing government, and France be saved from the restoration of the Bourbons, which would expose her to ridicule, and from that of the Bonapartes, which would cover her with infamy.

## JOHN QUINCY ADAMS AND MADAME DE STAËL.

NEVER to have come in contact with Madame de Staël might have been considered among her European contemporaries as a sure mark of obscurity. Yet the number of Americans who enjoyed this privilege was necessarily small, while the cases were of course still fewer in which it gave occasion for that equal encounter of wits which the great Frenchwoman, to do her justice, was magnanimous enough to enjoy. Such an instance is, however, recounted in a letter written by John Quincy Adams, which we are permitted to publish :

TO JOHN ADAMS, ESQ<sup>RE</sup>, Quincy.

ST. PETERSBURG, 22d March, 1813.

MY DEAR SIR :

Towards the close of the last summer there arrived here, as a sort of semi-official appendage to the British Embassy, an old acquaintance of yours, Sir Francis D'Ivernois, who, as you know, has been for many years a distinguished political writer in the French language and in the interest of the British Government. He came, not I believe with, but very soon after, the Ambassador, Lord Cathcart. Just at the same time, a lady of celebrated fame, Madame de Staël, the daughter of Mr. Necker, was also here on a transient visit. As I had not the honour of being personally known to Madame de Staël, and as we had just received information of the American Declaration of War against Britain, I had no expectation of having any communication or intercourse either with the Ambassador or the Lady. And I regretted this the less as my whole soul was at that period absorbed in the distressed situation of my family, and in the sufferings and departure of the Angel that was my child.

Early one morning I received a note from Madame de Staël, requesting me to call at her lodgings that same day at noon, as she wished to speak to me on a subject respecting America. I went accordingly at the hour appointed, and on entering the Lady's *Saloon* found there a company of some fifteen or twenty persons, not a Soul of whom I

had ever before seen. An elderly Gentleman in the full uniform of an English General was seated upon the sofa; and the Lady, whom I immediately perceived to be Madame de Staël, was complimenting him with equal elegance and fluency upon the glories of his Nation, his countryman Lord Wellington, and his own. The Battle of Salamanca and the Bombardment of Copenhagen were themes upon which much was to be said, and upon which she said much. When I went in, she intermitted her discourse a moment to receive me and offer me a seat, which I immediately took, and for about half an hour had the opportunity to admire the brilliancy of her genius, as it sparkled incessantly in her conversation.

There was something a little too broad and direct in the substance of the panegyrics which she pronounced, to allow them the claim of refinement. There was neither disguise nor veil to cover their naked beauties; but they were expressed with so much variety and vivacity that the hearer had not time to examine the thread of their texture. Lord Cathcart received the compliments pointed at himself with becoming modesty, those to his Nation with apparent satisfaction, and those to the conqueror of Salamanca with silent acquiescence. The Lady insisted that the British Nation was the most astonishing Nation of ancient or modern times—the only preservers of social order—the exclusive defenders of the liberties of mankind. To which his Lordship added, that their glory was in being a *Moral* Nation, a character which he was sure they would always preserve. The glittering sprightliness of the Lady and the stately gravity of the Ambassador were as well contrasted as their respective topics of praise; and if my mind had been sufficiently at ease to relish anything in the nature of an exhibition, I should have been much amused at hearing a French woman's celebration of the English for generosity towards other nations, and a lecture upon National Morality from the Commander of the expedition to Copenhagen. During this

sentimental duet between the Ambassador and the Ambassadors I kept my seat, merely an Auditor: the rest of the company were equally silent. Among them was an English Naval officer, Admiral Bentinck, since deceased. He was then quite the Chevalier d'honneur to Madame de Staël; but whether the scene did not strike him precisely as it did me, or whether his feelings resulting from it were of a more serious cast than mine, the moment it was finished and the Ambassador had taken leave, he drew a very long breath, and sighed it out as if relieved from an oppressive burden, saying only, "Thank God! *that's* over." He and all the rest of the company immediately afterwards retired, and left me tête-à-tête with Madame de Staël. Her subject respecting America was to tell me that she had a large sum in the American funds, and to enquire whether I knew how she could contrive to receive the interest, which she had hitherto received from England. I gave her such information as I possessed. She had also some lands in the State of New York, of which she wished to know the value. I answered her as well as I could, but her Lands and her funds did not appear to occupy much of her thoughts. She soon asked me if I was related to the celebrated Mr. A., the Author of the Book upon Government. I said I had the happiness of being his son. She replied that she had read it, and admired it very much—that her father, Mr. Necker, had also always expressed a very high opinion of it. She next commenced upon politics, and asked how it was possible that America should have declared War against England? In accounting for this phenomenon I was obliged to recur to a multitude of facts not so strongly stamped with British Generosity or British Morality as might be expected from such a character as she and the Ambassador had been assigning to that Nation. The Orders in Council and the press-gang afforded a sorry commentary upon the chivalresque defence of the Liberties of mankind, and no very instructive lessons of morality.

She had nothing to say in their justification; but she thought the Knights-errant of the human race were to be allowed special indulgence, and, in consideration of their cause, were not to be held to the ordinary obligations of War and Peace. There was no probability that any argument of mine would make impression upon opinions thus toned. She listened, however, with as much complacency as could be expected to what I said, and finally asked me why I had not been to see her before? I answered that her high reputation was calculated to inspire respect no less than curiosity; and that, however desirous I had been of becoming personally acquainted with her, I had thought I could not without indiscretion intrude myself upon her Society. The reason appeared to please her. She said she was to leave this City the next day at Noon; she was going to Stockholm to pass the winter, and afterwards to England; she wished to have another conversation with me before she went, and asked me to call and see her the next morning. I readily accepted the invitation, and we discussed politics again, two or three hours. I found her better conversant with rhetoric than with logic. She had much to say about social order, much about universal monarchy, much about the preservation of RELIGION—in which she gave me to understand she did not herself believe—and much about the Ambition and Tyranny of Bonaparte, upon which she soon discovered there was no difference of sentiment between us. But why did not America join in the holy cause against this Tyrant? First, because America had no means of making war against him: she could neither attack him by Sea nor by Land. Secondly, because it was a fundamental maxim of American policy not to intermeddle with the political affairs of Europe. Thirdly, because it was altogether unnecessary: he had enemies enough upon his hands already. What! did not I dread his universal Monarchy? Not in the least: I saw indeed a very formidable mass of force arrayed under him, but



I saw a mass of force at least as formidable arrayed against him. Europe contained about 160 millions of human beings: he was wielding the means of 75 millions, and the means of 85 millions were wielding against him. It was an awful spectacle to behold the shock, but I did not believe, and never had believed, that he would subjugate even the Continent of Europe. Had there ever been any real danger of such an event, it was past: she herself saw that there was every prospect of his being very shortly driven out of Spain, and I was equally convinced he would be driven out of *Russia*. It was the very day of the Battle of Borodino. "*J'en accepte l'augure*," said she. "Everything that you say of him is very just, but I have particular reasons for resentment against him: I have been persecuted by him in the most shameful manner: I was neither suffered to be anywhere nor to go anywhere I would have gone; and all for no other reason but because I would not eulogize him in my writings."

As to our War with England, I told her that I deeply lamented it, and yet cherished the hope that it would not last long—that England had forced it upon us by measures as outrageous upon the rights of an Independent Nation, as tyrannical, as oppressive, as any that could be charged upon Bonaparte. Her pretences were retaliation and necessity. Retaliation upon America for the wrongs of France! and necessity for man-stealing! We asked of England nothing but our indisputable rights, but we allowed no special prerogatives to political Quixotism. We did not consider Britain at all as the Champion for the Liberties of mankind, but as another tyrant pretending to exclusive dominion upon the Ocean—a pretension full as detestable, and, I trusted in God, full as chimerical, as the pretension of Universal Monarchy upon the land.

Madame de Staël "was of her own opinion still," but on the point of impressment she admitted that my observations were reasonable. I have never yet found a European of any Nation but the British who, on having this

question in its true statement brought to a precise point, had a syllable to say for the English side. In conclusion, I told her that the pretended Retaliation of England had compelled us to resort to real Retaliation upon them, and that as long as they felt a *Necessity* to fight for the practise of stealing men from American Merchant vessels on the high Seas, we should feel the *Necessity* of fighting against it: I could only hope that God would prosper the righteous cause.

Madame de Staël, on my taking leave of her, charged me, if ever I should be again in any place where she should be at the same time, not to neglect paying her a visit, which I very willingly promised. She left St Petersburg the same day. I should ask Mr. Francis D'Ivernois' pardon: I began this letter with him, but whom can one help deserting for Madame de Staël? I will return to Sir Francis by the next opportunity, having now only room to say that I am ever affectionately and dutifully

Yours,

J. Q. A.

#### A VISIT TO THE BATTLEFIELD OF SEDAN.

Now that the season has come when the annual exodus of American tourists takes place across the Atlantic, it may not be inappropriate to place before the eyes of some of the outward-bound a short description of a visit we made last fall to the battlefield of Sedan, before the local effects of that memorable fight had passed away.

Arrived in Brussels September 16th, after a tedious détour from beleaguered Paris, we learned that a journey to the scene of conflict was easily accomplished, for though but a fortnight had elapsed since the battle was fought, a visit to the battlefield was already an established excursion with the Belgians.

So, by half-past six o'clock of the next morning we were speeding away on the Luxembourg railway toward Libramont, a station ninety miles south-east of Brussels, and about eighteen miles north by a little west of Bouillon,

a small town near the French frontier. We were unencumbered by luggage, save the small traveling wallet, which now contained some hard-boiled eggs, and which received the reinforcement of some sandwiches from the buffet at Namur—precautions against future hunger which were to prove needless, however naturally suggested.

Five hours of traveling brought us to Libramont: the train had barely stopped when out scrambled scores of candidates for the seats in the ten or twelve antiquated and, for the most part, forlorn vehicles that awaited their human loads for Bouillon. The bustling scene gained, in the picturesque, from the different colored uniforms of the German, French and Belgian soldiers who were mingled with the hurrying crowd. Along the roadside enterprising old women had arranged tables, at which they offered for sale cakes, wine, spirits and cigars—a hastily-established business, which gave a holiday air to the place.

After the manner of wise travelers, we climbed up to seats by the driver, not envious of those who, with contented mien, had already seated themselves in the *coupé* of the old rattletrap that fell to our share. We were off along a good road, with an extended landscape before us: the country was open, cultivated, very pleasing to the eye, but too level for great beauty. As we rolled along we met many ambulances filled with disabled occupants—some French, some German: the white flag with the red cross of the convention of Geneva distinguished all these; and the attendants bore the same emblem. At a point near some cross-roads we came upon a young Sister of Charity with a beautiful countenance, who was soliciting from the passing travelers contributions in aid of the unfortunate soldiers. The immaculate white of her headdress and the neatness of her black robe were in as striking contrast to the travel-stained, war-worn habiliments of those about her as were her fair face and clear eyes to their sunburnt visages and bloodshot orbs. The coin filling her basket showed how

successful she had been in awakening or assisting human sympathy.

As we approached Bouillon, the country, less level, became more beautiful: at last we came in sight of that little town nestling down by the river Semoy among the high hills of the Ardennes: a huge castle frowned watchfully above it.

Five hours had elapsed from our leaving the station of Libramont before we drove up to the door of the little inn kept by Olivier, probably the only house of the kind in the village. It is an unpretending structure, but has furnished lodging to an emperor, for it was here Napoleon III. stopped the night after the capitulation of Sedan, as he went north, a prisoner in German hands. The resemblance of the name of "mine host" to that of the French minister Ollivier did not escape the witticisms of contemporaneous newspaper correspondents.

Finding that we had two hours on our hands before the serving of *table-d'hôte*, we strolled up to the castle, a look at which tempted farther investigation. The great structure has been raised on a steep and narrow ridge of rock, which is cleft in three places, and covers the whole summit isolated by these narrow ravines: between the first two notches is a strong tower, which is connected by bridges on the one side to the approach of the castle, and on the other to the body of the stronghold itself, which extends to the third cleft. The building was restored from its ruins half a century ago, and serves as barracks for troops: the hospital flag showed to what use it was now put; but even as we were looking a large tent was pitched on the green adjacent, destined to receive its sick and wounded inmates—a wise change for the poor fellows from the ill-ventilated apartments of the old fortress.

The castle has no great architectural beauty, but its massive squareness and imposing situation certainly give it an appearance of great dignity. In former times it was nearly impregnable: now it has no armament, and would indeed be commanded by artillery posted on the neighboring heights. No one chal-

lenged us at the open gate, and we wandered through the numerous courts and labyrinthine, often subterranean, passages: occasionally, looking through embrasures in the battlements, we had lovely views of the green valleys below and the stream winding among the enclosing hills.

We were quite ready, on our return to the little hotel, crowded very much beyond its capacity, for the chief meal of the day: contrary to what was to have been expected, it was quite a fair one, and obtained at very reasonable price. But board only was to be had at the inn that day: for bed we had to go to a private house in the village. We found, however, the accommodations clean and comfortable, the people very civil and obliging; but the cost was great for that country—ten francs a bed.

The elements were against us the next morning, for a fine drizzle of rain was making everything wet and gloomy-looking. Notwithstanding, we were in motion by seven o'clock, with a boy driver to our diligence. Our *voiturier* proved a reckless youth, imperiling more than once, in the short drive of about eight miles to Sedan, the limbs of his horses and the lives of his passengers; but his shrewdness commanded our admiration, being not a whit inferior to that of the precocious *gamins* who form such a wonder of large cities.

We traversed a country often wooded and hilly, with long slopes which would have appeared beautiful under a bright sun. After passing through the small village of Givonne, going about due south, when within two miles of Sedan we noticed the first local trace of the battle—a dead horse lying in a field alongside the road. Then we came to an ascent, below which the ground had been ploughed up by artillery, and where a large tree which had shaded the road lay entirely severed through the trunk by a shot. As the road rose over the hill it had been protected from the washing of the rains by a low stone wall: this had doubtless served as a defence to the hard-pressed French, for all along it lay the knapsacks and torn accoutre-

ments of those who had fallen there. On an opposite slope, some distance to our left, lay more dead horses, the grass about yellow from the trampling feet of marching armies. We pictured to ourselves the artillery duel that had taken place from these opposite ridges, and the subsequent charge of the Germans, before which the French fell back toward the town. On the right of the road, on the rising ground, a wooden cross marked the grave of an officer of the invading army: a sword which had been planted in the new-made mound was still undisturbed by the trophy-seekers. We then passed between the straggling rows of houses called the Fond-de-Givonne, a suburb of Sedan: there was not a house but bore upon its roof or walls the marks of shot or shell: almost every one was now displaying the hospital flag, telling of wounded inmates.

In entering Sedan we penetrated two successive gateways; the massive stone walls were very high, and were washed at their bases by a stagnant moat. Before the introduction of the heavy and long-range guns of the present day such defences must have rendered the place most secure from assault, but it was quite evident they would be useless against modern artillery. The German sentries let us pass unchallenged, and we rattled up the street to the narrow court by the post-house.

We did not linger to examine the town, which contains about fifteen thousand inhabitants, but, taking the first guide who offered, directed our steps at once toward the battlefield, the rain kindly ceasing as we started. We have called the old Frenchman whose services we accepted a "guide," but we soon discovered that, so far as the position of the contending armies during the fight was concerned, he was quite ignorant, notwithstanding that he had been in Sedan during the whole action. When we would ask him in regard to this or that eminence, or the plan he was about adopting in his demonstration of the battle, he would reply, "Il faut avoir de la patience—vous verrez

tout ce qu'il y a à voir; mais premièrement je vais vous montrer les choses, les plus horribles, les plus navrantes, du monde, plus déchirantes au cœur que rien que vous ne pouvez vous imaginer—telles que vous ne rencontrerez jamais encore, même jusqu' à la fin de la plus longue vie. Après cela vous ne demanderez pas à voir autre chose." Thus he spoke of burned Bazeilles, making it evident that he supposed that we had come for a feast of horrors.

We passed out of Sedan by the same gates we had entered, but now took our way through a different suburb, toward the east, to Bazeilles, about three miles distant. The houses of the suburb were well scored with musket-balls, a sharp encounter having evidently taken place in the streets. In an enclosure of one of the houses a large heap of soldiers' soiled and torn accoutrements had been made from the littered streets: the number of German helmets in the pile bore evidence to the stubborn resistance of the French.

Bazeilles itself was indeed a pitiable sight. It had been a thriving town of about two thousand inhabitants: the well-built houses had been closely arranged along a main street, with gardens extending behind them. Not one house had escaped the hand of the destroyer. A few of the inhabitants were still lingering about their roofless homes, and seemed trying to save something from their wreck; old women and children asked alms in the long street: the sense of desolation was oppressive. We came upon the four crumbling walls of the once handsome church, and went within the courtyard of what had been the château of the great Turenne—all ruins. At the entrance of the church door a small box had been placed, marked with the red cross: its inscription asked succor for the unfortunate people of Bazeilles. The walls of the houses still standing bore the marks of musket-shot, and thus suggested a cause of their destruction: used as fortresses, they had met the fate accorded in relentless war to the shelter of an enemy.

A little south of Bazeilles flows the river Meuse: its course is westwardly by Sedan. Looking in this direction, we could see the country flooded widely by the stream, which had been backed up from below as a means of defence to the larger town. The broad sheet of water had now the appearance of a placid lake. Traversing the meadows to the bank of the river, passing in our way the discolored and littered site of a former camp, we crossed, by an unharmed railroad bridge, to the south side of the Meuse.

The railway here runs by the river side along the base of a steep bluff, under which is situated a sort of small tavern. The occupants of the house told us that when the enemy first made his appearance in this direction there were about two hundred and fifty French soldiers bivouacking along the railroad and in the act of making coffee, the beverage so near the Gallic heart. No sentinel nor picket-guard warned them of a hostile approach, and when the Germans issued from the woods the incautious French raised joyous shouts of "*La marine! la marine!*" even mistaking the advancing enemy, till too close for successful resistance, for expected reinforcements to themselves.

Climbing the hill, we found the summit marked by the former presence of guns and caissons: in fact, it was a position of the Bavarians under General von der Tann. It commanded Bazeilles and the country along the Meuse from that town to Sedan. On a neighboring height near Sedan, on this side of the river, the now emperor of Germany stood during the terrible battle of September 1st, the whole field before his eyes.

We now recrossed the river to the north bank, retracing our steps past a handsome château and through Bazeilles. The ground rises behind the town, to the west, by a gentle slope, the ridge of which runs, in an irregular and somewhat broken semicircle, from the east to the north of Sedan. Where the road from Bouillon strikes this ridge, it will be remembered, we found traces

of the battle in the severed tree and shot-turned earth. Opposite this sweeping ridge rises another and loftier one, the segment of a huge amphitheatre: the crest is less broken by ravines, and is in many places crowned with woods. To these latter heights the right wing of the German army closed in, and eyewitnesses of the approach say that the troops emerged from among the trees in masses darkening the whole summit, seemingly an innumerable host.

We traced the French line along the inner ridge by the knapsacks and *débris* of soldiers' accoutrements that lay scattered about in profusion: even some Chassepots still remained, though with broken locks, upon the field. Many harpies we saw gathering up what seemed to them of value from the ground, which had already been well picked over by others of their miserable fraternity. Some artillery caissons we found still containing shells, and the like missiles lay unused upon the ground: not far off were scores of boxes that had held the cartridges of the mitrailleuses. A small clump of trees in a cleft of the ridge had been the scene of a desperate conflict, for the branches of the trees were broken in every direction, while pieces of clothing and the inevitable knapsacks littered the grass. It is probable that the Germans had advanced, under cover of the foliage, till they were quite hand to hand with the Frenchmen. Near by, on the open line, we picked up the red cap of a soldier of France, through the top seam of which a bullet had pierced: the visor, just beneath the aperture, was thick with clotted blood. Evidently, the gallant wearer was leaning forward over the brow of the hill to reconnoitre the advancing enemy when a sharpshooter from the little wood had sent him his death-wound. The scattered knapsacks everywhere had been well rummaged by the curious and the pilferers, and the grass was strewn with the letters and the *livrets* of their former owners.

The "*livret*" is a small book bound in parchment, containing a brief description and history of the soldier to

whom it individually belongs—also his clothing and accoutrement account, a few rules of military etiquette, and a list of certain crimes, with their punishments. We picked up such a book that had belonged to a poor fellow named Jean Lagoutte, a swarthy, black-eyed native of the department of Saône-et-Loire—a cultivator of vineyards, whose attainments had not included the branches of reading and writing when, at twenty-one years of age, he became a soldier in the French army, and was almost immediately sent to the hard duty of African occupation. Under the foreign sun he had passed six long years, and doubtless looked forward with pleasurable anticipation to the lapse of but a few more months, when he could claim his liberty. But the red tide of war swept his native France, and he came home but to fall before Sedan.

The littered ground, however, told only of the place where men had fought and perhaps fallen, informing us but vaguely of their real fate, since it was possible that some of the scattered articles had belonged to wounded or fast-retreating men. More eloquent were the large squares of upturned earth, whose great size bore testimony to the number of those interred below, and the solitary mounds, over each of which a wooden cross bore the name of a German officer.

As we proceeded along the ridge we could observe in the road which passed through the gully below an Uhlan posted here and there, man and horse appearing in the little distance still as statues. When we reached the Bouillon road, having gone over a quarter of a circle from behind Bazeilles around Sedan, we found the hour had arrived—four o'clock P. M.—at which we proposed returning to Bouillon, and we omitted therefore the examination of the field to the west and north-west. We regretted this the less as, with the exception of some brilliant cavalry charges, there was little hard fighting in this direction; for the crown prince of Prussia, in command of the left



wing of the German army, having passed westward and crossed the Meuse below Sedan early on the morning of September 1st, seems to have quite taken the French by surprise. Advancing then eastward, he joined the German right wing, under the crown prince of Saxony, near Givonne, of which village we have already spoken, on the north of Sedan. Before this union was effected a few thousand French escaped into Belgium, the frontier of which lies but three miles north of Sedan: others, following in the attempt, were repulsed with terrible slaughter from the fire of the converging ranks of the enemy.

The portion of the battlefield, then, that we had traversed was the more hotly contested. Bazeilles, indeed, was attacked on the afternoon of the 31st of August, the day before the general conflict. The Bavarians, under General von der Tann, had made their appearance on the south side of the river, coming from the south-east, on that day, in the unexpected manner of which we have spoken above. Having opened with their batteries on the French across the river, a division of nine thousand troops was sent over the railroad bridge to attack Bazeilles. The assault was vigorously and successfully resisted, and the Bavarians withdrew back to the south side of the Meuse.

Early the next morning, under the eye of the king of Prussia himself, they once more swarmed to the attack—some over the railroad bridge, but the greater part over pontoons placed above. Later, the right wing, led by the Saxon prince—which, having crossed the river some distance to the east, had advanced westward along the north of the Meuse—joined the Bavarians, and sustained with them the severe resistance of the French. It is said that it was in this portion of the field that MacMahon was wounded early in the day; and it was here too that, when affairs became so critical, Napoleon himself went about among the troops, declaring that he fought as a private soldier, and seeking death as unsuccessfully as he had looked for victory. Late in the afternoon it

appears that some of the French commanders had the desperate notion that they might cut through the German lines in this direction, and with the river on their right make their way south-eastwardly to Metz. So hazardous an undertaking was, we are informed, refused by the troops, and the emperor, without hope, entered Sedan and threw open the gates to the enemy. After this signal of defeat the firing ceased, but the terms of capitulation were not accepted till the following morning, September 2d, by which time the German armies were bristling on every eminence and crowding every plain about the devoted city.

As we returned along the Bouillon road to Sedan we were furtively offered arms for purchase: a Chassepot musket was to be had for less than a franc. In front of some of the houses lay heaps of the abandoned paraphernalia of war. Within Sedan, congregated in one place, were scores of mitrailleuses and hundreds of cannon.

We found our little inn at Bouillon more crowded even than the night previous with hungry mouths. And among the many men was one of the fairer sex, young and engaging, who, with winning *naïveté*, gave us her impressions and experiences on the battlefield that day. We would gladly have made her a neighbor at table, but our strategy was only sufficient to squeeze ourselves in among half a dozen men, leaving the lady to the foraging of her own party. Our dinner companions proved to be Belgians of the middle class, fathers and their sons: the older men were full of *bonhomie* and the younger of vivacity, while all wished to be courteous. Experiences were exchanged and discussions grew warmer and warmer, some speaking for the French, but more for the Germans.

In the clear, sharp air of the early morning we drove back to the railroad station of Libramont, meeting Belgian troops, far from military in appearance, going to, and passing others going from, the frontier. Ambulances, *en route* for their sad loads, were not wanting, and

we saw again our pretty "Sister" of the cross-roads.

The crowd that awaited the cars at the station had other characteristics than its wounded soldiers. Scarce one of the numerous civilians but had a knapsack of a French victim of Sedan strapped upon his back, that of the *marine* being the especial favorite: muskets were to be discovered in quantity—not carried quite openly, but betrayed by the long and narrow shape of the boxes intended to conceal, or by the same appearance of the wisps of straw that caution had wound about them.

At last our train arrives, we make a rush for seats; and are hurrying away to Brussels, our minds full of thoughts, born of observation and incident, furnished by our visit to the scene of the most momentous battle of the Franco-Prussian war.

R. A. C.

#### LETTER FROM ROME.

THE Carnival ended not only peaceably, but brilliantly. It was the gayest there has been for twenty-five years, for the last Pope cut down the old holiday privileges, for fear of their being used for political purposes; and since then the Carnival of Rome has been a mere sorry parody of itself, the glory and the fun having departed to Florence and Milan. Last year, notwithstanding the concourse drawn together by the Council, there was no Carnival except among the common people, all others either taking no part whatever, or making a sort of hostile demonstration (everything of a public character in Rome is called a demonstration) by driving up and down the Ripetta, an unfashionable street parallel with the Corso, at the hour when it is the custom to go to the latter. The *Neri* and *Papalini* (the priestly party), and the *Codini* (conservatives—literally *tailors*), could not contain their surprise and spite at the sudden expansion of gayety and goodwill: their newspapers asserted that the great proportion of the revelers were paid by the government to give the *fête* an air of going off well. No people so quick as Italians to seize an absurdity.

The day after this statement hardly a masker who did not wear on his hat or breast a placard marked "*Pagato*" ("Paid"), some who wore it being men of the highest rank.

Every day one sees a political allusion in some new form: the sovereigns and ex-sovereigns of Europe are judged according to their sympathy with the liberal party. One Sunday afternoon a balloon shaped like a woman appeared over the heads of the crowd which had collected in the open spaces as usual on a holiday: it took fire in the air and fell in shreds amid great laughter and applause. There was evident malice in the amusement excited by the fate of the airy lady, and we asked a man of the people whom she represented. "Probably Maria Sophia, queen of Naples," was the answer.

The Princess Margaret's balcony was the centre of attraction to the end of the Carnival. On the last day the pretty ship named in her honor stopped below and let fly a multitude of white doves decked with knots of Italian tri-colored ribbon. At sunset, after the horse-race, instead of the Corso being deserted as usual, it was immediately refilled by the crowd in carriages and on foot, every one with a small taper; little pyramids of jets of gas were lighted over the street-doors, a very pretty and peculiar mode of illumination; everybody tried to blow out his neighbor's candle and relight his own, and as night came on the myriads of dancing sparks in the dark street looked like a field of fire-flies; huge vans of maskers went by with flaring torches; blazes of red and blue light flashed over the motley crowd: the effect was wonderfully fantastic. By nine o'clock it was all over, and the morrow was Ash Wednesday. The Pope celebrated mass and the ceremony of sprinkling the cardinals with ashes in the Sistine Chapel, with closed doors—nobody admitted—instead of holding the usual performance in the main building of St. Peter's, with thousands of spectators, devout or curious. The services of Holy Week and Easter have been performed in the same manner.

The Pope's present rôle is an attempt to combine the attitude of offended majesty and "pity the sorrows of a poor old man." He persists in remaining shut up in the Vatican and styling himself a prisoner. Lately, *ennui* or curiosity induced him to drive about the less frequented streets in strict *incog.*: the newspapers respected this mystery, and spoke of an "august ecclesiastic" who had been seen taking the air attended by Monsignor Pacca, his Holiness' *major-domo*. The poor old Pope! These are different drives from those when the people ran beside his coach as he went to call on the Jesuits, crying, "Holy Father, do not taste their chocolate." That was when he came to the tiara in the first glow of the enthusiasm and hope with which his well-known liberal opinions inspired his humbler subjects. To those days belong the great works of his pontificate—the reopening of the Appian Way, which had become overgrown and merged in the Campagna, its course being marked only by the line of ancient tombs on each side; and the magnificent viaduct, a quarter of a mile long, which connects Albano and Laticcia, rising on its triple tier of arches nearly two hundred feet above the valley—a structure worthy of the best days of old Rome. Those were his beginnings: the achievements of his later years are the massacre of Perugia and the promulgation of the dogmas of the Immaculate Conception and Papal Infallibility. "*Non videbis annos Petri*" was passed from mouth to mouth for more than a thousand years. The tradition is, that St. Peter, the first bishop of Rome, held the post for twenty-five years, and that no successor of his will occupy it for so long a time. Thence in very early days sprang this saying, and the belief that if any pope should complete the quarter of a century the Church would fall. As time went on and various pontiffs almost reached the fatal term, but always died just before its expiration, the belief strengthened and expanded: at the beginning of the present century, Pius VII.,

who is held as quite a saint, and hardly less than martyr because of the persecution he underwent from Napoleon I., filled the chair for nearly twenty-four years, and, beloved and revered as he was, an immense apprehension prevailed that if he reached the mystic "years of Peter," not only the Papacy, but Rome itself, would perish in some tremendous cataclysm of Nature or society. But, like all the rest, he died in time. Now again a pope has approached the limit, and nearer than any ever did before. If Pius IX. live until the 16th of June, he will have numbered the fabled years of St. Peter, and we shall see what we shall see. Perhaps the sudden end of the temporal power will be considered as fulfilling the ancient prophecy: at least no one can deny that the coincidence is strange. Perhaps the feeble old man will not live to see the day. Great preparations for its celebration are being made, however, and the liberal newspapers speak of it typically as the silver wedding.

The opposing journals show the usual features of party sheets, and are almost equally prejudiced and violent: a really able paper with some claim to reliability is greatly needed in Italy just now. But such as they are, they are eagerly read and believed by all the adherents of the respective causes. According to liberal accounts, the priestly party are trying to make trouble for the government among the lowest orders of the people, the *mezzo cito*, or middle class, being entirely on the other side. About the middle of Lent great excitement was caused by a fight in the Jesuits' church, which grew out of an encounter between a priest and a soldier during mass. The rights of the story are not likely to be known: the priest was certainly the aggressor in words, as he ordered the soldier out of the church while the latter was following the prayers; but it is disputed who struck the first blow. The soldier was one of the new Italian troops: the church was full, and among the congregation were members of the Pope's disbanded guard. A general scrimmage ensued; the noise

soon reached the surrounding quarter; the common people rushed in to strike and stab on both sides; it grew into a serious fray which lasted for hours, and was finally put down by armed force: the combatants then spread through the city shouting, "Down with the Jesuits!" "Viva l'Italia!" "Long live Pio Nono!" and so on. It was a regular "*dimostrazione*," and the ferment did not subside for several days. That same church of the Jesuits has a bad name of long standing: nearly fifty years ago a witty French writer\* tells a story which he heard at Rome in orthodox days. The devil and the wind were taking a walk, and came to the Jesuits' church. "Oh," quoth the former, "I've a little business to look after in here: do wait for me a moment;" and stepped into the church. The devil never came out, and the wind is waiting for him still on the breezy site near the Capitol.

It was feared that this was the forerunner of worse disturbance, for there was one of those general impressions which always result from something positive that the festival of St. Joseph (March 19) was to be the occasion of an outbreak of all those under the influence of the papal party. Since the 20th September, 1870—that memorable date in the annals of the Roman Catholic Church—St. Joseph has been drawn from the modest obscurity which he occupies in the background of the Holy Family, and made the patron of the whole Church, which in its present straits is commended to his especial care. Two weeks before the 19th March a notice appeared on the doors of the churches stating that the Pope had ordered a "*Novena*" (or observance of certain rites for nine days) to be celebrated for the festival of "the Patriarch St. Joseph, *purissimo sposo* of the Holy Virgin and Protector of the whole Catholic Church"—partial indulgence for two years to all attending service every evening from the 10th to the 19th;

plenary indulgence to those who in addition should partake of the sacraments of penance and the Eucharist on the latter day. What plenary and partial indulgence mean, curious readers must find out for themselves, if they can meet two Roman Catholics who will give exactly the same explanation of the terms. The Roman authorities, warned by the popular misgiving, were on the alert, and though the anniversary, falling on Sunday, made a double festival, all passed off quietly in the city. The real danger was in the surrounding villages, especially the small mountain-towns, whose inhabitants are for the most part totally ignorant and lawless—men who, when work fails or palls, turn their hand to begging or brigandage, and are drunk long before noon on every holiday. At Gennazzano on the evening of March 19th a party of the villagers were making a bonfire on the principal square of the little town: a sergeant of the *gendarmerie*, who had been ordered to prevent demonstrations of this kind, forbade their lighting it. An altercation followed; he was stabbed and killed on the spot; the peasants then lighted the fire, and danced round it on the ground still wet with blood. This savage scene was the only outrage which marked the day, but it is a sample of the passions to which those appeal who try to kindle rage in such fierce souls.

Of assassination pure and simple there is an alarming amount in Rome itself: not a week goes by, hardly two days pass, without a murder, and often in the most respectable quarters of the town. The proportion is not larger than in many other capitals, but the difference is in the *status* of the assassins and the victims: robbery very seldom accompanies the act, and the object seems to be chiefly revenge. Unfortunately, this is a feeling for which Romans have great sympathy, which makes detection difficult. The new government is energetic, and will no doubt in time repress these disorders, as it is already repressing others easier to deal with. The streets are much cleaner than at New Year; the ancient

\* H. Beyle (Stendhal). To be just to all creeds and climes, it should be remembered that the story has been transferred to the Presbyterian church at the corner of Park street, Boston.

monuments, which have been put under the supervision of the Cavaliere Rosa, already show the good effects of his intelligent monomania. Every one, it is true, mourns over the Coliseum, which has been shorn and stripped of its masses of ivy and shrubbery, and the Codini *salons* are loud in their outcries against the government for this desecration; but the stems of the creepers, as thick as a man's arm, force themselves between the stones and wedge them apart, and the roots of the shrubs, which grow to the size of small trees, creep among the masonry and loosen the cement; and ever since the remnants of the old glory of Rome have become the objects of modern care, it has been found necessary to weed the Coliseum about once in twenty years, to prevent its being strangled in its own hair. The rapid, luxuriant growth in this climate soon covers it with new wreaths and garlands. The weights and measures, which were scant, are being rectified, and the papal silver, which is adulterated, is replaced by a coinage at par. The first effect of francs and lire (the Italian *franc*) on the American mind is to induce great lavishness: at home nothing costs less than a dollar, and a coin which represents only about the fifth of a dollar is flung about with reckless contempt. But eventually the habit of reckoning by francs banishes the recollection of the dollar, and the extreme respect in which they are held by foreigners, especially the English, insensibly affects even our national extravagance, and the views narrow and contract to the new scale of value. Therefore, after six months in Italy it is unpleasant on presenting a papal lira to have a quarter of its value deducted from the change, and it will be a general benefaction when a franc is worth twenty sous in Rome as elsewhere.

But these are not the only reforms nor the only symptoms of the new influence. Industry has received a strong impulse. There is a great deal of building going on; the price of property is rising; the transport of freight on the railroads has increased to such a degree

that there is urgent demand for more rolling-stock: in short, as one said who has known Rome for many years, "There is life in the air." Public bath-houses are being established, to the great scandal of the clergy, who have long divorced cleanliness from godliness, and regard them as a return to the worst days of paganism. But no measure has met with such hostility as the opening of public schools independent of the priests, in whose hands alone education has been hitherto. Children were waylaid on their way home and beaten by men who threatened them with worse if they went back to school: some of these miscreants were caught and reprimanded, but the outrage was repeated, and several of them were again arrested, and are in prison awaiting trial.

The most striking change is in the sudden efflorescence of military spirit. Under the old *régime* it was against the law not only to carry but to own fire-arms; therefore most of the militia find themselves in possession of a musket or pistol for the first time in their lives. They drill indefatigably, and consequently turn out a most gallant array on parades, marching and going through the manœuvres with great precision and style: their uniforms are exceedingly striking, especially the cavalry of the National Guard—yellow and dark blue, a hussar jacket, and little black Astrakhan cap with a single eagle's feather. Nothing could be less like raw recruits than the appearance of these troops two months after they were formed. A pretty and rather touching proof of the popularity of this new occupation is the number of children who wear the uniforms of the various regiments: mites of five and six years old trot beside their mothers in the costume which their fathers wear in their companies. The ardor with which they drill shows something deeper than mere love of display. An old gentleman gravely informed us that his fellow-citizens have no stronger passion than love of war; that they have needed but opportunity and a good cause to make them the finest soldiers; and now that they have



both, the world will again behold the old Roman martial prowess. This may be true, but it struck us much as did our first sight of the redoubtable letters S. P. Q. R. on the printed bill of rates of a hackney-coach.

The government aids all this movement in every way. The first industrial fair was held at Rome early in the spring, and another is talked of on a larger scale, with international competition. Lotteries are unfortunately a legal source of income, but being a regular institution, the Princess Margaret took a share in one and drew a silk umbrella. This royal lady's goodness and gracious ways win all hearts, and ensure popularity to every undertaking with which her name is connected; and she is worked rather too hard in consequence. A story current in society gives the key-note of her charm. At a ball at the Quirinal her partner tripped or slipped and let her fall: the luckless man was sick and speechless with dismay, but the princess, picking herself up, assured him that she was not hurt, went on dancing, and when the waltz was at an end engaged him for the German cotillon. A slight test, but sufficient to prove her a thorough woman, lady and queen. Not long ago her box at the Opera was fitted up with great elegance, and those who had the matter in charge, wishing to make a private entrance for the royal family, bought a house contiguous to the theatre through which they could pass. No expense was spared, and great interest was felt in the success of the compliment. At length it was announced that the arrangements were completed, and in the evening the princess drove to the house by which she was to enter the theatre. The street door was closed: her attendants knocked and rang in vain—the house was dark, deserted and shut. Finally, a couple of soldiers forced the lock with their bayonets, and the princess and her suite made their way along a dark passage by the light of a dip-candle to the splendid new opera-box. It has been the fashion all winter in certain circles to de-

plore the changes in Rome and its ways—to lament the inevitable loss of the slow, slack, lazy, loose-ended habits of the people: to such mourners this story ought to be a great consolation, but those who wish to be further reassured need only try to have a book bound, an umbrella mended or to transact the smallest matter of business, and they will have ample proof that there is a residuum of *vis inertia* able to withstand the rush of progress for some time to come.

The great day of the season was the anniversary of the birth-days of the king and Prince Humbert, which fall together. From daybreak the streets were in a flutter with the flags which floated from every house and almost every window; the whole pleasure-loving population was abroad in holiday attire; wreaths and bouquets of the national red, white and green made the city look like a flower-show; the balconies were draped with rich stuffs of gorgeous colors. The prince reviewed the National and Municipal Guards and the rest of the Roman militia, and some troops of the line who have seen service, whose colors and medals called forth loud cheers and the clapping by which Italians express their approbation. The royal *cortège* then drew up in the Piazza di Spagna, at the foot of the magnificent staircase leading to the Trinità dei Monti, which was one dense mass of human beings—a gay, parti-colored crowd—and the troops marched by. There the enthusiasm reached its height, and the shouts and huzzas which had accompanied the procession as it moved through the streets, always loudest as the prince and princess were passing, now rose to a wild storm. Nobody but an enemy could resist the contagious emotion of these people, who at last see freedom and a future before them. "Ah, this is real!" cried an American who knows what he is talking about. "How different from the hired applause I have heard in Paris!" In the evening the city was illuminated, and a civic procession of all the trades and crafts marched up to the Quirinal

to salute the prince and princess. It was a brilliant, joyous day. Yet many a cloudy one may follow. The people are as volatile as children, and totally unaccustomed to shoulder their responsibilities. They have no idea that privileges must be paid for. The finance question is the subject of stormy debates at Florence, and the new income-tax has filled Rome with consternation. The most necessary measures will endanger the popularity of the government, which has a terrible current of passive and active opposition to struggle against: its foothold is sure enough, but it may find that the first steps are not always the hardest. But the transfer of the capital from Florence to Rome, which will certainly be made before 1872, will quicken the impetus of material prosperity already given: the death of the present pope—which, even if he survive the 16th June, cannot be very far off—will untie many knots. A pope who has never held the temporal power will be a far less difficult subject than one who has such undeniable claims to consideration and commiseration as Pius IX. Another twelvemonth can hardly fail to bring about many changes.

SARAH B. WISTER.

#### A POLITICAL PROBLEM.

AN exceedingly interesting problem reserved for the solution of the German Diet promises to be the adjustment of the new political relations which the newly-acquired province Alsace-Lorraine is hereafter to hold toward the German Empire. Its discussion will necessarily involve some of the most abstruse questions in political science; as, for instance, who is to be the bearer of the sovereignty in the German federal state; how this sovereignty is to be exercised; whether it may be constitutionally exercised over a territory, etc. One single point appears certain—namely, the constitution of the German Empire has made no change in the position of the several German rulers, who still retain their full sovereignty over their respective dominions. This

being the case, two things logically follow: first, the German Empire acquires no sovereign rights over the countries lately incorporated with it; secondly, no such rights accrue to the person of the German emperor, for he is only empowered to exercise certain clearly-defined rights expressly conferred upon him, differing herein from the old German emperors, who possessed these sovereign rights under the law, but were never suffered actually to exercise them. It is in this particular that Article I. of the preliminary treaty has effected an innovation, inasmuch as France cedes under it Alsace-Lorraine, together with her sovereign rights over this province, but not, as in all previous treaties, to the bearer of a sovereignty *in esse*: she simply furnishes the German Empire with a new subject for the exercise of its sovereignty. Theoretically considered, there can be no valid objection to this procedure, for it has a precedent in the analogous relations which our own Territories occupy toward the Federal government before they are admitted as States. The general government possesses the sovereignty over them, though its rights are exercised through the President and Senate. A similar arrangement will perhaps suggest itself with reference to Alsace-Lorraine. The sovereignty inherent in the German Empire—*i. e.*, in the totality of its rulers and free cities—will be left to the Federal Diet, and its execution to the German emperor.

Some German journals have recently discussed this question. The result at which most of them arrive is, that as the German Federation possesses by its constitution no sovereignty over the several members of the Empire, it cannot exercise sovereign rights over any single member without a formal change in the fundamental law itself. The expediency of bridging over the difficulty for the present will therefore probably lead to the appointment of a regent over Alsace-Lorraine, who would be nothing more than what our Territorial governors are under the Constitution of the United States.

W. P. M.

## LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

The Life and Times of Henry Lord Brougham. Written by Himself. In three volumes. Vol. I. New York: Harper & Brothers.

With the garrulousness of old age, Lord Brougham dwells with a fondling minuteness upon the days of his boyhood, while only here and there, in a most unconsecutive and totally inconsequent manner, do we catch glimpses of the middle and really important and momentous parts of his life.

An injunction written at eighty-nine forbids his executor to alter or amend what he has set down. Did his fame rest upon what he has written of himself, this would be a most unfortunate testamentary command. But the long and distinguished career of England's famous chancellor is a part of his country's history, and those who judged him from another stand-point than his own, whose words upon such a theme are more reliable than his own, will speak for him. Indeed some have already done so. Lord Campbell's *Life of Brougham*, published a couple of years ago, although somewhat prejudiced, contains much readable information founded upon thoroughly relevant data.

Beyond all possibility of question, Brougham was a great man in the common acceptance of the term. Although the world seems to have outgrown him, it has appropriated the fruits of his labors: though he has for years been almost forgotten, his work is still a living force in the polity of his country: for years his name and instrumentality have been totally overlooked, yet less than half a century ago revolutions hung upon his words. His whole career was one of amazements to the world. In his boyhood he did things worthy of old age; in his middle life he did marvelous things—the more marvelous because done in the midst of a thousand other deeds; in his old age he did things that amazed the world from their youthfulness. His great usefulness consisted in his persistent advocacy of all reformatory measures that were in their effects to benefit the mass of the people. All his early career was marked by earnest efforts on the side of popular freedom: he was the champion of Parliamentary Reform, a zealous advocate of

law-reform, an earnest worker for the advancement of commercial and manufacturing interests. He exerted all his at one time powerful influence in behalf of the educational improvement of the lower classes and the popularization of knowledge.

When in 1830, under Lord Grey, he accepted the lord chancellorship, it is generally conceded he committed the greatest error (save one) of his life, by tying himself to a judge's place. The other error—perhaps the greatest—was simply in living too long. As some one said of him, "If Lord Brougham had known how, years ago, to gather the mantle of his greatness about him and sink down to dignified repose, he would have done well. Since 1848 he has been but the echo of his old renown." Perhaps the worst thing that ever happened to him was when he committed the ruse of death, and waited until, laying partisan hostility and personal dislike aside, the leading papers of England had poured forth columns of laudation before he announced himself alive. No journal ever forgave him those tributes of praise; and indeed it has been quaintly declared he lived on and on all this stretch of years since then simply to prevent the editorial indignities that would have been heaped upon him in place of the generous eulogies so unfortunately expended. Of some men it is said they lived before their day, "lived too soon"—of Lord Brougham, that he lived beyond his day, "lived too long." It is strange to remember him as discussing scientific questions within the last ten years in public meetings with Tyndall and Fawcett; of hearing of him on the platform with Tom Hughes and his associates, eager over their pet themes and arguing with them for his own views of their theories; and then to remember that he was born before the great Napoleon had seen his tenth year; that he was the compeer of Sydney Smith, Lord Jeffrey and all that distinguished company in their younger days, and outlived them all—outlived even that magnificently-gifted, philanthropic, vigorous Harry Brougham whom they knew and wondered at in admiration of his splendid attainments and unbounded powers—the man who made the

world ring with his eloquence, who was an Achilles among the leaders of his day.

All the world has joined in the laugh raised by the clever sneer of the author of *The Bachelor of the Albany* at the restless, omnivorous and cloud-compelling ex-chancellor—a man of “vast and various misinformation and immense moral requirements.” Yet few men have left their impress upon their time and on their nation as did Lord Brougham.

The mistake of his life is not so much that he lived thus and so, but that he outlived it all—that he did not stay dead in 1839, instead of living until 1868.

But none of this appears in the present volume, as its range is only from 1778 to 1811. The chapter of most interest is that giving an account of the establishment of the *Edinburgh Review*, to which he was at all times a brilliant contributor. That which while it makes one smile, yet fills one with a compassionate pity, is the chapter in which he airily claims to have written at thirteen years of age an article which is really a literal translation of Voltaire's *Memnon*, the sketch upon which *Candide* was afterward founded, and which contains all the keen humor and scathing satire of the French philosopher—qualities which even in his palmiest days Lord Brougham never possessed in the same cutting, cynical brilliancy. It was wonderful enough that a boy should have chosen such a piece for translation: it would have been horrible had he been capable of conceiving it.

The larger portion of the work is taken up with a record of travels, the minuteness of which is only interesting by way of comparison with the record of the traveler of today. Yet this account of Lord Brougham's life will always remain valuable, partly as a supplement to what others have written or may write concerning him, and partly as showing how, with all his other wonderful qualities, his thrasonic self-glorification held possession of his heart to the very last.

M. F.

Journal of John Woolman. With an Introduction by John G. Whittier. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

This is a rare record of a still rarer life. Amid so much that we would most willingly let die, the narrative of such a life as John Woolman lived comes into our libraries like

a sweet voice from the middle of the last century.

Those who knew the volume had been a favorite with some of the best spirits of the passing generation have had little opportunity to become acquainted with the work itself until the loving hand of our Quaker bard touched the drab-coated moralist and introduced him in this attractive shape.

In the poor, illiterate tailor of Mount Holly we find a man of many cogitations, who by waiting on the revelations of the Inward Light came to shape all his actions by this monitor. When still young he protested against being required to make a bill of sale for a negro, and refused to write wills which made disposal of such property. As he grew older, he persuaded many of his own denomination to give up the practice of holding slaves, and afterward, while traveling as a minister, made the welfare of this class his special mission. He journeyed on foot, the better to observe the condition of slaveholding communities, and was among the most active in bringing his Society to take official notice of the evil of slavery and make it a punishable offence.

His belief, “that every degree of luxury hath some connection with evil,” was exemplified in his own life. “Things that served chiefly to please the vain mind in people I was not easy to trade in, seldom did it; and whenever I did, I found it weaken me as a Christian. The increase of business became my burden; for though my natural inclination was toward merchandise, yet I believed truth required me to live more free from outward cumbers; and there was now a strife in my mind between the two. In this exercise my prayers were put up to the Lord, who graciously heard me, and gave me a heart resigned to His holy will. Then I lessened my outward business, and, as I had opportunity, told my customers of my intentions, that they might consider what shop to turn to; and in a while I wholly laid down merchandise, and followed my trade as a tailor by myself, having no apprentices.” Firmly believing himself called as an example of temperance, he set his face against the use of anything “not consistent with pure wisdom.” He even discouraged the use of dyed cloths and hats, not only because they were designed to gratify pride, but on the ground that the process often injured the material and caused a needless

expense to those unable to bear it. When contemplating a religious visit to the West Indies, he was brought under such a deep concern from the necessity of going in a vessel trading in slave-produce "that he was minded to hire one to go in ballast, but was released;" and on the last journey of his life he preferred the discomforts of the steerage passage to the more luxurious indulgences of the cabin. The self-denial of his character and his genuine philanthropy are not so much recorded in this narrative as they are indicated in his actions, which were so framed in obedience to the purest code of Christian fellowship and unity as to make his whole life a sweet incense and his works ministers of righteousness. The unsectarian nature of this *Journal*, the purity and the quaint simplicity of its style, will commend it to all lovers of originality; and it was for the purpose of introducing it to a more general circle of the first movers in the anti-slavery cause that Mr. Whittier has prepared this edition. The Introduction, some fifty pages in length, elaborates some points and supplies many omissions in the *Journal* itself with all the pleasing grace and tender sympathy with the good and true that ever follow the pen of this author. H. C.

War Powers under the Constitution of the United States, Military Arrests, Reconstruction, and Military Government. Also (now first published), War Claims of Aliens. With Notes on the Acts of the Executive and Legislative Departments during our Civil War, and a Collection of Cases decided in the National Courts. By William Whiting. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

Although the animosities of existing political parties will prevent this volume from being universally welcomed by the profession for whose use it is chiefly designed, yet no unprejudiced reader will hesitate to pronounce it an important contribution to the literature of our military jurisprudence. Prior to the rebellion, the war powers of the Constitution had seldom been made the subject of comment or investigation. The events of that struggle gave rise to a comparatively new branch of public law, whose principles, had they been more thoroughly studied at an earlier period, might have obviated, or at least modified, many of the evils which now impart to them so much of their interest.

The lawyer, the statesman and the philosopher need not be surprised if they discover in Mr. Whiting's manual some errors which their judgment and erudition could have corrected, or some omissions which their experience could have supplied. In this country, military jurisprudence is still in its infancy, and the volume before us, although based on a scientific foundation, owes its chief value to the fund of documentary information which it contains, and to the suggestions which it affords for a more extended and minute examination of the subject.

The main object of the work is to exhibit and explain the powers possessed by the government for the suppression of rebellion. Slavery and reconstruction are prominently discussed, and the subject of military arrests is treated at length. Reference is made to the Freedmen's Bureau and the functions which it exercised. The powers and duties of the President, of Congress and of the Supreme Court in relation to war and the establishment of peace receive much attention. Such topics as impeachment, confiscation, the writ of habeas corpus and the war claims of aliens are also commented upon, and a collection of relevant cases decided in the national courts has been added for the benefit of those desiring to search for precedents in connection with actual suits.

That Mr. Whiting's labors have already met with recognition is evidenced by the fact that his work has passed rapidly through a number of editions. As Solicitor to the War Department during the period of Mr. Stanton's administration he certainly enjoyed unusual facilities for a careful study of his subject. We trust that his example will serve as a stimulant, and that we shall, in due season, be favored with a full, accurate and thoroughly digested treatise on the military jurisprudence of the country. P.

Poems. By Lucy Hamilton Hooper. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

It would be difficult to arrive at the sex of some writers if their books were published anonymously or under *noms de plume* that conveyed no information on that point. Whether Currer Bell was a man or a woman puzzled the first readers of *Jane Eyre*. It is easy now to say that they ought to have felt the womanhood inherent in that unique work, but the fact remains that they did not.



It was not evident to their perceptions, and such critical faculties as they possessed and exercised did not enable them to discover it. Whether we ourselves might not have been in the same predicament as regards the author of these *Poems* if her name had not appeared on the title-page, we can hardly say, but we think we should.

Not that we do not readily detect certain womanly characteristics therein, but that these are not so marked nor so abundant as others not usually associated with the work of woman. Those to which we refer consist generally of slips in the minor morals of verse. Mrs. Hooper's sense of melody, for example, is somewhat defective. Her measures are not plastic enough: they do not embrace and intertwine and complete the circle of sound. Such is the general impression they leave upon the mind, yet we have the feeling all along that if she would cultivate the niceties of the poetic art, its secrets of harmony and melody would not long elude her.

What strikes us most in Mrs. Hooper's volume, and what seems to us to distinguish her from the rest of her sisterhood in this country, is the predominance of the dramatic element in all that she writes. She has the dramatic element in a high degree. This is a rare gift, which seldom falls to the lot of woman, and it is in the exercise of this that she appears to the greatest advantage as a poet. Her conceptions are always original, and her method is so peculiarly her own as almost to defy analysis. Whatever may be her perception of singularities in life and passion, her poetic sympathies are only expended upon characters and situations within the knowledge and experience of all. She never puzzles us, as Browning does, but she generally satisfies us, as Browning does not. Her *dramatis personæ* are intelligible human beings, who rejoice and suffer like the rest of mankind. Her themes are tender and pathetic rather than tragic, and are most successful when lyrically handled, as in such pieces as "Reunited," "In Vain," "Too Late" and "The False Kiss." The most powerful of all her dramatic studies is perhaps the one entitled "Jealousy." A husband doubts the fidelity of his dead wife, whose letters, however, he refuses to read:

"The embers glow upon the hearth:  
I give into their red embrace  
Your treasured letters folded still—  
Pale ashes now their only trace:

And may this act atone, O Love!  
For all my jealous doubts and fears,  
That darkened so with misery  
Our wedded life these sad, long years.  
I trust you now—alas, too late!—  
Rest, with this last kiss on your brow:  
If you have sinned, God knows, not I!  
To me for aye you're spotless now!"

Still finer, as a conception, though not so well wrought out, is "Ophelia," the time selected being just after the play, and just before Hamlet slays her father—a moment of intense interest and suspense.

"Garden and Balcony" and "Gretchen" are perfect of their kind. We copy the last as a fair specimen of Mrs. Hooper's powers, and an indication of what she is likely to do hereafter in the walks of dramatic art:

#### GRETCHEN.

I sat beside the river,  
My baby on my knee:  
The waters rushed, the waters roared,  
Woe is me!

I looked upon my baby,  
And shame looked up at me.  
The night was dark, the stream was deep,  
Woe is me!

I sat beside the river,  
No baby on my knee;  
The waters rushed, the waters roared,  
Woe is me!

A cry came from the river:  
There were no stars to see.  
I turned and fled, and ne'er looked back,  
Woe is me!

And now my fame is spotless,  
Men call me fair to see.  
I would the river were my grave,  
Woe is me!

R. H. S.

#### Books Received.

The Laws of Fermentation, and the Wines of the Ancients. By Rev. William Patton, D. D. New York: National Temperance Society and Publication House. 12mo, pp. 129.

Twenty Years After: Second Series of "The Three Guardsmen." By Alexander Dumas. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. Pamphlet. 8vo, pp. 280.

One Year; or, A Story of Three Homes. By Frances Mary Peard. First American edition. Boston: H. H. & T. W. Carter. 12mo, pp. 418.

How He Did It. By Miss Eliza A. Dupuy. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. 12mo, pp. 456.

